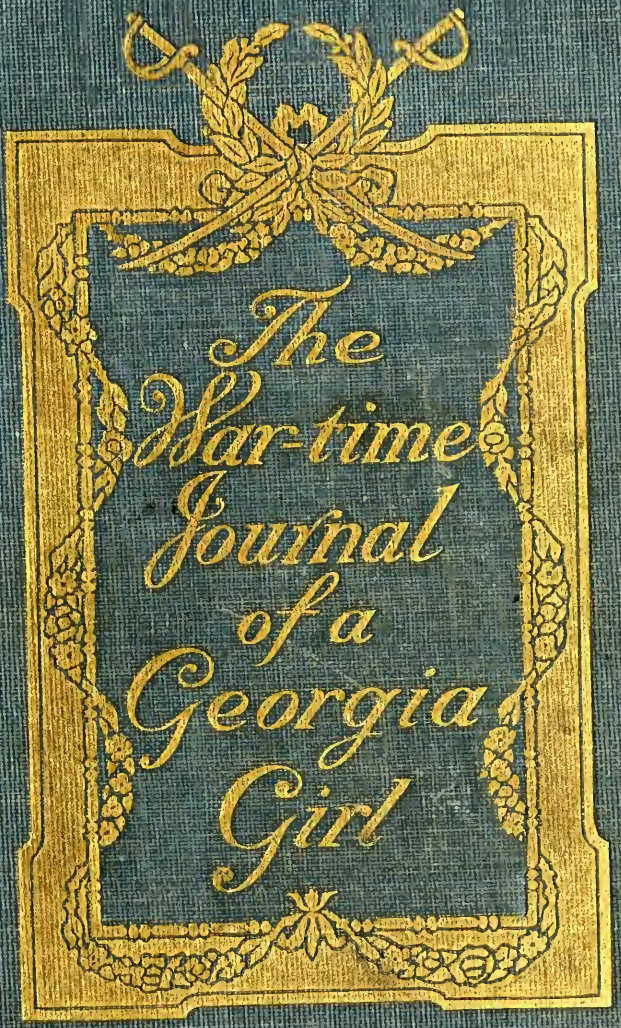

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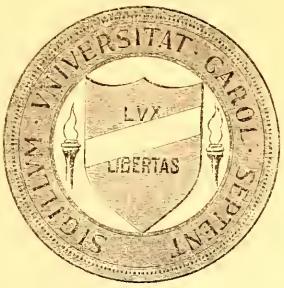

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ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS
From a photograph taken in 1865

THE WAR-TIME JOURNAL OF A GEORGIA GIRL

1864–1865

BY

ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED FROM
CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1908

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Published September, 1908

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THE WAR-TIME JOURNAL OF A GEORGIA GIRL

INTRODUCTION

To edit oneself after the lapse of nearly half a century is like taking an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The changes of thought and feeling between the middle of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century are so great that the impulsive young person who penned the following record and the white-haired woman who edits it, are no more the same than were Philip drunk with the wine of youth and passion and Philip sobered by the lessons of age and experience. The author's lot was cast amid the tempest and fury of war, and if her utterances are sometimes out of accord with the spirit of our own happier time, it is because she belonged to an era which, though but of yesterday, as men count the ages of history, is separated from our own by a social and intellectual chasm as broad almost as the lapse of a thousand years. In the lifetime of a single generation the people of the South have been called upon to pass through changes that the rest of the world has taken centuries to accomplish. The distance between the armor-clad

knight at Acre and the "embattled farmers" at Lexington is hardly greater than that between the feudal aristocracy which dominated Southern sentiment in 1860, and the commercial plutocracy that rules over the destinies of the nation to-day.

Never was there an aristocracy so compact, so united, so powerful. Out of a population of some 9,000,000 whites that peopled the Southern States, according to the census of 1850, only about 300,000 were actual slaveholders. Less than 3,000 of these—men owning, say, over 100 negroes each, constituted the great planter class, who, with a small proportion of professional and business men affiliated with them in culture and sympathies, dominated Southern sentiment and for years dictated the policy of the nation. The more prominent families all over the country knew each other by reputation, if not by actual contact, and to be a member of the privileged few in one community was an *ex-officio* title to membership in all. To use a modern phrase, we were intensely "class conscious" and this brought about a solidarity of feeling and sentiment almost comparable to that created by family ties. Narrow and provincial we may have been, in some respects, but take it all in all, it is doubtful whether the world has ever produced a state of society more rich in all the resources for a thoroughly wholesome, happy, and joyous life than existed among the privileged "4,000" under the peculiar civilization of the Old South—a civilization which has

served its purpose in the evolution of the race and passed away forever. So completely has it vanished that the very language in which we used to express ourselves is becoming obsolete. Many of our household words, among them a name scarcely less dear than "mother," are a dead language. Others have a strangely archaic sound to modern ears. When the diary was written, women were still regarded as "females," and it was even permissible to have a "female acquaintance," or a "male friend," when distinction of sex was necessary, without being relegated forthwith to the ranks of the *ignobile vulgus*. The words "lady" and "gentleman" had not yet been brought into disrepute, and strangest of all, to modern ears, the word "rebel," now so bitterly resented as casting a stigma on the Southern cause, is used throughout the diary as a term of pride and affectionate endearment.

It is for the sake of the light it throws on the inner life of this unique society at the period of its dissolution—a period so momentous in the history of our country—that this contemporaneous record from the pen of a young woman in private life, is given to the public. The uncompromising attitude of the writer's father against secession removed him, of course, from all participation in the political and official life of the Confederacy, and so this volume can lay claim to none of the dignity which attaches to the utterances of one narrating events *"quorum pars magna fui."* But for

this reason its testimony will, perhaps, be of more value to the student of social conditions than if it dealt with matters pertaining more exclusively to the domain of history. The experiences recounted are such as might have come at that time, to any woman of good family and social position; the feelings, beliefs, and prejudices expressed reflect the general sentiment of the Southern people of that generation, and this is my apology for offering them to the public. As an informal contemporaneous record, written with absolutely no thought of ever meeting other eyes than those of the author, the present volume can claim at least the merit of that unpremeditated realism which is more valuable as a picture of life than detailed statistics of battles and sieges. The chief object of the writer in keeping a diary was to cultivate ease of style by daily exercise in rapid composition, and, incidentally, to preserve a record of personal experiences for her own convenience. This practice was kept up with more or less regularity for about ten years, but the bulk of the matter so produced was destroyed at various times in those periodical fits of disgust and self-abasement that come to every keeper of an honest diary in saner moments. The present volume was rescued from a similar fate by the intercession of a relative, who suggested that the period dealt with was one of such transcendent interest, embracing the last months of the war and the equally stormy times immediately following, that the record of it ought to be preserved

along with our other war relics, as a family heirloom. So little importance did the writer attach to the document even then, that the only revision made in changing it from a personal to a family history, was to tear out bodily whole paragraphs, and even pages, that were considered too personal for other eyes than her own. In this way the manuscript was mutilated, in some places, beyond recovery. The frequent hiatuses caused by these elisions are marked in the body of the work by the usual signs of ellipsis.

The original manuscript was written in an old day-book fished out of some forgotten corner during the war, when writing paper was as scarce as banknotes, and almost as dear, if measured in Confederate money. The pale, home-made ink, never too distinct, at best, is faded after nearly fifty years, to a light ocher, but little darker than the age-yellowed paper on which it was inscribed. Space was economized and paper saved by writing between the closely-ruled lines, and in a hand so small and cramped as to be often illegible, without the aid of a lens. The manuscript suffered many vicissitudes, the sheets having been torn from the covers and crumpled into the smallest possible space for better concealment in times of emergency.

As a discourager of self-conceit there is nothing like an old diary, and I suppose no one ever knows what a full-blown idiot he or she is capable of being, who has not kept such a living record against himself. This being the case, the gray-haired editor may be pardoned

a natural averseness to the publication of anything that would too emphatically "write me down an ass" —to borrow from our friend Dogberry—though I fear that in some of the matter retained in the interest of truth, I have come perilously near to that alternative.

But while the "blue line" has been freely used, as was indispensable in an intimate private chronicle of this sort, it has not been allowed to interfere in any way with the fidelity of the narrative. Matter strictly personal to the writer—tiresome reflections, silly flirtations, and the like—has been omitted, and thoughtless criticisms and other expressions that might wound the feelings of persons now living, have been left out or toned down. Connectives, or other words are supplied where necessary for clearness; where more particular information is called for, it is given in parentheses, or in the explanatory notes at the heads of the chapters. Even the natural temptation to correct an occasional lapse into local barbarisms, such as "like" for "as," "don't" for "doesn't," or the still more unpardonable offense of applying the terms "male" and "female" to objects of their respective genders, has been resisted for fear of altering the spirit of the narrative by too much tampering with the letter. For the same reason certain palpable errors and misstatements, unless of sufficient importance to warrant a note, have been left unchanged—for instance, the absurd classing of B. F. Butler with General Sherman

as a degenerate West Pointer, or the confusion between *fuit Ilium* and *ubi Troja fuit* that resulted in the misquotation on page 190. For my "small Latin," I have no excuse to offer except that I had never been a school teacher then, and could enjoy the bliss of ignorance without a blush. As to the implied reflection on West Point, I am not sure whether I knew any better at the time, or not. Probably I did, as I lived in a well-informed circle, but my excited brain was so occupied at the moment with thoughts of the general depravity of those dreadful Yankees, that there was not room for another idea in it.

Throughout the work none but real names are employed, with the single exception noted on page 105. In extenuation of this gentleman's bibulous propensities, it must be remembered that such practices were much more common in those days than now, and were regarded much more leniently. In fact, I have been both surprised and shocked in reading over this story of a bygone generation, to see how prevalent was the use of wines and other alcoholic liquors, and how lightly an occasional over-indulgence was regarded. In this respect there can be no doubt that the world has changed greatly for the better. When "gentlemen," as we were not afraid to call our men guests in those days, were staying in the house, it was a common courtesy to place a bottle of wine, or brandy, or both, with the proper adjuncts, in the room of each guest, so that he might help himself to a "night-cap"

on going to bed, or an "eye-opener" before getting up in the morning. It must also be taken into account that at this particular time men everywhere were ruined, desperate, their occupation gone, their future without hope, the present without resources, so that they were ready to catch at any means for diverting their thoughts from the ruin that enveloped them. The same may be said of the thoughtless gayety among the young people during the dark days preceding the close; it was a case of "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

In the desire to avoid as far as possible any unnecessary tampering with the original manuscript, passages expressive of the animosities of the time, which the author would be glad to blot out forever, have been allowed to stand unaltered—not as representing the present feeling of the writer or her people, but because they do represent our feelings forty years ago, and to suppress them entirely, would be to falsify the record. While recognizing the bad taste of many of these utterances, which "Philip sober" would now be the first to repudiate, it must be remembered that he has no right to speak for "Philip drunk," or to read his own present feelings into the mind of his predecessor. The diary was written in a time of storm and tempest, of bitter hatreds and fierce animosities, and its pages are so saturated with the spirit of the time, that to attempt to banish it would be like giving the play of Hamlet without the title-rôle. It does not pretend to

give the calm reflections of a philosopher looking back dispassionately upon the storms of his youth, but the passionate utterances of stormy youth itself. It is in no sense a history, but a mere series of crude pen-sketches, faulty, inaccurate, and out of perspective, it may be, but still a true picture of things as the writer saw them. It makes no claim to impartiality; on the contrary, the author frankly admits that it is violently and often absurdly partisan—and it could not well have been otherwise under the circumstances. Coming from a heart ablaze with the passionate resentment of a people smarting under the humiliation of defeat, it was inevitable that along with the just indignation at wrongs which ought never to have been committed, there should have crept in many intemperate and indiscriminate denunciations of acts which the writer did not understand, to say nothing of sophomorical vaporings calculated now only to excite a smile. Such expressions, however, are not to be taken seriously at the present day, but are rather to be regarded as a sort of fossil curiosities that have the same value in throwing light on the psychology of the period to which they belong as the relics preserved in our geological museums have in illustrating the physical life of the past. Revolutions never take place when people are cool-headed or in a serene frame of mind, and it would be as dishonest as it is foolish to deny that such bitternesses ever existed. The better way is to cast them behind us and thank the powers of the

universe that they exist no longer. I cannot better express this feeling than in the words of an old Confederate soldier at Petersburg, Va., where he had gone with a number of his comrades who had been attending the great reunion at Richmond, to visit the scene of their last struggles under "Marse Robert." They were standing looking down into the Crater, that awful pit of death, lined now with daisies and buttercups, and fragrant with the breath of spring. Tall pines, whose lusty young roots had fed on the hearts of dead men, were waving softly overhead, and nature everywhere had covered up the scars of war with the mantle of smiling peace. I paused, too, to watch them, and we all stood there awed into silence, till at last an old battle-scarred hero from one of the wiregrass counties way down in Georgia, suddenly raised his hands to heaven, and said in a voice that trembled with emotion: "Thar's three hundred dead Yankees buried here under our feet. I helped to put 'em thar, but so help me God, I hope the like 'll never be done in this country again. Slavery's gone and the war's over now, thank God for both! We are all brothers once more, and I can feel for them layin' down thar just the same as fur our own."

That is the sentiment of the new South and of the few of us who survive from the old. We look back with loving memory upon our past, as we look upon the grave of the beloved dead whom we mourn but would not recall. We glorify the men and the memo-

ries of those days and would have the coming generations draw inspiration from them. We teach the children of the South to honor and revere the civilization of their fathers, which we believe has perished not because it was evil or vicious in itself, but because, like a good and useful man who has lived out his allotted time and gone the way of all the earth, it too has served its turn and must now lie in the grave of the dead past. The Old South, with its stately feudal *régime,* was not the monstrosity that some would have us believe, but merely a case of belated survival, like those giant sequoias of the Pacific slope that have lingered on from age to age, and are now left standing alone in a changed world. Like every civilization that has yet been known since the primitive patriarchal stage, it was framed in the interest of a ruling class; and as has always been, and always will be the case until mankind shall have become wise enough to evolve a civilization based on the interests of all, it was doomed to pass away whenever changed conditions transferred to another class the economic advantage that is the basis of all power. It had outlived its day of usefulness and was an anachronism in the end of the nineteenth century—the last representative of an economic system that had served the purposes of the race since the days when man first emerged from his prehuman state until the rise of the modern industrial system made wage slavery a more efficient agent of production than chattel slavery.

It is as unfair to lay all the onus of that institution on the Southern States of America as it would be to charge the Roman Catholic Church with the odium of all the religious persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The spirit of intolerance was in the air; everybody persecuted that got the chance, even the saints of Plymouth Rock, and the Catholics did the lion's share only because there were more of them to do it, and they had more power than our Protestant forefathers.

In like manner, the spirit of chattel slavery was in the race, possibly from its prehuman stage, and through all the hundreds of thousands of years that it has been painfully traveling from that humble beginning toward the still far-off goal of the superhuman, not one branch of it has ever awakened to a sense of the moral obliquity of the practice till its industrial condition had reached a stage in which that system was less profitable than wage slavery. Then, as the ethical sentiments are prone to follow closely the line of economic necessity, the conscience of those nations which had adopted the new industrialism began to awaken to a perception of the immorality of chattel slavery. Our Southern States, being still in the agricultural stage, on account of our practical monopoly of the world's chief textile staple, were the last of the great civilized nations to find chattel slavery less profitable than wage slavery, and hence the "great moral crusade" of the North against the perverse and

unregenerate South. It was a pure case of economic determinism, which means that our great moral conflict reduces itself, in the last analysis, to a question of dollars and cents, though the real issue was so obscured by other considerations that we of the South honestly believe to this day that we were fighting for States Rights, while the North is equally honest in the conviction that it was engaged in a magnanimous struggle to free the slave.

It is only fair to explain here that the action of the principle of economic determinism does not imply by any means that the people affected by it are necessarily insincere or hypocritical. As enunicated by Karl Marx, under the cumbrous and misleading title of " the materialistic interpretation of history," it means simply that the economic factor plays the same part in the social evolution of the race that natural selection and the survival of the fittest are supposed to play in its physical evolution. The influence of this factor is generally so subtle and indirect that we are totally unconscious of it. If I may be pardoned an illustration from my own experience, I remember perfectly well when I myself honestly and conscientiously believed the institution of slavery to be as just and sacred as I now hold it to be the reverse. It was according to the Bible, and to question it was impious and savored of " infidelity." Most of my contemporaries would probably give a similar experience. Not one of us now but would look upon a return to slavery with

horror, and yet not one of us probably is conscious of ever having been influenced by the economic factor!

The truth of the matter is that the transition from chattel to wage slavery was the next step forward in the evolution of the race, just as the transition from wage slavery to free and independent labor will be the next. Some of us, who see our own economic advantage more or less clearly in this transformation, and others who do not see it so clearly as they see the evils of the present system, are working for the change with the zeal of religious enthusiasts, while the capitalists and their retainers are fighting against it with the desperation of the old Southern slaveholder against the abolitionist. But here, in justice to the Southerner, the comparison must end. He fought a losing battle, but he fought it honestly and bravely, in the open—not by secret fraud and cunning. His cause was doomed from the first by a law as inexorable as the one pronounced by the fates against Troy, but he fought with a valor and heroism that have made a lost cause forever glorious. He saw the civil fabric his fathers had reared go down in a mighty cataclysm of blood and fire, a tragedy for all the ages—but better so than to have perished by slow decay through ages of sloth and rottenness, as so many other great civilizations of history have done, leaving only a debased and degenerate race behind them. It was a mediæval civilization, out of accord with the modern tenor of our time, and it had to go; but if it stood for some out-

worn customs that should rightly be sent to the dust heap, it stood for some things, also, that the world can ill afford to lose. It stood for gentle courtesy, for knightly honor, for generous hospitality; it stood for fair and honest dealing of man with man in the common business of life, for lofty scorn of cunning greed and ill-gotten gain through fraud and deception of our fellowmen—lessons which the founders of our New South would do well to lay to heart.

And now I have just a word to say on a personal matter—a solemn *amende* to make to the memory of my dear father, to whose unflinching devotion to the Union these pages will bear ample testimony. While I have never been able to bring myself to repent of having sided with my own people, I have repented in sackcloth and ashes for the perverse and rebellious spirit so often manifested against him. How it was that the influence of such a parent, whom we all loved and honored, should have failed to convert his own children to his way of thinking, I do not myself understand, unless it was the contagion of the general enthusiasm around us. Youth is impulsive, and prone to run with the crowd. We caught the infection of the war spirit in the air and never stopped to reason or to think. And then, there were our soldier boys. With my three brothers in the army, and that glorious record of Lee and his men in Virginia, how was it possible not to throw oneself heart and soul into the cause for which they were fighting so gallantly? And

when the bitter end came, it is not to be wondered at if our resentment against those who had brought all these humiliations and disasters upon us should flame up fiercer than ever. In the expression of these feelings we sometimes forgot the respect due to our father's opinions and brought on scenes that were not conducive to the peace of the family. These lapses were generally followed by fits of repentance on the part of the offender, but as they led to no permanent amendment of our ways, I am afraid, that first and last, we made the old gentleman's life a burden to him. In looking back over the sufferings and disappointments of those dreadful years the most pathetic figure that presents itself to my memory is that of my dear old father, standing unmoved by all the clamor of the times and the waywardness of his children, in his devotion to the great republic that his father had fought for at Yorktown. I can see now, what I could not realize then, that the Union men in the South—the honest ones, I mean, like my father—sacrificed even more for their cause than we of the other side did for ours. These men are not to be confounded with the scalawags and traitors who joined the carpet-baggers in plundering their country. They were gentlemen, and most of them slaveholders, who stood by the Union, not because they were in any sense Northern sympathizers, but because they saw in division death for the South, and believed that in saving her to the Union they were saving her to herself. They suffered not

only the material losses of the war, but the odium their opinions excited; and worst of all, the blank disillusionment that must have come to them when they saw their beloved Union restored only to bring about the riot and shame of Reconstruction. My father died before the horrors of that period had passed away; before the strife and hatred he so bitterly deplored had begun to subside; before he could have the satisfaction of seeing his grandson fighting under the old flag that his father had followed and that his sons had repudiated. Which of us was right? which was wrong? I am no Daniel come to judgment, and happily, there is in my mind no reason to brand either side as wrong. In the clearer understanding that we now have of the laws of historical evolution, we know that both were right, for both were struggling blindly and unconsciously in the grasp of economic tendencies they did not understand, towards a consummation they could not foresee. Both were helpless instruments of those forces that were hurrying our nation forward another step in its evolutionary progress, and whatever of praise or blame may attach to either side for their methods of carrying on the struggle, the result belongs to neither; it was simply the working out of that natural law of economic determinism which lies at the root of all the great struggles of history.

And now that we have learned wisdom through suffering; now that we have seen how much more can be accomplished by peaceful cöoperation under the safe

guidance of natural laws, than by wasteful violence, we are prepared to take our part intelligently in the next great forward movement of the race—a movement having for its object not merely a closer union of kindred states, but that grander union dreamed of by the poet, which is to find its consummation in

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

CHAPTER I

ACROSS SHERMAN'S TRACK

December 19-24, 1864

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—At the time of this narrative, the writer's eldest sister, Mrs. Troup Butler, was living alone with her two little children on a plantation in Southwest Georgia, between Albany and Thomasville. Besides our father, who was sixty-two when the war began, and a little brother who was only twelve when it closed, we had no male relations out of the army, and she lived there with no other protector, for a good part of the time, than the negroes themselves. There were not over a hundred of them on the place, and though they were faithful, and nobody ever thought of being afraid on their account, it was lonely for her to be there among them with no other white person than the overseer, and so the writer and a younger sister, Metta, were usually sent to be her companions during the winter. The summers she spent with us at the old home.

But in the fall of 1864, while Sherman's army was lying around Atlanta like a pent-up torrent ready to burst forth at any moment, my father was afraid to let us get out of his sight, and we all stood waiting in our defenseless homes till we could see what course the destroying flood would take. Happily for us it passed by without engulfing the little town of Washington, where our home was situated, and after it had swept over the capital of the State, reaching Milledgeville November 23d, rolled

on toward Savannah, where the sound of merry Christmas bells was hushed by the roar of its angry waters.

Meanwhile the people in our part of Georgia had had time to get their breath once more, and began to look about for some way of bridging the gap of ruin and desolation that stretched through the entire length of our State. The Georgia Railroad, running from Atlanta to Augusta, had been destroyed to the north of us, and the Central of Georgia, from Macon to Savannah, was intact for only sixteen miles; that part of the track connecting the former city with the little station of Gordon having lain beyond the path of the invaders. By taking advantage of this fragment, and of some twelve miles of track that had been laid from Camack, a station on the uninjured part of the Georgia railroad, to Mayfield, on what is now known as the Macon branch of the Georgia, the distance across country could be shortened by twenty-five miles, and the wagon road between these two points at once became a great national thoroughfare.

By the middle of December, communication, though subject to many difficulties and discomforts, was so well established that my father concluded it would be practicable for us to make the journey to our sister. We were eager to go, and would be safer, he thought, when once across the line, than at home. Sherman had industriously spread the impression that his next move would be on either Charleston or Augusta, and in the latter event, our home would be in the line of danger. Southwest Georgia was at that time a "Land of Goshen" and a "city of refuge" to harassed Confederates. Thus far it had never been seriously threatened by the enemy, and was supposed to be the last spot in the Confederacy on which he would ever set foot—and this, in the end, proved to be not far from the truth.

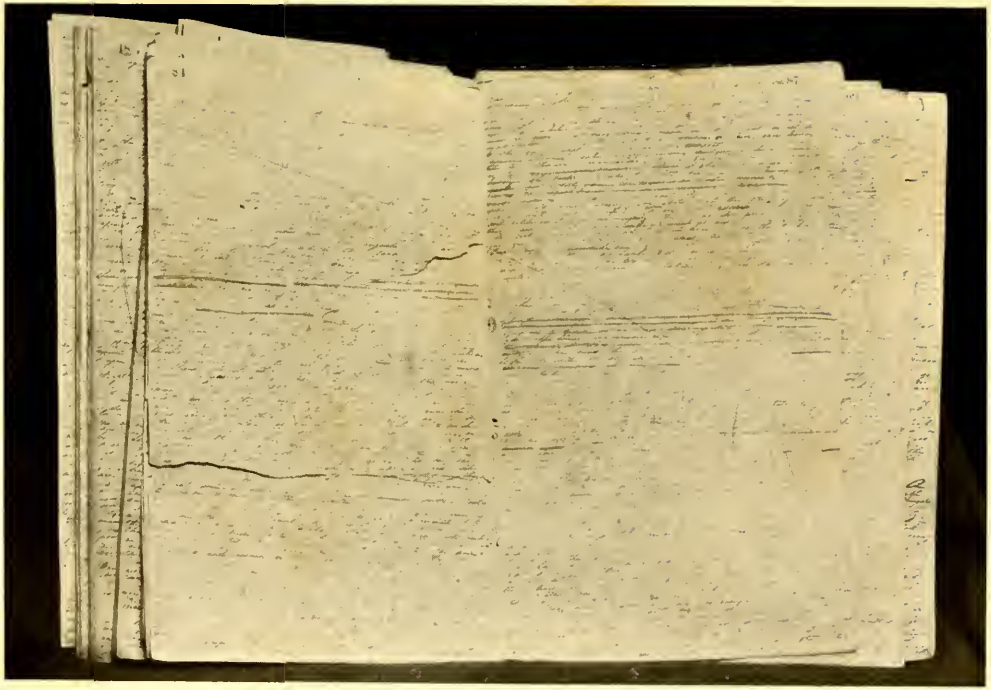
So then, after careful consultation with my oldest brother, Fred, at that time commandant of the Georgia camp of instruction for conscripts, in Macon, we set out under the protection of a reliable man whom my brother detailed to take care of us. It may seem strange to modern readers that two young women should have been sent off on such a journey with no companion of their own sex, but the exigencies of the times did away with many conventions. Then, too, the exquisite courtesy and deference of the Southern men of that day toward women made the chaperon a person of secondary importance among us. It was the "male protector" who was indispensable. I have known matrons of forty wait for weeks on the movements of some male acquaintance rather than take the railroad journey of fifty miles from our village to Augusta, alone; and when I was sent off to boarding school, I remember, the great desideratum was to find some man who would pilot me safely through the awful difficulties of a railroad journey of 200 miles. Women, young or old, were intrusted to the care of any man known to their family as a gentleman, with a confidence as beautiful as the loyalty that inspired it. Under no other social *régime,* probably, have young girls been allowed such liberty of intercourse with the other sex as were those of the Old South—a liberty which the notable absence of scandals and divorces in that society goes far to justify.

Dec. 24, 1864, *Saturday.*—Here we are in Macon at last, and this is the first chance I have had at my journal since we left home last Monday. Father went with us to Barnett, and then turned us over to Fred, who had come up from Augusta to meet us and

travel with us as far as Mayfield. At Camack, where we changed cars, we found the train literally crammed with people going on the same journey with ourselves. Since the destruction of the Georgia, the Macon & Western, and the Central railroads by Sherman's army, the whole tide of travel between the eastern and western portions of our poor little Confederacy flows across the country from Mayfield to Gordon. Mett and I, with two other ladies, whom we found on the train at Camack, were the first to venture across the gap—65 miles of bad roads and worse conveyances, through a country devastated by the most cruel and wicked invasion of modern times.

As we entered the crowded car, two young officers gave up their seats to us and saw that we were made comfortable while Fred was out looking after the baggage. Near us sat a handsome middle-aged gentleman in the uniform of a colonel, with a pretty young girl beside him, whom we at once spotted as his bride. They were surrounded by a number of officers, and the bride greatly amused us, in the snatches of their conversation we overheard, by her extreme bookishness. She was clearly just out of school. The only other lady on the car was closely occupied with the care of her husband, a wounded Confederate officer, whom we afterwards learned was Maj. Bonham, of South Carolina.

It is only eleven miles from Camack to Mayfield, but the road was so bad and the train so heavy that



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE DIARY

we were nearly two hours in making the distance. Some of the seats were without backs and some without bottoms, and the roadbed so uneven that in places the car tilted from side to side as if it was going to upset and spill us all out. We ate dinner on the cars —that is, Fred ate, while Metta and I were watching the people. The weather was very hot, and I sweltered like a steam engine under the overload of clothing I had put on to save room in my trunk. At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Mayfield, a solitary shanty at the present terminus of the R.R. Fred had sent Mr. Belisle, one of his men, ahead to engage a conveyance, and he met us with a little spring wagon, which he said would take us on to Sparta that night for forty dollars. It had no top, but was the choice of all the vehicles there, for it had springs, of which none of the others could boast. There was the mail hack, which had the advantage of a cover, but could not carry our trunks, and really looked as if it were too decrepit to bear the weight of the mail bags. We mounted our little wagon, and the others were soon all filled so full that they looked like delegations from the old woman that lived in a shoe, and crowds of pedestrians, unable to find a sticking place on tongue or axle, plodded along on foot. The colonel and his wife were about to get into a rough old plantation wagon, already overloaded, but Fred said she was too pretty to ride in such a rattle-trap, and offered her a seat in ours, which was gladly accepted. We also

made room for Dr. Shine, one of the officers of their party, who, we afterwards found out, was a friend of Belle Randolph.

About a mile from Mayfield we stopped at a forlorn country tavern, where Fred turned us over to Mr. Belisle, and went in to spend the night there, so as to return to Augusta by the next train. I felt rather desolate after his departure, but we soon got into conversation with the colonel and his bride, the gentlemen who were following on foot joined in, and we sang rebel songs and became very sociable together. We had not gone far when big drops of rain began to fall from an angry black cloud that had been gradually creeping upon us from the northwest. The bride raised a little fancy silk parasol that made the rest of us laugh, while Metta and I took off our hats and began to draw on shawls and hoods, and a young captain, who was plodding on foot behind us, hastened to offer his overcoat. When we found that he had a wounded arm, disabled by a Yankee bullet, we tried to make room for him in the wagon, but it was impossible to squeeze another person into it. Ralph, the driver, had been turned afoot to make room for Dr. Shine, and was walking ahead to act as guide in the darkness.

Just after nightfall we came to a public house five miles from Sparta, where the old man lives from whom our wagons were hired, and we stopped to pay our fare and get supper, if anybody wanted it. He

is said to be fabulously rich, and owns all the land for miles around, but he don't live like it. He is palsied and bed-ridden, but so eager after money that guests are led to his bedside to pay their reckoning into his own hands. Mett and I staid in the wagon and sent Mr. Belisle to settle for us, but the gentlemen of our party who went in, said it was dreadful to see how his trembling old fingers would clutch at the bills they paid him, and the suspicious looks he would cast around to make sure he was not being cheated. They could talk of nothing else for some time after they came out. We stopped at this place nearly an hour, while the horses were being changed and the drivers getting their supper. There was a fine grove around the house, but the wind made a dismal howling among the branches, and ominous mutterings of distant thunder added to our uneasiness. Large fires were burning in front of the stables and threw a weird glare upon the groups of tired soldiers gathered round them, smoking their pipes and cooking their scanty rations, and the flashing uniforms of Confederate officers, hurrying in and out, added to the liveliness of the scene. Many of them came to our wagon to see if they could do anything for us, and their presence, brave fellows, gave me a comfortable feeling of safety and protection. Dr. Shine brought us a toddy, and the colonel and the captain would have smothered us under overcoats and army blankets if we had let them.

When the horses were ready, we jogged on again

towards Sparta, which seemed to recede as we advanced. Dr. Shine, who was driving, didn't know the road, and had to guide the horses by Ralph's direction as he walked ahead and sung out: "Now, pull to de right!" "Now, go straight ahead!" "Take keer, marster, dar's a bad hole ter yo' lef'," and so on, till all at once the long-threatened rain began to pour down, and everything was in confusion. Somebody cried out in the darkness; "Confound Sparta! will we never get there?" and Ralph made us all laugh again with his answer:

"Yessir, yessir, we's right in de *subjues* er de town now." And sure enough, the next turn in the road revealed the lights of the village glimmering before us. We drove directly to Mr. William Simpson's, and when Metta and I had gotten out, the wagon went on with its other passengers to the hotel. We met with such a hearty reception from Belle and her mother that for the moment all our troubles were forgotten. A big, cheerful fire was blazing in the sitting-room, and as I sank into a soft easy chair, I felt my first sensation of fatigue.

Next morning the sky was overcast, everything outside was wet and dripping and a cold wind had sprung up that rattled the naked boughs of a great elm, heavy with raindrops, against our window. As soon as the houseboy had kindled a fire, Mrs. Simpson's maid came to help us dress, and brought a toddy of fine old peach brandy, sweetened with white sugar. I made

Mett take a big swig of it to strengthen her for the journey, as she seemed very weak; but not being accustomed to the use of spirits, it upset her so that she couldn't walk across the floor. I was frightened nearly out of my wits, but she soon recovered and felt much benefited by her unintentional spree, at which we had a good laugh.

We had a royal breakfast, and while we were eating it, Mr. Belisle, who had spent the night at the hotel, drove up with a four-mule wagon, in which he had engaged places for us and our trunks to Milledgeville, at seventy-five dollars apiece. It was a common plantation wagon, without cover or springs, and I saw Mr. Simpson shake his head ominously as we jingled off to take up more passengers at the hotel. There were several other conveyances of the same sort, already overloaded, waiting in front of the door, and a number of travelers standing on the sidewalk rushed forward to secure places in ours as soon as we halted. The first to climb in was a poor sick soldier, of whom no pay was demanded. Next came a captain of Texas Rangers, then a young lieutenant in a shabby uniform that had evidently seen very hard service, and after him our handsome young captain of the night before. He grumbled a little at the looks of the conveyance, but on finding we were going to ride in it, dashed off to secure a seat for himself. While we sat waiting there, I overheard a conversation between a countryman and a nervous traveler that was not calculated to

relieve my mind. In answer to some inquiry about the chances for hiring a conveyance at Milledgeville, I heard the countryman say:

"Milledgeville's like hell; you kin get thar easy enough, but gittin' out agin would beat the Devil himself."

I didn't hear the traveler's next remark, but it must have been something about Metta and me, for I heard the countryman answer:

"Ef them ladies ever gits to Gordon, they'll be good walkers. Sherman's done licked that country clean; d—n me ef you kin hire so much as a nigger an' a wheelbarrer."

I was so uneasy that I asked Mr. Belisle to go and question the man further, because I knew that after her long attack of typhoid fever, last summer, Metta couldn't stand hardships as well as I could. When the captain heard me he spoke up immediately and said:

"Don't give yourselves the slightest uneasiness, young ladies; I'll see that you get safe to Gordon, if you will trust to me."

He spoke with an air of authority that was reassuring, and when he sprang down from the wagon and joined a group of officers on the sidewalk, I knew that something was in the wind. After a whispered consultation among them, and a good deal of running back and forth, he came to us and said that they had decided to "press" the wagon in case of necessity, to take the party to Gordon, and all being now ready,

we moved out of Sparta. We soon became very sociable with our new companions, though not one of us knew the other even by name. Mett and I saw that they were all dying with curiosity about us and enjoyed keeping them mystified. The captain said he was from Baltimore, and it was a sufficient introduction when we found that he knew the Elzeys and the Irwins, and that handsome Ed Carey I met in Montgomery last winter, who used to be always telling me how much I reminded him of his cousin "Connie." Just beyond Sparta we were halted by one of the natives, who, instead of paying forty dollars for his passage to the agent at the hotel, like the rest of us, had walked ahead and made a private bargain with Uncle Grief, the driver, for ten dollars. This "Yankee trick" raised a laugh among our impecunious Rebs, and the lieutenant, who was just out of a Northern prison, and very short of funds, thanked him for the lesson and declared he meant to profit by it the next chance he got. The newcomer proved to be a very amusing character, and we nicknamed him "Sam Weller," on account of his shrewdness and rough-and-ready wit. He was dressed in a coarse home-made suit, but was evidently something of a dandy, as his shirt-front sported a broad cotton ruffle edged with home-made cotton lace. He was a rebel soldier, he said: "Went in at the fust pop and been a-fightin' ever since, till the Yankees caught me here, home on furlough, and wouldn't turn me loose till I

had took their infernal oath—beg your pardon, ladies —the jig's pretty nigh up anyway, so I don't reckon it'll make much diff'rence."

He told awful tales about the things Sherman's robbers had done; it made my blood boil to hear them, and when the captain asked him if some of the rascals didn't get caught themselves sometimes—stragglers and the like—he answered with a wink that said more than words:

"Yes; our folks took lots of prisoners; more'n'll ever be heard of agin."

"What became of them?" asked the lieutenant.

"Sent 'em to Macon, double quick," was the laconic reply. "Got 'em thar in less'n half an hour."

"How did they manage it?" continued the lieutenant, in a tone that showed he understood Sam's metaphor.

"Just took 'em out in the woods and *lost* 'em," he replied, in his jerky, laconic way. "Ever heerd o' *losin'* men, lady?" he added, turning to me, with an air of grim waggery that made my flesh creep—for after all, even Yankees are human beings, though they don't always behave like it.

"Yes," I said, "I had heard of it, but thought it a horrible thing."

"I don't b'lieve in losin' 'em, neither, as a gener'l thing," he went on. "I don't think it's right princi-pul, and I wouldn't *lose* one myself, but when I see what they have done to these people round here, I

can't blame 'em for *losin'* every devil of 'em they kin git their hands on."

"What was the process of *losing?*" asked the captain. "Did they manage the business with firearms?"

"Sometimes, when they was in a hurry," Mr. Weller explained, with that horrible, grim irony of his, "the guns *would* go off an' shoot 'em, in spite of all that our folks could do. But most giner'ly they took the grapevine road in the fust patch of woods they come to, an' soon as ever they got sight of a tree with a grape vine on it, it's cur'ous how skeered their hosses would git. You couldn't keep 'em from runnin' away, no matter what you done, an' they never run fur before their heads was caught in a grape vine and they would stand thar, dancin' on nothin' till they died. Did you ever hear of anybody dancin' on nothin' before, lady?"—turning to me.

I said he ought to be ashamed to tell it; even a Yankee was entitled to protection when a prisoner of war.

"But these fellows wasn't regular prisoners of war, lady," said the sick soldier; "they were thieves and houseburners,"—and I couldn't but feel there was something in that view of it.*

* In justice to both sides, it must be understood that the class of prisoners here referred to were stragglers and freebooters who had wandered off in search of plunder, and probably got no worse than they deserved when they fell into the hands of the enraged country people, who were naturally not inclined to regard the ex-

About three miles from Sparta we struck the "Burnt Country," as it is well named by the natives, and then I could better understand the wrath and desperation of these poor people. I almost felt as if I should like to hang a Yankee myself. There was hardly a fence left standing all the way from Sparta to Gordon. The fields were trampled down and the road was lined with carcasses of horses, hogs, and cattle that the invaders, unable either to consume or to carry away with them, had wantonly shot down to starve out the people and prevent them from making their crops. The stench in some places was unbearable; every few hundred yards we had to hold our noses or stop them with the cologne Mrs. Elzey had given us, and it proved a great boon. The dwellings that were standing all showed signs of pillage, and on every plantation we saw the charred remains of the gin-house and packing-screw, while here and there, lone chimney-stacks, "Sherman's Sentinels," told of homes laid in ashes. The infamous wretches! I couldn't wonder now that these poor people should

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propriation of their family plate and household goods and the burning of their homes as a part of legitimate warfare. There were doubtless many brave and honorable men in Sherman's army who would not stoop to plunder, and who did the best they could to keep from making war the "hell" their leader defined it to be, but these were not the kind who would be likely to get "lost." Those readers who care to inform themselves fully on the subject, are referred to the official correspondence between Gen. Sherman and Gen. Wade Hampton in regard to the treatment of "foragers."

want to put a rope round the neck of every red-handed "devil of them" they could lay their hands on. Hay ricks and fodder stacks were demolished, corn cribs were empty, and every bale of cotton that could be found was burnt by the savages. I saw no grain of any sort, except little patches they had spilled when feeding their horses and which there was not even a chicken left in the country to eat. A bag of oats might have lain anywhere along the road without danger from the beasts of the field, though I cannot say it would have been safe from the assaults of hungry man. Crowds of soldiers were tramping over the road in both directions; it was like traveling through the streets of a populous town all day. They were mostly on foot, and I saw numbers seated on the roadside greedily eating raw turnips, meat skins, parched corn—anything they could find, even picking up the loose grains that Sherman's horses had left. I felt tempted to stop and empty the contents of our provision baskets into their laps, but the dreadful accounts that were given of the state of the country before us, made prudence get the better of our generosity.

The roads themselves were in a better condition than might have been expected, and we traveled at a pretty fair rate, our four mules being strong and in good working order. When we had made about half the distance to Milledgeville it began to rain, so the gentlemen cut down saplings which they fitted in the

form of bows across the body of the wagon, and stretching the lieutenant's army blanket over it, made a very effectual shelter. Our next halt was near a dilapidated old house where there was a fine well of water. The Yankees had left it, I suppose, because they couldn't carry it away. Here we came up with a wagon on which were mounted some of the people we had seen on the cars the day before. They stopped to exchange experiences, offered us a toddy, and brought us water in a beautiful calabash gourd with a handle full three feet long. We admired it so much that one of them laughingly proposed to "capture" it for us, but we told them we didn't care to imitate Sherman's manners. A mile or two further on we were hailed by a queer-looking object sitting on a log in the corner of a half-burnt fence. It was wrapped up in a big white blanket that left nothing else visible except a round, red face and a huge pair of feet. Before anybody could decide whether the apparition was a ghost from the lower regions or an escaped lunatic from the state asylum in his night-gown, Sam Weller jumped up, exclaiming:

"Galvanized, galvanized! Stop, driver, a galvanized Yankee!" *

As soon as Uncle Grief had brought his mules to a halt, the strange figure shuffled up to the side of the wagon and began to plead piteously, in broken Dutch,

* Prisoners or deserters from the other side who enlisted in our army, were called "galvanized Yankees."

to be taken in. He was shaking with a common ague fit, and though we couldn't help feeling sorry for him, he looked so comical as he stood there with his blanket drawn round him like a winding sheet and his little red Dutch face peering out at us with such an expression of exaggerated and needless terror, that it was hard to repress a smile. The captain was about to order Uncle Grief to drive on without taking any further notice of him, but Sam Weller assured us that the country people would certainly hang him if they should catch him away from his command. They were too exasperated to make any distinction between a "galvanized" and any other sort of a Yankee—and to tell the truth, I think, myself, if there is any difference at all, it is in favor of those who remain true to their own cause. The kind-hearted lieutenant took his part, Mett and I seconded him, and the poor creature was allowed to climb into our wagon, where he curled himself up on a pile of fodder beside our sick soldier, who didn't seem to relish the companionship very much, though he said nothing. But Sam Weller couldn't let him rest, and immediately began to berate him for his imprudence in straggling off from his command at the risk of getting himself hanged, and to entertain him with enlivening descriptions of the art of "dancin' on nothin'" and the various methods of getting "lost." All at once he came to a sudden stop in his tirade, and asked,

"Iss you cot any money, Wappy?"

"Nein, ich cot no more ash den thaler," quaked Hans.

Then, pulling a fat roll of change bills out of his pocket, he ("Sam") handed them to the Dutchman, saying:

"Well, here's shin-plasters enough to cover you better than that there blanket, if you want them."

Hans grabbed the money, which was increased by small contributions from the rest of us—not that we thought his enlistment in the Confederate army counted for anything, but we felt sorry for him, because he was "sick and a stranger." After all, what can these ignorant foreigners be expected to know or care about our quarrel?

Soon after this we came to a pretty, clear stream, where Uncle Grief stopped to water his horses and we decided to eat our dinner. Those of our companions who had anything to eat at all, were provided only with army rations, so Mett and I shared with them the good things we had brought from home. We offered some to Hans, and this started Sam off again:

"Now, Wappy, see that!" he cried. "The rebel ladies feed you; remember *that* the next time you go to burn a house down, or steal a rebel lady's watch! I say," he shouted, putting his lips to Hans's ear, as the Dutchman seemed not to understand, "remember how the rebel ladies fed you, when you turn Yank agin and go to drivin' women out-o'-doors and stealin' their clothes."

Fortunately for "Wappy's" peace of mind he didn't know enough English to take in the long list of Yankee misdeeds that Sam continued to recount for his benefit, although he assured us that he could "unterstant vat man say to him besser als he could dalk himselbst." The captain suspected him of putting on, and laughed at Metta and me for wasting sympathy on him, but the lieutenant shared our feelings, and I liked him for it.

Just before reaching Milledgeville, Sam Weller got down to walk to his home, which he said was about two miles back from the highway. "Come, Wappy," he said, as he was climbing down, "if you will go home with me, I will take care of you and put you in a horspittle where you won't be in no danger of gittin' lost. Can you valk doo milsh?"

Hans replied in the affirmative, and scrambled down with a deal of groaning and quaking. Sam and the lieutenant assisted him with much real gentleness, and when he was on the ground, he tried to make a speech thanking the "laties unt shentlemansh," but it was in such bad English that we couldn't understand.

"Now, don't *lose* the poor wretch," I said to Mr. Weller, as they moved off together.

"No, no, miss, I won't do that," he answered in a tone of such evident sincerity that I felt Hans was safe in the care of this strange, contradictory being, who could talk so like a savage, and yet be capable of such real kindness.

Before crossing the Oconee at Milledgeville we ascended an immense hill, from which there was a fine view of the town, with Gov. Brown's fortifications in the foreground and the river rolling at our feet. The Yankees had burnt the bridge, so we had to cross on a ferry. There was a long train of vehicles ahead of us, and it was nearly an hour before our turn came, so we had ample time to look about us. On our left was a field where 30,000 Yankees had camped hardly three weeks before. It was strewn with the *débris* they had left behind, and the poor people of the neighborhood were wandering over it, seeking for anything they could find to eat, even picking up grains of corn that were scattered around where the Yankees had fed their horses. We were told that a great many valuables were found there at first,—plunder that the invaders had left behind, but the place had been picked over so often by this time that little now remained except tufts of loose cotton, piles of half-rotted grain, and the carcasses of slaughtered animals, which raised a horrible stench. Some men were plowing in one part of the field, making ready for next year's crop.

At the Milledgeville Hotel, we came to a dead halt. Crowds of uniformed men were pacing restlessly up and down the galleries like caged animals in a menagerie. As soon as our wagon drew up there was a general rush for it, but our gentlemen kept possession and told Mett and me to sit still and hold it while they went in to see what were the chances for accom-

modation. After a hurried consultation with the other gentlemen of our party, they all collected round our wagon and informed us that they had "pressed" it into service to take us to Gordon, and we were to go on to Scotsborough that night. When all the baggage was in, the vehicle was so heavily loaded that not only the servants had to walk, but the gentlemen of the party could only ride by turns, one or two at a time. Our sick soldier was left at the hospital, and the bride's big trunks, that I wouldn't have believed all the women in the Confederacy had clothes enough to fill, were piled up in front to protect us against the wind. Uncle Grief looked the embodiment of his name while these preparations were going on, but a tip of ten dollars from each of us, and the promise of a letter to his master relieving him from all blame, quickly overcame his scruples.

Night closed in soon after we left Milledgeville, and it began to rain in earnest. Then we lost the road, and as if that were not enough, the bride dropped her parasol and we had to stop there in the rain to look for it. A new silk parasol that cost four or five hundred dollars was too precious to lose. The colonel and the captain went back half a mile to get a torch, and after all, found the parasol lying right under her feet in the body of the wagon. About nine o'clock we reached Scotsborough, the little American "Cranford," where the Butlers used to have their summer home. Like Mrs. Gaskell's delightful little borough, it is inhabited

chiefly by aristocratic widows and old maids, who rarely had their quiet lives disturbed by any event more exciting than a church fair, till Sherman's army marched through and gave them such a shaking up that it will give them something to talk about the rest of their days. Dr. Shine and the Texas captain had gone ahead of the wagon and made arrangements for our accommodation. The night was very dismal, and when we drew up in front of the little inn, and saw a big lightwood fire blazing in the parlor chimney, I thought I had never seen anything so bright and comfortable before. When Mrs. Palmer, the landlady, learned who Metta and I were, she fairly hugged us off our feet, and declared that Mrs. Troup Butler's sisters were welcome to her house and everything in it, and then she bustled off with her daughter Jenny to make ready their own chamber for our use. She could not give us any supper because the Yankees had taken all her provisions, but she brought out a jar of pickles that had been hidden up the chimney, and gave us the use of her dining table and dishes—such of them as the Yankees had left—to spread our lunch on. While Charles and Crockett, the servants of Dr. Shine and the colonel, were unpacking our baskets in the dining-room, all our party assembled in the little parlor, the colonel was made master of ceremonies, and a general introduction took place. The Texas captain gave his name as Jarman; the shabby lieutenant in the war-worn uniform—all honor to it—was

Mr. Foster, of Florence, Ala.; the Baltimorean was Capt. Mackall, cousin of the commandant at Macon, and the colonel himself had been a member of the Confederate Congress, but resigned to go into the army, the only place for a brave man in these times. So we all knew each other at last and had a good laugh together over the secret curiosity that had been devouring each of us about our traveling companions, for the last twenty-four hours. Presently Crockett announced supper, and we went into the dining-room. We had some real coffee, a luxury we owed the bride, but there was only one spoon to all the company, so she arranged that she should pour out the coffee, I should stir each cup, and Mett pass them to the guests, with the assurance that the cup was made sweeter "by the magic of three pair of fair hands." Then Mrs. Palmer's jar of pickles was brought out and presented with a little tableau scene she had made up beforehand, even coaching me as to the pretty speeches I was to make. I felt very silly, but I hoped the others were too hungry to notice.

Supper over, we returned to the parlor, and I never spent a more delightful evening. Riding along in the wagon, we had amused ourselves by making up impromptu couplets to "The Confederate Toast," and now that we were comfortably housed, I thanked Capt. Jarman and Dr. Shine for their efforts, in a pair of impromptu verses to the same air. This started up a rivalry in verse-making, each one trying

to outdo the other in the absurdity of their composition, and some of them were very funny. When we broke up for the night, there were more theatricals planned by the bride, who disposed a white scarf round her head, placed Metta and me, one on each side of her, so as to make a sort of *tableau vivant* on the order of a "Three Graces," or a "Faith, Hope, and Charity" group, and backed slowly out of the room, bowing and singing, "Good Night." She really was so pretty and girlish that she could carry off anything with grace, but I hadn't that excuse, and never felt so foolish in my life.

Mrs. Palmer's chamber, in which Metta and I were to sleep, was a shed room of not very inviting aspect, but the poor woman had done her best for us, and we were too tired to be critical. When I had put my clothes off and started to get into bed, I found there was but one sheet, and that looked as if half of Sherman's army might have slept in it. Mett was too dead sleepy to care; "Shut your eyes and go it blind," she said, and suiting the action to the word, tumbled into bed without looking, and was asleep almost by the time she had touched the pillow. I tried to follow her example, but it was no use. The weather had begun to turn very cold, and the scanty supply of bedclothes the Yankees had left Mrs. Palmer was not enough to keep me warm. Then it began to rain in torrents, and presently I felt a cold shower bath descending on me through the leaky roof. Metta's side

of the bed was comparatively dry, and she waked up just enough to pull the cotton bedquilt that was our only covering, over her head, and then went stolidly to sleep again. Meanwhile the storm increased till it was terrible. The rain seemed to come down in a solid sheet, and I thought the old house would be torn from its foundations by the fierce wind that swept over it. The solitary pine knot that had been our only light went out and left us in total darkness, but I was getting so drenched where I lay that I was obliged to move, so I groped my way to an old lounge that stood in a somewhat sheltered corner by the fireplace, and covered myself with the clothing I had taken off. The lounge was so narrow that I couldn't turn over without causing my cover to fall over on the floor, so I lay stiff as a corpse all night, catching little uneasy snatches of sleep between the wildest bursts of the storm. Early in the morning Mrs. Palmer and Jenny came in with bowls and pans to put under the leaks. There were so many that we were quite shingled over, as we lay in bed, with a tin roof of pots and pans, and they made such a rattling as the water pattered into them, that neither of us could sleep any more for laughing. The colonel had given us instructions over night to be ready for an early start, so when another pine knot had been lighted on the hearth, we made haste to dress, before it burned out.

Mrs. Palmer had contrived to spread us a scanty breakfast of hot waffles, fresh sausages, and parched

wheat coffee. But the bride, as is the way of brides, was so long in getting ready that it was nearly ten o'clock before we started on our journey. It had stopped raining by this time, but the weather was so cold and cloudy that I found my two suits of clothing very comfortable. A bitter wind was blowing, and on all sides were to be seen shattered boughs and uprooted trees, effects of the past night's storm. The gentlemen had had all the baggage placed in front, and the floor of the wagon covered with fodder, where we could sit and find some protection from the wind. I should have felt tolerably comfortable if I had not seen that Metta was feeling ill, though she kept up her spirits and did not complain. She said she had a headache, and I noticed that her face was covered with ugly red splotches, which I supposed were caused by the wind chapping her skin. We put our shawls over our heads, but the wind played such antics with them that they were not much protection. The bride, instead of crouching down with us, mounted on top of a big trunk, the coldest place she could find, and cheered us with the comforting announcement that she was going to have pneumonia. It was beautiful to see how the big, handsome colonel devoted himself to her, and I half suspect that was at the bottom of her pneumonia scare—at least we heard no more of it. I offered her some of our brandy, and the doctor made her a toddy, but she couldn't drink it because it was grape and not peach. Everybody seemed dis-

METTA ANDREWS
(Mrs. T. M. Green)
From a photograph taken in 1872

posed to be silent and out of sorts at first, except Metta and me, who had not yet had adventures enough to surfeit us, and we kept on talking till we got the rest of them into a good humor. We made the gentlemen tell us what their various professions were before the war, and were delighted to learn that our dear colonel was a lawyer. We told him that our father was a judge, and that we loved lawyers better than anybody else except soldiers, whereupon he laughed and advised the other gentlemen, who were all unmarried, to take to the law. I said that about lawyers for the doctor's benefit, because he looked all the time as if he were afraid one of us was going to fall in love with him. I laughed and told Mett that it was she that scared him, with her hair all cropped off from fever, and that dreadful splotched complexion. He heaped coals of fire on my head soon after, when I was cowering down in the body of the wagon, nearly dead with cold, by inviting me to get out and warm myself by taking a walk. My feet were so cold that they felt like lifeless clods and I could hardly stand on them when I first stepped to the ground, but a brisk walk of two miles warmed me up so pleasantly that I was sorry when a succession of mud holes forced me to get back into the wagon.

About noon we struck the Milledgeville & Gordon R.R., near a station which the Yankees had burnt, and a mill near by they had destroyed also, out of pure malice, to keep the poor people of the country

from getting their corn ground. There were several crossroads at the burnt mill and we took the wrong one, and got into somebody's cornfield, where we found a little crib whose remoteness seemed to have protected it from the greed of the invaders. We were about to "press" a few ears for our hungry mules, when we spied the owner coming across the fields and waited for him. The captain asked if he would sell us a little provender for our mules, but he gave such a pitiful account of the plight in which Sherman had left him that we felt as mean as a lot of thieving Yankees ourselves, for having thought of disturbing his property. He was very polite, and walked nearly a mile in the biting wind to put us back in the right road. Three miles from Gordon we came to Commissioners' Creek, of which we had heard awful accounts all along the road. It was particularly bad just at this time on account of the heavy rain, and had overflowed the swamp for nearly two miles. Porters with heavy packs on their backs were wading through the sloughs, and soldiers were paddling along with their legs bare and their breeches tied up in a bundle on their shoulders. They were literal *sans culottes*. Some one who had just come from the other side advised us to unload the wagon and make two trips of it, as it was doubtful whether the mules could pull through with such a heavy load. The Yankees had thrown dead cattle in the ford, so that we had to drive about at random in the mud and water, to avoid these un-

canny obstructions. Our gentlemen, however, concluded that we had not time to make two trips, so they all piled into the wagon at once and trusted to Providence for the result. We came near upsetting twice, and the water was so deep in places that we had to stand on top of the trunks to keep our feet dry.

Safely over the swamp, we dined on the scraps left in our baskets, which afforded but a scanty meal. The cold and wind had increased so that we could hardly keep our seats, but the roads improved somewhat as we advanced, and the aspect of the country was beautiful in spite of all that the vandalism of war had done to disfigure its fair face. Every few hundred yards we crossed beautiful, clear streams with luxuriant swamps along their borders, gay with shining evergreens and bright winter berries. But when we struck the Central R.R. at Gordon, the desolation was more complete than anything we had yet seen. There was nothing left of the poor little village but ruins, charred and black as Yankee hearts. The pretty little dépot presented only a shapeless pile of bricks capped by a crumpled mass of tin that had once covered the roof. The R.R. track was torn up and the iron twisted into every conceivable shape. Some of it was wrapped round the trunks of trees, as if the cruel invaders, not satisfied with doing all the injury they could to their fellowmen, must spend their malice on the innocent trees of the forest, whose only fault was that they grew on Southern soil. Many fine young saplings

were killed in this way, but the quickest and most effective method of destruction was to lay the iron across piles of burning cross-ties, and while heated in the flames it was bent and warped so as to be entirely spoiled. A large force is now at work repairing the road; as the repairs advance a little every day, the place for meeting the train is constantly changing and not always easy to find. We floundered around in the swamps a long time and at last found our train in the midst of a big swamp, with crowds of people waiting around on little knolls and islands till the cars should be opened. Each group had its own fire, and tents were improvised out of shawls and blankets so that the scene looked like a gypsy camp. Here we met again all the people we had seen on the train at Camack, besides a great many others. Judge Baker and the Bonhams arrived a few minutes behind us, after having met with all sorts of disasters at Commissioners' Creek, which they crossed at a worse ford than the one we had taken. We found a dry place near the remains of a half-burned fence where Charles and Crockett soon had a rousing fire and we sat round it, talking over our adventures till the car was ready for us. There was a great scramble to get aboard, and we were all crowded into a little car not much bigger than an ordinary omnibus. Mett and I were again indebted to the kindness of soldier boys for a seat. We had about the best one in the car, which is not saying much, with the people jostling

and pressing against us from the crowded aisle, but as we had only 16 miles to go, we thought we could stand it with a good grace. Metta's indisposition had been increasing all day and she was now so ill that I was seriously uneasy, but all I could do was to place her next to the window, where she would not be so much disturbed by the crowd. We steamed along smoothly enough for an hour or two, until just at nightfall, when within two miles of Macon, the train suddenly stopped and we were told that we should have to spend the night there or walk to town. The bridge over Walnut Creek, which had been damaged by Stoneman's raiders last summer, was so weakened by the storm of the night before that it threatened to give way, and it was impossible to run the train across. We were all in despair. Metta was really ill and the rest of us worn out with fatigue and loss of sleep, besides being half famished. Our provisions were completely exhausted; the fine grape brandy mother had put in the basket was all gone—looted, I suppose, by the servants—and we had no other medicine. A good many of the men decided to walk, among them our lieutenant, who was on his way home, just out of a Yankee prison, and eager to spend Christmas with his family. The dear, good-hearted fellow seemed loath to leave us in that plight, and offered to stay and see us through, if I wanted him, but I couldn't impose on his kindness to that extent. Besides, we still had the captain and the colonel, and all the rest

of them, and I knew we would never lack for attention or protection as long as there was a Confederate uniform in sight. Capt. Jarman and Dr. Shine joined the walkers, too, in the vain hope of sending an engine, or even a hand-car for us, but all their representations to Gen. Cobb and the R.R. authorities were fruitless; nothing could be done till morning, and a rumor got out among us from somewhere that even then there would be nothing for it but to walk and get our baggage moved as best we might. For the first time my spirits gave way, and as Metta was too ill to notice what I was doing, I hid my face in my hands and took a good cry. Then the captain came over and did his best to cheer me up by talking about other things. He showed me photographs of his sisters, nice, stylish-looking girls, as one would expect the sisters of such a man to be, and I quite fell in love with one of them, who had followed him to a Yankee prison and died there of typhoid fever, contracted while nursing him. As soon as it became known that Metta was sick, we were overwhelmed with kindness from all the other passengers, but there was not much that anybody could do, and rest, the chief thing she needed, was out of the question. At supper time the conductor brought in some hardtack that he had on board to feed the workmen, and distributed it among us. I was so hungry that I tried to eat it, but soon gave up, and my jawbones are sore yet from the effort. But the provisions that we had shared with our companions

on the journey proved to be bread cast on the waters that did not wait many days to be returned. I had hardly taken my first bite of hardtack when Judge Baker invited Metta and me to share a nice cold supper with him; the bride offered us the only thing she had left—some real coffee, which the colonel had boiled at a fire kindled on the ground outside—and two ladies, strangers to us, who had got aboard at Gordon, sent us each a paper package containing a dainty little lunch of cold chicken and buttered biscuit. But Metta was too ill to eat. She had a high fever, and we both spent a miserable, sleepless night.

At last day began to break, cold, clear, and frosty, and with it came travelers who had walked out from Macon bringing confirmation of the report that no arrangements would be made for carrying passengers and their baggage to the city. This news made us desperate. The men on board swore that the train should not move till some provision was made for getting us to our destination. This made the Gordon passengers furious. They said there were several women among them who had walked out from the city (two of them with babies in their arms), and the train should go on time, come what would. Our men said there were ladies in the car, too; we had paid our fare to Macon, and they intended to see that we got there. Each party had a show of right on its side, but possession is nine points of the law, and this advantage we determined not to forego. The Gordon

passengers began to crowd in on us till we could hardly breathe, and Capt. Mackall, in no gentle terms, ordered them out. High words passed, swords and pistols were drawn on both sides, and a general fight seemed about to take place. Mett and I were frightened out of our wits at the first alarm and threw our arms about each other. I kept quiet till I saw the shooting about to begin, and then, my nerves all unstrung by what I had suffered during the night, I tuned up and began to cry like a baby. It was well I did, for my tears brought the men to their senses. Judge Baker and Col. Scott interfered, reminding them that ladies were present, and then arms were laid aside and profuse apologies made for having frightened us. Both parties then turned their indignation against the railroad officials, and somebody was making a bluster about pitching the conductor into the creek, when he appeared on the scene and appeased all parties by announcing that a locomotive and car would be sent out to meet the passengers for Macon on the other side of the creek and take us to the city. In the meantime, we were tantalized by hearing the whistles of the different trains with which we wished to connect, as they rolled out of the dépot in Macon.

It was eight o'clock before our transfer, consisting of an engine and a single box-car, arrived at the other end of the trestle, and as they had to be unloaded of their freight before we could get aboard, it was nearly

ten when we reached Macon. But as soon as they were heard approaching, we were so glad to get out of the prison where we had spent such an uncomfortable night that we immediately put on our wraps and began to cross the tottering trestle on foot. It was 80 feet high and half a mile long, over a swamp through which flowed Walnut Creek, now swollen to a torrent. Part of the flooring of the bridge was washed down stream and our only foothold was a narrow plank, hardly wider than my two hands. Capt. Mackall charged himself with my parcels, and Mr. Belisle was left to look after the trunks. Strong-headed men walked along the sleepers on either side, to steady any one that might become dizzy. Just behind Metta, who followed the captain and me, hobbled a wounded soldier on crutches, and behind him came Maj. Bonham, borne on the back of a stout negro porter. Last of all came porters with the trunks, and it is a miracle to me how they contrived to carry such heavy loads over that dizzy, tottering height.

Once across the bridge we disposed ourselves wherever we could find a firm spot—a dry one was out of the question. When Metta drew off her veil and gloves, I was terrified at the looks of her hands and face. We were both afraid she had contracted some awful disease in that dirty car, but the captain laughed and said he knew all about army diseases, and thought it was nothing but measles. When we got to Macon, Dr. Shine further relieved my mind by assuring me

it was a mild case, and said she needed only a few days' rest.

We reached the dépot just ten minutes after the South-Western train had gone out, so we went to the Lanier House, and I at once sent Mr. Belisle for Brother Troup, only to learn that he had gone on the very train we had missed, to spend Christmas at his plantation.

It was delightful to get into clean, comfortable quarters at the Lanier House. Metta got into bed and went right off to sleep, and I lay down for awhile, but was so often disturbed by friendly messages and inquiries that I got up and dressed for dinner. I put on my pretty flowered merino that had been freshened up with black silk ruchings that completely hid the worn places, and the waist made over with Elizabethan sleeves, so that it looked almost like a new dress, besides being very becoming, as the big sleeves helped out my figure by their fullness. I frizzed my hair and put on the head-dress of black velvet ribbon and gold braid that Cousin Sallie Farley gave me. I think I must have looked nice, because I heard several people inquiring who I was when I went into the dining-room. I had hardly put in the last pin when a servant came to announce that Mr. Charles Day, Mary's father, had called. He was the only person in the drawing-room when I entered and made a very singular, not to say, striking appearance, with his snow-white hair framing features of such a peculiar dark

complexion that he made me think of some antique piece of wood-carving. The impression was strengthened by a certain stiffness of manner that is generally to be noticed in all men of Northern birth and education. Not long after, Harry Day called. He said that Mary * was in Savannah, cut off by Sherman so that they could get no news of her. He didn't even know whether mother's invitation had reached her.

Gussie and Mary Lou Lamar followed the Days, and I was kept so busy receiving callers and answering inquiries about Mett that I didn't have time to find out how tired and sleepy I was till I went to bed. Judge Vason happened to be at the hotel when we arrived, and insisted that we should pack up and go with him to Albany next day and stay at his house till we were both well rid of the measles—for it stands to reason that I shall take it after nursing Metta. He said that it had just been through his family from A to Z, so there was no danger of our communicating it to anybody there. Then Mrs. Edward Johnston came and proposed taking us to her house, and on Dr. Shine's advice I decided to accept this invitation, as it would hardly be prudent for Metta to travel in her present condition, and we could not get proper attention for her at the hotel. I could not even get a chambermaid without going the whole length of the corridor

* This attractive and accomplished young woman afterwards became the wife of Sidney Lanier, America's greatest poet.

to ring the bell and waiting there till somebody came to answer it.

The colonel and his party left on the one o'clock train that night for Columbus, where they expect to take the boat for Apalachicola. After taking leave of them I went to bed, and if ever any mortal did hard sleeping, I did that night. Next day Mr. Johnston called in his carriage and brought us to his beautiful home on Mulberry St., where we are lodged like princesses, in a bright, sunny room that makes me think of old Chaucer's lines that I have heard Cousin Liza quote so often:

"This is the port of rest from troublous toile,
The world's sweet inne from paine and wearisome turmoile."

[NOTE.—Several pages are torn from the manuscript here.—AUTHOR.]

CHAPTER II

PLANTATION LIFE

January 1—*April* 3, 1865

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—During the period embraced in this chapter the great black tide of destruction that had swept over Georgia turned its course northward from Savannah to break a few weeks later (Feb. 17) in a cataract of blood and fire on the city of Columbia. At the same time the great tragedy of Andersonville was going on under our eyes; and farther off, in Old Virginia, Lee and his immortals were struggling in the toils of the net that was drawing them on to the tragedy of Appomattox. To put forward a trivial narrative of every-day life at a time when mighty events like these were taking place would seem little less than an impertinence, did we not know that it is the ripple mark left on the sand that shows where the tide came in, and the simple undergrowth of the forest gives a character to the landscape without which the most carefully-drawn picture would be incomplete.

On the other hand, the mighty drama that was being enacted around us reflected itself in the minutest details of life, even our sports and amusements being colored by it, as the record of the diary will show. The present chapter opens with allusions to an expedition sent out by Sherman from Savannah under Gen. Kilpatrick, having for its object the destruction of the Stock-

ade at Andersonville, and release of the prisoners to wreak their vengeance on the people whom they believed to be responsible for their sufferings. The success of this movement was frustrated only by the incessant rains of that stormy winter, which flooded the intervening country so that it was impossible for even the best equipped cavalry to pass, and thus averted what might have been the greatest tragedy of the war.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon public events in these pages, nor to revive the dark memories of Andersonville, but a few words concerning it are necessary to a clear understanding of the allusions made to it in this part of the record, and to a just appreciation of the position of the Southern people in regard to that deplorable episode of the war. Owing to the policy of the Federal Government in refusing to exchange prisoners, and to the ruin and devastation of war, which made it impossible for the Confederate government to provide adequately for its own soldiers, even with the patriotic aid of our women, the condition of our prisons was anything but satisfactory, both from lack of supplies and from the unavoidable over-crowding caused by the failure of all efforts to effect an exchange. Mr. Tanner, ex-Commander of the G. A. R., who is the last person in the world whom one would think of citing as a witness for the South, bears this unconscious testimony to the force of circumstances that made it impossible for our government to remedy that unhappy situation:

"It is true that more prisoners died in Northern prisons than Union prisoners died in Southern prisons. The explanation of this is extremely simple. The Southern prisoners came North worn and emaciated—half starved. *They had reached this condition because of their scant rations.* They came from a mild climate to a rigorous Northern climate, and, although we

gave them shelter and plenty to eat, they could not stand the change."

This argument, intended as a defense of the North, is a boomerang whose force as a weapon for the other side it is unnecessary to point out. Whether the conditions at Andersonville might have been ameliorated by the personal efforts of those in charge, I do not know. I never met Capt. Wirz, but I do know that had he been an angel from heaven, he could not have changed the pitiful tale of suffering from privation and hunger unless he had possessed the power to repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes. I do know, too, that the sufferings of the prisoners were viewed with the deepest compassion by the people of the neighborhood, as the diary will show, and they would gladly have relieved them if they had been able. In the fall of 1864, when it was feared that Sherman would send a raid to free the prisoners and turn them loose upon the defenseless country, a band of several thousand were shipped round by rail to Camp Lawton, near Millen, to get them out of his way. Later, when he had passed on, after destroying the railroads, these men were marched back overland to Andersonville, and the planters who lived along the road had hampers filled with such provisions as could be hastily gotten together and placed before them. Among those who did this were my sister, Mrs. Troup Butler, and her neighbors, the Bacons, so frequently mentioned in this part of the diary. My sister says that she had every drop of milk and clabber in her dairy brought out and given to the poor fellows, and she begged the officer to let them wait till she could have what food she could spare cooked for them. This, however, being impossible, she had potatoes and turnips and whatever else could be eaten raw, hastily collected by the servants and strewn in

the road before them. I have before me, as I write, a very kind letter from an old Union soldier, in which he says that he was one of the men fed on this occasion, and he adds: "I still feel thankful for the help we got that day." He gives his name as S. S. Andrews, Co. K, 64th Ohio Vols., and his present address as Tularosa, Mexico.

But it is hardly to be expected that men half-crazed by suffering and for the most part ignorant of their own government's responsibility in the matter, should discriminate very closely in apportioning the blame for their terrible condition. Accustomed to the bountiful provision made for its soldiers by the richest nation in the world, they naturally enough could not see the tragic humor of their belief, when suddenly reduced to Confederate army rations, that they were the victims of a deliberate plot to starve them to death!

Another difficulty with which the officers in charge of the stockade had to contend was the lack of a sufficient force to guard so large a body of prisoners. At one time there were over 35,000 of them at Andersonville alone—a number exceeding Lee's entire force at the close of the siege of Petersburg. The men actually available for guarding this great army, were never more than 1,200 or 1,500, and these were drawn from the State Reserves, consisting of boys under eighteen and invalided or superannuated men unfit for active service. At almost any time during the year 1864-1865, if the prisoners had realized the weakness of their guard, they could, by a concerted assault, have overpowered them. At the time of Kilpatrick's projected raid, their numbers had been reduced to about 7,500, by distributing the excess to other points and by the humane action of the Confederate authorities in releasing, without equivalent, 15,000 sick and

wounded, and actually forcing them, as a free gift, upon the unwilling hospitality of their own government.

But even allowing for this diminution, the consequences of turning loose so large a body of men, naturally incensed and made desperate by suffering, to incite the negroes and ravage the country, while there were only women and children and old men left on the plantations to meet their fury, can hardly be imagined, even by those who have seen the invasion of an organized army. The consternation of my father, when he found that he had sent us into the jaws of this danger instead of the security and rest he had counted on, cannot be described. Happily, the danger was over before he knew of its existence, but communication was so slow and uncertain in those days that a long correspondence at cross purposes ensued before his mind was set at rest.

It may seem strange to the modern reader that in the midst of such tremendous happenings we could find it in our hearts to go about the common business of life; to laugh and dance and be merry in spite of the crumbling of the social fabric about us. But so it has always been; so it was "in the days of Noe," and so, we are told, will it be "in the end of the world." Youth will have its innings, and never was social life in the old South more full of charm than when tottering to its fall. Southwest Georgia, being the richest agricultural section of the State, and remote from the scene of military operations, was a favorite resort at that time for refugees from all parts of the seceded States, and the society of every little country town was as cosmopolitan as that of our largest cities had been before the war. The dearth of men available for social functions that was so conspicuous in other parts of the Confederacy remote from the seat of war, did not exist here, because the impor-

tance of so rich an agricultural region as a source of food supply for our armies, and the quartering of such large bodies of prisoners at Andersonville and Millen, necessitated the presence of a large number of officers connected with the commissary and quartermaster's departments. These were, for the most part, men who, on account of age, or chronic infirmity, or injuries received in battle, were unfit for service in the field. There were large hospitals, too, in all the towns and villages to which disabled soldiers from the front were sent as fast as they were able to bear the transportation, in order to relieve the congestion in the neighborhood of the armies. Those whose wounds debarred them from further service, and whose homes were in possession of the enemy, were received into private houses and cared for by the women of the South till the end of the war.

My sister's white family at the time of our arrival consisted of herself and two little children, Tom and Julia, and Mr. Butler's invalid sister, Mrs. Julia Meals, a pious widow of ample means which it was her chief ambition in life to spend in doing good. The household was afterwards increased by the arrival of Mrs. Julia Butler (also called in the diary, Mrs. Green Butler) the widow of Mr. Greenlee Butler, who had died not long before in the army. He was the elder and only brother of my sister's husband. Col. Maxwell, of Gopher Hill, was an uncle of my brother-in-law, the owner of several large plantations, where he was fond of practicing the old-time Southern hospitality. The " Cousin Bolling " so frequently mentioned, was Dr. Bolling A. Pope, a stepson of my mother's youngest sister, Mrs. Alexander Pope, of Washington, Ga., the " Aunt Cornelia " spoken of in a later chapter. He was in Berlin when the war began, where he had spent several years preparing himself as a

specialist in diseases of the eye and ear, but returned when hostilities began, and was assigned to duty as a surgeon. The Tallassee Plantation to which reference is made, was an estate owned by my father near Albany, Ga., where the family were in the habit of spending the winters, until he sold it and transferred his principal planting interests to the Yazoo Delta in Mississippi. Mt. Enon was a little log church where services were held by a refugee Baptist minister, and, being the only place of worship in the neighborhood, was attended by people of all denominations. The different homes and families mentioned were those of well-known planters in that section, or of refugee friends who had temporarily taken up their abode there.

Jan. 1*st,* 1865. *Sunday. Pine Bluff.*—A beautiful clear day, but none of us went to church. Sister was afraid of the bad roads, Metta, Mrs. Meals, Julia and I all sick. I think I am taking measles.

Jan. 11, *Wednesday.*—I am just getting well of measles, and a rough time I had of it. Measles is no such small affair after all, especially when aggravated by perpetual alarms of Yankee raiders. For the last week we have lived in a state of incessant fear. All sorts of rumors come up the road and down it, and we never know what to believe. Mett and I have received repeated letters from home urging our immediate return, but of course it was impossible to travel while I was sick in bed, and even now I am not strong enough to undertake that terrible journey across the burnt country again. While I was ill, home was the one thought

that haunted my brain, and if I ever do get back, I hope I will have sense enough to stay there. I don't think I ever suffered so much before in all my life, and dread of the Yankees raised my fever to such a pitch that I got no rest by night or day. I used to feel very brave about Yankees, but since I have passed over Sherman's track and seen what devastation they make, I am so afraid of them that I believe I should drop down dead if one of the wretches should come into my presence. I would rather face them anywhere than here in South-West Georgia, for the horrors of the stockade have so enraged them that they will have no mercy on this country, though they have brought it all on themselves, the cruel monsters, by refusing to exchange prisoners. But it is horrible, and a blot on the fair name of our Confederacy. Mr. Robert Bacon says he has accurate information that on the first of December, 1864, there were 13,010 graves at Anderson. It is a dreadful record. I shuddered as I passed the place on the cars, with its tall gibbet full of horrible suggestiveness before the gate, and its seething mass of humanity inside, like a swarm of blue flies crawling over a grave. It is said that the prisoners have organized their own code of laws among themselves, and have established courts of justice before which they try offenders, and that they sometimes condemn one of their number to death. It is horrible to think of, but what can we poor Confederates do? The Yankees won't exchange prisoners, and our own

soldiers in the field don't fare much better than these poor creatures. Everybody is sorry for them, and wouldn't keep them here a day if the government at Washington didn't force them on us. And yet they lay all the blame on us. Gen. Sherman told Mr. Cuyler that he did not intend to leave so much as a blade of grass in South-West Georgia, and Dr. Janes told sister that he (Sherman) said he would be obliged to send a formidable raid here in order to satisfy the clamors of his army, though he himself, the fiend Sherman, dreaded it on account of the horrors that would be committed. What Sherman dreads must indeed be fearful. They say his soldiers have sworn that they will spare neither man, woman nor child in all South-West Georgia. It is only a question of time, I suppose, when all this will be done. It begins to look as if the Yankees can do whatever they please and go wherever they wish—except to heaven; I do fervently pray the good Lord will give us rest from them there.

While I was at my worst, Mrs. Lawton came out with her brother-in-law, Mr. George Lawton, and Dr. Richardson, Medical Director of Bragg's army, to make sister a visit. The doctor came into my room and prescribed for me and did me more good by his cheerful talk than by his prescription. He told me not to think about the Yankees, and said that he would come and carry me away himself before I should fall into their hands. His medicine nearly killed me. It

was a big dose of opium and whisky, that drove me stark crazy, but when I came to myself I felt much better. Dr. Janes was my regular physician and had the merit of not giving much medicine, but he frightened me horribly with his rumors ab[redacted]e raiders. We are safe from them for the present, at any rate, I hope; the swamps of the Altamaha are so flooded that it would take an army of Tritons to get over them now.

All this while that I have been sick, Metta has been going about enjoying herself famously. There is a party at Mr. Callaway's from Americus, which makes the neighborhood very gay. Everybody has called, but I had to stay shut up in my room and miss all the fun. . . . Brother Troup has come down from Macon on a short furlough, bringing with him a Maj. Higgins from Mississippi, who is much nicer than his name. He is a cousin of Dr. Richardson. The rest of the family were out visiting all the morning, leaving me with Mrs. Meals, who entertained me by reading aloud from Hannah More. As my eyes are still too weak from measles for me to read much myself, I was glad to be edified by Hannah More, rather than be left to my own dull company. The others came back at three, and then, just as we were sitting down to dinner, the Mallarys called and spent the rest of the day. We ate no supper, but went to bed on an egg-nog at midnight.

Jan. 12, *Thursday.*—The rest of them out visiting

again all the morning, leaving me to enjoy life with Mrs. Meals and Hannah More. The Edwin Bacons and Merrill Callaway and his bride were invited to spend the evening with us and I found it rather dull. I [redacted]k enough to be a bore to myself and everybody e[redacted]. Merrill has married Katy Furlow, of Americus, and she says that soon after my journey home last spring she met my young Charlestonian, and that he went into raptures over me, and said he never was so delighted with anybody in his life, so it seems the attraction was mutual. I have a letter from Tolie; she is living in Montgomery, supremely happy, of course, as a bride should be. She was sadly disappointed at my absence from the wedding. The city is very gay, she says, and everybody inquiring about me and wanting me to come. If I wasn't afraid the Yankees might cut me off from home and sister, too, I would pick up and go now. Yankee, Yankee, is the one detestable word always ringing in Southern ears. If all the words of hatred in every language under heaven were lumped together into one huge epithet of detestation, they could not tell how I hate Yankees. They thwart all my plans, murder my friends, and make my life miserable.

Jan. 13th, Friday.—Col. Blake, a refugee from Mississippi, and his sister-in-law, Miss Connor, dined with us. While the gentlemen lingered over their wine after dinner, we ladies sat in the parlor making cigarettes for them. The evening was spent at cards,

which bored me not a little, for I hate cards; they are good for nothing but to entertain stupid visitors with, and Col. Blake and Miss Connor do not belong in that category. Mett says she don't like the old colonel because he is too pompous, but that amuses me,—and then, he *is* such a gentleman.

The newspapers bring accounts of terrible floods all over the country. Three bridges are washed away on the Montgomery & West Point R.R., so that settles the question of going to Montgomery for the present. Our fears about the Yankees are quieted, too, there being none this side of the Altamaha, and the swamps impassable.

Jan. 14th, Saturday.—Brother Troup and Maj. Higgins left for Macon, and sister drove to Albany with them. She expects to stay there till Monday and then bring Mrs. Sims out with her. We miss Maj. Higgins very much; he was good company, in spite of that horrible name. Jim Chiles called after dinner, with his usual budget of news, and after him came Albert Bacon to offer us the use of his father's carriage while sister has hers in Albany.

Father keeps on writing for us to come home. Brother Troup says he can send us across the country from Macon in a government wagon, with Mr. Forline for an escort, if the rains will ever cease; but we can't go now on account of the bad roads and the floods up the country. Bridges are washed away in every direction, and the water courses impassable.

Jan. 15th, Sunday.—Went to church at Mt. Enon with Albert Bacon, and saw everybody. It was pleasant to meet old friends, but I could not help thinking of poor Annie Chiles's grave at the church door. One missing in a quiet country neighborhood like this makes a great gap. This was the Sunday for Dr. Hillyer to preach to the negroes and administer the communion to them. They kept awake and looked very much edified while the singing was going on, but most of them slept through the sermon. The women were decked out in all their Sunday finery and looked so picturesque and happy. It is a pity that this glorious old plantation life should ever have to come to an end.

Albert Bacon dined with us and we spent the afternoon planning for a picnic at Mrs. Henry Bacon's lake on Tuesday or Wednesday. The dear old lake! I want to see it again before its shores are desecrated by Yankee feet.

I wish sister would hurry home, on account of the servants. We can't take control over them, and they won't do anything except just what they please. As soon as she had gone, Mr. Ballou, the overseer, took himself off and only returned late this evening. Harriet, Mrs. Green Butler's maid, is the most trifling of the lot, but I can stand anything from her because she refused to go off with the Yankees when Mrs. Butler had her in Marietta last summer. Her mother went, and tried to persuade Harriet to go, too, but she said: "I loves Miss Julia a heap better'n I do

you," and remained faithful. Sister keeps her here because Mrs. Butler is a refugee and without a home herself.

Jan. 16, *Monday.*—Sister has come back, bringing dear little Mrs. Sims with her. Metta and I are to spend next week in Albany with Mrs. Sims, if we are not all water-bound in the meantime, at Pine Bluff. The floods are subsiding up the country, but the waters are raging down here. Flint River is out of its banks, the low grounds are overflowed, and the backwater has formed a lake between the negro quarter and the house, that reaches to within a few yards of the door. So much the better for us, as Kilpatrick and his raiders can never make their way through all these floods.

Sister is greatly troubled about a difficulty two of her negroes, Jimboy and Alfred, have gotten into. They are implicated with some others who are accused of stealing leather and attacking a white man. Alfred is a great, big, horrid-looking creature, more like an orang-outang than a man, though they say he is one of the most peaceable and humble negroes on the plantation, and Jimboy has never been known to get into any mischief before. I hope there is some mistake, though the negroes are getting very unruly since the Yankees are so near.

Jan. 17, *Tuesday.*—The river still rising and all the water-courses so high that I am afraid the stage won't be able to pass between Albany and Thomasville, and

we sha'n't get our mail. There is always something the matter to keep us from getting the mail at that little Gum Pond postoffice. Mrs. Sims is water-bound with us, and it is funny to hear her and Mrs. Meals, one a red-hot Episcopalian, the other a red-hot Baptist, trying to convert each other. If the weather is any sign, Providence would seem to favor the Baptists just now.

Mrs. Sims almost made me cry with her account of poor Mary Millen—her brother dead, their property destroyed; it is the same sad story over again that we hear so much of. This dreadful war is bringing ruin upon so many happy homes.

Jan. 19, *Thursday.*—I suffered a great disappointment to-day. Mrs. Stokes Walton gave a big dining—everybody in the neighborhood, almost everybody in the county that is anybody was invited. I expected to wear that beautiful new dress that ran the blockade and I have had so few opportunities of showing. All my preparations were made, even the bows of ribbon pinned on my undersleeves, but I was awakened at daylight by the pattering of rain on the roof, and knew that the fun was up for me. It was out of the question for one just up from an attack of measles to risk a ride of twelve miles in such a pouring rain, so I had to content myself to stay at home with the two old ladies and be edified with disquisitions on the Apostolic Succession and Baptism by Immersion. They are both good enough to be translated, and I

can't see why the dear little souls should be so disturbed about each other's belief. Once, when Mrs. Meals left the room for some purpose, Mrs. Sims whispered to me confidentially: "There is so little gentility among these dissenters—that is one reason why I hate to see her among them." I could hardly keep from laughing out, but that is what a good deal of our religious differences amount to. I confess to a strong prejudice myself, in favor of the old church in which I was brought up; still I don't think there ought to be any distinction of classes or races in religion. We all have too little "gentility" in the sight of God for that. I only wish I stood as well in the recording Angel's book as many a poor negro that I know.

About noon a cavalryman stopped at the door and asked for dinner. As we eat late, and the man was in too big a hurry to wait, sister sent him a cold lunch out in the entry. It was raining very hard, and the poor fellow was thoroughly drenched, so after he had eaten, sister invited him to come into the parlor and dry himself. It came out, in the course of conversation, that he was from our own part of Georgia, and knew a number of good old Wilkes County families. He was on his way to the Altamaha, he said, and promised to do his best to keep the raiders from getting to us.

Jan. 21, Saturday. Albany, Ga.—I never in all my life knew such furious rains as we had last night; it

seemed as if the heavens themselves were falling upon us. In addition to the uproar among the elements, my slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams about Garnett. Twice during the night I dreamed that he was dead and in a state of corruption, and I couldn't get anybody to bury him. Col. Avery and Capt. Mackall were somehow mixed up in the horrid vision, trying to help me, but powerless to do so. In the morning, when we waked, I found that Metta also had dreamed of Garnett's death. I am not superstitious, but I can't help feeling more anxious than usual to hear news of my darling brother.

The rain held up about dinner time and Mrs. Sims determined to return to Albany, in spite of high waters and the threatening aspect of the sky. We went five miles out of our way to find a place where we could ford Wright's Creek, and even there the water was almost swimming. Mett and I were frightened out of our wits, but Mrs. Sims told us to shut our eyes and trust to Providence,—and Providence and Uncle Aby between them brought us through in safety. At some places in the woods, sheets of water full half a mile wide and from one to two feet deep were running across the road, on their way to swell the flood in Flint River. Sister sent a negro before us on a mule to see if the water-courses were passable. We had several bad scares, but reached town in safety a little after dark.

Jan. 22.—The rains returned with double fury in

the night and continued all day. If "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," it looks as if the heavens were doing as much for us against Kilpatrick and his raiders. There was no service at St. Paul's, so Mrs. Sims kept Metta and me in the line of duty by reading aloud High Church books to us. They were very dull, so I didn't hurt myself listening. After dinner we read the Church service and sang hymns until relieved by a call from our old friend, Capt. Hobbs.

Jan. 24, *Tuesday.*—Mr. and Mrs. Welsh spent the evening with us. Jim Chiles came last night and sat until the chickens crowed for day. Although I like Jimmy and enjoy his budget of news, I would enjoy his visits more if he knew when to go away. I never was so tired and sleepy in my life, and cold, too, for we had let the fire go out as a hint. When at last we went to our room I nearly died laughing at the way Metta had maneuvered to save time. She had loosened every button and string that she could get at without being seen, while sitting in the parlor, and had now only to give herself a good shake and she was ready for bed.

We spent the morning making calls with Mrs. Sims, and found among the refugees from South Carolina a charming old lady, Mrs. Brisbane. Though past fifty, she is prettier than many a woman of half her years, and her manners would grace a court. Her father was an artist of note, and she showed us some

beautiful pictures painted by him. After dinner we enjoyed some Florida oranges sent by Clinton Spenser, and they tasted very good, in the absence of West India fruits.

Jan. 25, Wednesday.—Dined at Judge Vason's, where there was a large company. He is very hospitable and his house is always full of people. Albert Bacon came in from Gum Pond and called in the afternoon, bringing letters, and the letters brought permission to remain in South-West Georgia as long as we please, the panic about Kilpatrick having died out. I would like to be at home now, if the journey were not such a hard one. Garnett and Mrs. Elzey are both there, and Mary Day is constantly expected. I have not seen Garnett for nearly three years. He has resigned his position on Gen. Gardiner's staff, and is going to take command of a battalion of "galvanized Yankees," with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. I don't like the scheme. I have no faith in Yankees of any sort, especially these miserable turncoats that are ready to sell themselves to either side. There isn't gold enough in existence to galvanize one of them into a respectable Confederate.

Jan. 27, Friday.—Mett and I were busy returning calls all the morning, and Mrs. Sims, always in a hurry, sent us up to dress for Mrs. Westmoreland's party as soon as we had swallowed our dinner, so we were ready by dusk and had to sit waiting with our precious finery on until our escorts came for us at nine

o'clock. Mrs. Sims is one of these fidgety little bodies that is always in a rush about everything. She gallops through the responses in church so fast that she always comes out long ahead of everybody else, and even eats so fast that Metta and I nearly choke ourselves trying to keep up with her. We hardly ever get enough, as we are ashamed to sit at table too long after she has finished. I tried one day, when I was very hungry, to keep up with her in eating a waffle, but before I had got mine well buttered, hers was gone. She is such a nice housekeeper, too, and has such awfully good things that it is tantalizing not to be able to take time to enjoy them.

The party was delightful. Albany is so full of charming refugees and Confederate officers and their families that there is always plenty of good company, whatever else may be lacking. I danced three sets with Joe Godfrey, but I don't like the square dances very much. The Prince Imperial is too slow and stately, and so complicated that the men never know what to do with themselves. Even the Lancers are tame in comparison with a waltz or a galop. I love the galop and the *Deux Temps* better than any. We kept it up till two o'clock in the morning, and then walked home.

While going our rounds in the morning, we found a very important person in Peter Louis, a paroled Yankee prisoner, in the employ of Capt. Bonham. The captain keeps him out of the stockade, feeds and

clothes him, and in return, reaps the benefit of his skill. Peter is a French Yankee,* a shoemaker by trade, and makes as beautiful shoes as I ever saw imported from France. My heart quite softened towards him when I saw his handiwork, and little Mrs. Sims was so overcome that she gave him a huge slice of her Confederate fruit cake. I talked French with him, which pleased him greatly, and Mett and I engaged him to make us each a pair of shoes. I will feel like a lady once more, with good shoes on my feet. I expect the poor Yank is glad to get away from Anderson on any terms. Although matters have improved somewhat with the cool weather, the tales that are told of the condition of things there last summer are appalling. Mrs. Brisbane heard all about it from Father Hamilton, a Roman Catholic priest from Macon, who has been working like a good Samaritan in those dens of filth and misery. It is a shame to us Protestants that we have let a Roman Catholic get so far ahead of us in this work of charity and mercy. Mrs. Brisbane says Father Hamilton told her that during the summer the wretched prisoners burrowed in the ground like moles to protect themselves from the sun. It was not safe to give them material to build shanties as they might use it for clubs to over-

* Everybody that fought in the Union army was classed by us as a Yankee, whether Southern Union men, foreigners, or negroes; hence the expressions "Irish Yankee," "Dutch Yankee," "black Yankee," etc., in contradistinction to the Simon-pure native product, "the Yankee" *par excellence.*

come the guard. These underground huts, he said, were alive with vermin and stank like charnel houses. Many of the prisoners were stark naked, having not so much as a shirt to their backs. He told a pitiful story of a Pole who had no garment but a shirt, and to make it cover him the better, he put his legs into the sleeves and tied the tail round his neck. The others guyed him so on his appearance, and the poor wretch was so disheartened by suffering, that one day he deliberately stepped over the deadline and stood there till the guard was forced to shoot him. But what I can't understand is that a Pole, of all people in the world, should come over here and try to take away our liberty when his own country is in the hands of oppressors. One would think that the Poles, of all nations in the world, ought to sympathize with a people fighting for their liberties. Father Hamilton said that at one time the prisoners died at the rate of 150 a day, and he saw some of them die on the ground without a rag to lie on or a garment to cover them. Dysentery was the most fatal disease, and as they lay on the ground in their own excrements, the smell was so horrible that the good father says he was often obliged to rush from their presence to get a breath of pure air. It is dreadful. My heart aches for the poor wretches, Yankees though they are, and I am afraid God will suffer some terrible retribution to fall upon us for letting such things happen. If the Yankees ever should come to South-West Georgia,

and go to Anderson and see the graves there, God have mercy on the land! And yet, what can we do? The Yankees themselves are really more to blame than we, for they won't exchange these prisoners, and our poor, hard-pressed Confederacy has not the means to provide for them, when our own soldiers are starving in the field. Oh, what a horrible thing war is when stripped of all its "pomp and circumstance"!

Jan. 28, *Saturday.*—We left Albany at an early hour. Albert Bacon rode out home in the carriage with us, and I did the best I could for him by pretending to be too sleepy to talk and so leaving him free to devote himself to Mett. Fortunately, the roads have improved since last Saturday, and we were not so long on the way. We found sister busy with preparations for Julia's birthday party, which came off in the afternoon. All the children in the neighborhood were invited and most of the grown people, too. The youngsters were turned loose in the backyard to play King's Base, Miley Bright, &c., and before we knew it, we grown people found ourselves as deep in the fun as the children. In the midst of it all a servant came up on horseback with a letter for sister. It proved to be a note from Capt. Hines bespeaking her hospitality for Gen. Sam Jones and staff, and of course she couldn't refuse, though the house was crowded to overflowing already. She had hardly finished reading when a whole cavalcade of horses and government wagons came rattling up to the door, and the general

and one of his aides helped two ladies and their children to alight from an ambulance in which they were traveling. When they saw what a party we had on hand, they seemed a little embarrassed, but sister laughed away their fears, and sent the children out to join the others in the backyard and left the ladies, who were introduced as Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Creighton, with their escorts, in the parlor, while she went out to give orders about supper and make arrangements for their accommodation. Mrs. Meals, Metta, and I hustled out of our rooms and doubled up with sister and the children. Everybody was stowed away somewhere, when, just before bedtime, two more aides, Capt. Warwick, of Richmond, and Capt. Frazer, of Charleston, rode up and were invited to come in, though the house was so crowded that sister had not even a pallet on the floor to offer them. All she could do was to give them some pillows and tell them they were welcome to stay in the parlor if they could make themselves comfortable there. People are used to putting up with any sort of accommodations these times and they seemed very glad of the shelter. They said it was a great deal better than camping out in the wagons, as they had been doing, and with the help of the parlor rugs and their overcoats and army blankets, they could make themselves very comfortable. They were regular thoroughbreds, we could see, and Capt. Frazer one of the handsomest men I ever laid my eyes on—a great, big, splendid, fair-haired giant,

Little Sally Farley

Maude Andrews

Julia and Tom,
children of Mrs. Troup Butler

From an old war album
Name unknown

A GROUP OF CONFEDERATE CHILDREN

that might have been a Viking leader if he had lived a thousand years ago.

Sister has been so put out by Mr. Ballou that I don't see how she could keep her temper well enough to be polite to anybody. He has packed up and taken himself off, leaving her without an overseer, after giving but one day's notice, and she has the whole responsibility of the plantation and all these negroes on her hands. It was disgraceful for him to treat her so, and Brother Troup off at the war, too.

Jan. 29, *Sunday.*—Breakfast early so as to let our general and staff proceed on their way, as they said they wanted to make an early start. Gen. Jones has recently been appointed commandant of the Department of South Georgia and Florida, with headquarters at Tallahassee. It was nearly eleven o'clock before they got off. Mr. Robert Bacon says he met them on their way, and they told him they were so pleased with their entertainment at sister's that they wished they could have staid a day or two longer. I had a good long talk with the two young captains before they left and they were just as nice as they could be. We found that we had a number of common friends, and Capt. Warwick knows quite well the Miss Lou Randolph in Richmond that Garnett writes so much about, and Rosalie Beirne,* too.

Just before bedtime we were startled by heavy steps and a loud knocking at the front door. Having no

* This lady my brother afterwards married.

white man within three miles, not even an overseer, we were a little startled, but mustered courage, sister, Mett, and I, followed by two or three of the negroes, to go to the door. Instead of a stray Yankee, or a squad of deserters, we confronted a smart young Confederate officer in such a fine new uniform that the sight of it nearly took our breath away. He said he was going to the Cochran plantation, but got lost in the pond back of our house and had come in to inquire his way. Sister invited him into the sitting-room, and he sat there talking with us till one of the servants could saddle a mule and go with him to show him the road. Sister said she felt mean for not inviting him to spend the night, but she was too tired and worried to entertain another guest now, if the fate of the Confederacy depended on it. His uniform was too fresh and new anyway to look very heroic.

Jan. 31, *Tuesday.*—Sister and I spent the morning making calls. At the tithing agent's office, where she stopped to see about her taxes, we saw a battalion of Wheeler's cavalry, which is to be encamped in our neighborhood for several weeks. Their business is to gather up and take care of broken-down horses, so as to fit them for use again in baggage trains and the like. At the postoffice a letter was given me, which I opened and read, thinking it was for me. It began "Dear Ideal" and was signed "Yours forever." I thought at first that Capt. Hobbs or Albert Bacon was playing a joke on me, but on making inquiry at the

office, I learned that there is a cracker girl named Fanny Andrews living down somewhere near Gum Pond, for whom, no doubt, the letter was intended; so I remailed it to her.

As we were sitting in the parlor after supper, there was another lumbering noise of heavy feet on the front steps, but it was caused by a very different sort of visitor from the one we had Sunday night. A poor, cadaverous fellow came limping into the room, and said he was a wounded soldier, looking for work as an overseer. He gave his name as Etheridge, and I suspect, from his manner, that he is some poor fellow who has seen better days. Sister engaged him on the spot, for one month, as an experiment, though she is afraid he will not be equal to the work.

Feb. 2, Thursday.—We spent the evening at Maj. Edwin Bacon's, rehearsing for tableaux and theatricals, and I never enjoyed an evening more. We had no end of fun, and a splendid supper, with ice cream and sherbet and cake made of real white sugar. I like the programme, too, and my part in it, though I made some of the others mad by my flat refusal to make myself ridiculous by taking the part of the peri in a scene from Lalla Rookh. Imagine poor little ugly me setting up for a peri! Wouldn't people laugh! I must have parts with some acting; I can't run on my looks. The entertainment is to take place at sister's, and all the neighborhood and a number of people from Albany will be invited. The stage will be erected in

the wide back entry, between sister's room and the dining-room, which will serve for dressing-rooms. After the rehearsal came a display of costumes and a busy devising of dresses, which interested me very much. I do love pretty clothes, and it has been my fate to live in these hard war times, when one can have so little.

Feb. 4, *Saturday.*—We met in the schoolhouse at Mt. Enon to rehearse our parts, but everybody seemed out of sorts and I never spent a more disagreeable two hours. Mett wouldn't act the peri because she had had a quarrel with her penitent, and Miss Lou Bacon said she couldn't take the part of Esther before Ahasuerus unless she could wear white kid gloves, because she had burnt one of her fingers pulling candy, and a sore finger would spoil the looks of her hand. Think of Esther touching the golden scepter with a pair of modern white kid gloves on! It would be as bad as me for a peri. Mett and Miss Lou are our beauties, and if they fail us, the whole thing falls through.

Feb. 5, *Sunday.*—Went to church at Mt. Enon, and did my best to listen to Dr. Hillyer, but there were so many troops passing along the road that I could keep neither my thoughts nor my eyes from wandering. Jim Chiles came home to dinner with us. He always has so much news to tell that he is as good as the county paper, and much more reliable. I have a letter from Lily Legriel * asking me to make her a visit

* A school friend of the writer.

before I go home. She is refugeeing in Macon, and I think I will stop a few days as I pass through.

Feb. 9, *Thursday.*—We are in Albany—Mett, Mrs. Meals, and I—on our way to Americus, where I am going to consult Cousin Bolling Pope about my eyes. They have been troubling me ever since I had measles. We had hardly got our hats off when Jim Chiles came panting up the steps. He had seen the carriage pass through town and must run round at once to see if a sudden notion had struck us to go home. After tea came Capt. Hobbs, the Welshes, and a Mr. Green, of Columbus, to spend the evening. Mrs. Welsh gives a large party next Thursday night, to which we are invited, and she also wants me to stay over and take part in some theatricals for the benefit of the hospitals, but I have had enough of worrying with amateur theatricals for the present.

Feb. 10, *Friday.*—We had to get up very early to catch the seven o'clock train to Americus. Jim met us at the dépot, though there were so many of our acquaintances on board that we had no special need of an escort. Mr. George Lawton sat by me all the way from Smithville to Americus, and insisted on our paying his family a visit before leaving South-West Georgia. I wish I could go, for he lives near father's old Tallassee plantation where I had such happy times in my childhood; but if we were to accept all the invitations that come to us, we would never get back home again. We reached Americus at ten and went

straight to Cousin Bolling's hospital. He was not there, but Dr. Howard, his assistant, told us he was in the village and would be at the office in a few minutes. All along the streets, as we were making our way from the dépot to the hospital, we could recognize his patients going about with patches and shades and blue spectacles over their eyes, and some of them had blue or green veils on. We didn't care to wait at the hospital in all that crowd of men, so we started out to visit the shops, intending to return later and meet Cousin Bolling. We had gone only a few steps when we saw him coming toward us. His first words were the announcement that he was married! I couldn't believe him at first, and thought he was joking. Then he insisted that we should go home with him and see our new cousin. We felt doubtful about displaying our patched up Confederate traveling suits before a brand new bride from beyond the blockade, with trunk loads of new things, but curiosity got the better of us, and so we agreed to go home with him. He is occupying Col. Maxwell's house while the family are on the plantation in Lee county. When we reached the house with Cousin Bolling, Mrs. Pope—or "Cousin Bessie," as she says we must call her now, made us feel easy by sending for us to come to her bedroom, as there was no fire in the parlor, and she would not make company of us. She was a Mrs. Ayres, before her marriage to Cousin Bolling, a young widow from Memphis, Tenn., and very prominent in society there.

She is quite handsome, and, having just come from beyond the lines, her beautiful dresses were a revelation to us dowdy Confederates, and made me feel like a plucked peacock. Her hair was arranged in three rolls over the top of the head, on each side of the part, in the style called "cats, rats, and mice," on account of the different size of the rolls, the top one being the largest. It was very stylish. I wish my hair was long enough to dress that way, for I am getting very tired of frizzes; they are so much trouble, and always will come out in wet weather. We were so much interested that we stayed at Cousin Bolling's too long and had to run nearly all the way back to the dépot in order to catch our train. On the cars I met the very last man I would have expected to see in this part of the world —my Boston friend, Mr. Adams. He said he was on his way to take charge of a Presbyterian church in Eufaula, Ala. He had on a broadcloth coat and a stovepipe hat, which are so unlike anything worn by our Confederate men that I felt uncomfortably conspicuous while he was with me. I am almost ashamed, nowadays, to be seen with any man not in uniform, though Mr. Adams, being a Northern man and a minister, could not, of course, be expected to go into the army. I believe he is sincere in his Southern sympathies, but his Yankee manners and lingo "sorter riles" me, as the darkies say, in spite of reason and common sense. He talked religion all the way to Smithville, and parted with some pretty sentiment about the

"sunbeam I had thrown across his path." I don't enjoy that sort of talk from men; I like dash and flash and fire in talk, as in action.

We reached Albany at four o'clock, and after a little visit to Mrs. Sims, started home, where we arrived soon after dark, without any adventure except being nearly drowned in the ford at Wright's Creek.

Feb. 11, *Saturday.*—Making visits all day. It takes a long time to return calls when people live so far apart and every mile or two we have to go out of our way to avoid high waters. Stokes Walton's creek runs underground for several miles, so that when the waters are high we leave the main road and cross where it disappears underground. There is so much water now that the subterranean channel can't hold it all, so it flows below and overflows above ground, making a two-storied stream. It is very broad and shallow at that place, and beautifully clear. It would be a charming place for a boating excursion because the water is not deep enough to drown anybody if they should fall overboard—but if the bottom should drop out of the road, as sometimes happens in this limestone country, where in the name of heaven would we go to?

Sister and I spent the evening at Mrs. Robert Bacon's. The Camps, the Edwin Bacons, Capt. Wynne, and Mrs. Westmoreland were there. We enjoyed ourselves so much that we didn't break up till one o'clock Sunday morning. Mrs. Westmoreland

says she gave Capt. Sailes a letter of introduction to me, thinking I had gone back to Washington. He and John Garnett, one of our far-off Virginia cousins, have been transferred there.

Feb. 12, *Sunday.*—Spring is already breaking in this heavenly climate, and the weather has been lovely to-day. The yellow jessamine buds begin to show their golden tips, forget-me-nots are peeping from under the wire grass, and the old cherry tree by the dairy is full of green leaves. Spring is so beautiful; I don't wonder the spring poet breaks loose then. Our "piney woods" don't enjoy a very poetical reputation, but at this season they are the most beautiful place in the world to me.

I went over to the quarter after dinner, to the "Praise House," to hear the negroes sing, but most of them had gone to walk on the river bank, so I did not get a full choir. At their "praise meetings" they go through with all sorts of motions in connection with their songs, but they won't give way to their wildest gesticulations or engage in their sacred dances before white people, for fear of being laughed at. They didn't get out of their seats while I was there, but whenever the "sperrit" of the song moved them very much, would pat their feet and flap their arms and go through with a number of motions that reminded me of the game of "Old Dame Wiggins" that we used to play when we were children. They call these native airs "little speritual songs," in contradis-

tinction to the hymns that the preachers read to them in church, out of a book, and seem to enjoy them a great deal more. One of them has a quick, lively melody, which they sing to a string of words like these:

"Mary an' Marthy, feed my lambs,
Feed my lambs, feed my lambs;
Mary an' Marthy, feed my lambs,
Settin' on de golden altar.
I weep, I moan; what mek I moan so slow?
I won'er ef a Zion traveler have gone along befo'.
Mary an' Marthy, feed my lambs," etc.

"Paul de 'postle, feed my lambs,
Feed my lambs, feed my lambs. . . ."

and so on, through as many Bible names as they could think of. Another of their "sperrituals" runs on this wise:

"I meet my soul at de bar of God,
I heerd a mighty lumber.
Hit was my sin fell down to hell
Jes' like a clap er thunder.
Mary she come runnin' by,
Tell how she weep an' wonder.
Mary washin' up Jesus' feet,
De angel walkin' up de golden street,
Run home, believer; oh, run home, believer!
Run home, believer, run home."

Another one, sung to a kind of chant, begins this way:

"King Jesus he tell you
Fur to fetch 'im a hoss an' a mule;
He tek up Mary behine 'im,
King Jesus he went marchin' befo'.

CHORUS.—

"Christ was born on Chris'mus day;
Mary was in pain.
Christ was born on Chris'mus day,
King Jesus was his name."

The chorus to another of their songs is:

"I knowed it was a angel,
I knowed it by de groanin'."

I mean to make a collection of these songs some day and keep them as a curiosity. The words are mostly endless repetitions, with a wild jumble of misfit Scriptural allusions, but the tunes are inspiring. They are mostly a sort of weird chant that makes me feel all out of myself when I hear it way in the night, too far off to catch the words. I wish I was musician enough to write down the melodies; they are worth preserving.

Feb. 13, *Monday.*—Letters from home. Our house is full of company, as it always is, only more so. All the Morgans are there, and Mary Day, and the Gairdners from Augusta, besides a host of what one might call *transients,* if father was keeping a hotel—friends, acquaintances, and strangers whom the tide of war has stranded in little Washington. Mrs. Gairdner's husband was an officer in the English army at Waterloo, and a schoolmate of Lord Byron, and her sons are brave Confederates—which is better than anything else. Mary Day had typhoid fever in Augusta. She is too weak to make the journey from Mayfield

to Macon, and all non-combatants have been ordered to leave Augusta, so mother invited her to Haywood. Oh, that dear old home! I know it is sweeter than ever now, with all those delightful people gathered there. One good thing the war has done among many evils; it has brought us into contact with so many pleasant people we should never have known otherwise. I know it must be charming to have all those nice army officers around, and I do want to go back, but it is so nice here, too, that we have decided to stay a little longer. Father says that this is the best place for us now that Kilpatrick's raiders are out of the way. I wish I could be in both places at once. They write us that little Washington has gotten to be the great thoroughfare of the Confederacy now, since Sherman has cut the South Carolina R.R. and the only line of communication between Virginia and this part of the country, from which the army draws its supplies, is through there and Abbeville. This was the old stage route before there were any railroads, and our first " rebel " president traveled over it in returning from his Southern tour nearly three-quarters of a century ago, when he spent a night with Col. Alison in Washington. It was a different thing being a rebel in those days and now. I wonder the Yankees don't remember they were rebels once, themselves.

Mrs. Meals asked me to go with her in the afternoon to visit some of the cracker people in our neighborhood and try to collect their children into a Sunday

school which the dear, pious little soul proposes to open at Pine Bluff after the manner of Hannah More. At one place, where the parents were away from home, the children ran away from us in a fright, and hid behind their cabin. I went after them, and capturing one little boy, soon made friends with him, and got him to bring the others to me. I was surprised to find the wife of our nearest cracker neighbor, who lives just beyond the lime sink, in a cabin that Brother Troup wouldn't put one of his negroes into, a remarkably handsome woman, in spite of the dirt and ignorance in which she lives. Her features are as regular and delicate as those of a Grecian statue, and her hair of a rich old mahogany color that I suppose an artist would call Titian red. It was so abundant that she could hardly keep it tucked up on her head. She was dirty and unkempt, and her clothing hardly met the requirements of decency, but all that could not conceal her uncommon beauty. I would give half I am worth for her flashing black eyes. We found that her oldest child is thirteen years old, and has never been inside a church, though Mt. Enon is only three miles away. I can't understand what makes these people live so. The father owns 600 acres of good pine land, and if there was anything in him, ought to make a good living for his family.

After supper we amused ourselves getting up valentines. Everybody in the neighborhood has agreed to send one to Jim Chiles, so he will get a cartload of

them. I made up seven stanzas of absurd trash to Capt. Hobbs, every one ending with a rhyme on his name, the last being:

> "Oh, how my heart bobs
> At the very name of Richard Hobbs."

Feb. 16, *Thursday.*—We started for Albany for Mrs. Welsh's party, soon after breakfast, but were a good deal delayed on the way by having to wait for a train of forty government wagons to pass. We found Mrs. Julia Butler at Mrs. Sims's, straight from Washington, with letters for us, and plenty of news. I feel anxious to get back now, since Washington is going to be such a center of interest. If the Yanks take Augusta, it will become the headquarters of the department. Mrs. Butler says a train of 300 wagons runs between there and Abbeville, and they are surveying a railroad route. Several regiments are stationed there and the town is alive with army officers and government officials. How strange all this seems for dear, quiet little Washington! It must be delightful there, with all those nice army officers. I am going back home as soon as I can decently change my mind. I have been at the rear all during the war, and now that I have a chance, I want to go to the front. I wish I could be here and there, too, at the same time.

We were fairly besieged with visitors till time to dress for the party. Miss Pyncheon dined with us,

and Gardiner Montgomery is staying in the house, and I can't tell how many other people dropped in. It was all perfectly delightful. Capt. Hobbs and Dr. Pyncheon offered themselves as escorts, but we had already made engagements with Albert Bacon and Jim Chiles. We gave Miss Pyncheon and Dr. Sloane seats in our carriage, and we six cliqued together a good deal during the evening, and had a fine time of it. I never did enjoy a party more and never had less to say about one. I had not a single adventure during the entire evening. Metta was the belle, *par excellence,* but Miss Pyncheon and I were not very far behind, and I think I was ahead of them all in my dress. Miss Pyncheon wore a white puffed tarleton, with pearls and white flowers. The dress, though beautiful, was not becoming because the one fault of her fine, aristocratic face is want of color. A little rouge and sepia would improve her greatly, if a nice girl could make up her mind to use them. Mett wore white suisse with festoon flounces, over my old blue Florence silk skirt, the flounces, like charity, covering a multitude of faults. She was a long way the prettiest one in the room, though her hair is too short to be done up stylishly. But my dress was a masterpiece [sic!] though patched up, like everybody else's, out of old finery that would have been cast off years ago, but for the blockade. I wore a white barred organdy with a black lace flounce round the bottom that completely hid the rents made at dances in Montgomery

last winter, and a wide black lace bow and ends in the back, to match the flounce. Handsome lace will make almost anything look respectable, and I thank my stars there was a good deal of it in the family before the Yankees shut us off by their horrid blockade. My waist was of light puffed blonde, very fluffy, made out of the skirt I wore at Henry's wedding, and trimmed round the neck and sleeves with ruchings edged with narrow black lace. My hair was frizzed in front, with a cluster of white hyacinths surmounting the top row of curls, and a beautifully embroidered butterfly Aunt Sallie had made for me half-hidden among them, as if seeking its way to the flowers. My train was very long, but I pinned it up like a tunic, over a billowy flounced muslin petticoat, while dancing. My toilet was very much admired, and I had a great many compliments about it and everybody turned to look at it as I passed, which put me in good spirits. We danced eighteen sets, and I was on the floor every time, besides all the round dances, and between times there were always three or four around talking to me. Mett says it counts a great deal more to have one very devoted at a time, but that keeps the others away, and I think it is much nicer to have a crowd around you all the time. One man grows tiresome unless you expect to marry him, and I am never going to marry anybody. Marriage is incompatible with the career I have marked out for myself, but I want to have all the fun I can before I am too old. . . . Among others

A BELLE OF THE CONFEDERACY IN EVENING DRESS
JOSEPHINE CHESTNEY, RICHMOND, VA., 1863
(Mrs. Josephine C. Butler)

I met my old acquaintance, Mr. Draper, who was one of the attendants at Henry's wedding. He says I have changed a great deal, and look just like Mett did then. I suppose I may take this as a double-barreled compliment, as Metta is the beauty of the family and she was then only fifteen, while I am now twenty-four! Oh, how time does fly, and how fast we grow old! But there is one comfort when a woman doesn't depend upon looks; she lasts longer.

Capt. Hobbs has got his valentine, and everybody is laughing about it. They were all so sure it came from me that Dr. Conolly and the captain put their heads together and wrote a reply that they were going to send me, but I threw them off the track so completely, that they are now convinced that it came from Merrill Callaway. Even Albert Bacon is fooled, and it is he that told me all Capt. Hobbs and the others said about it, and of their having suspected me. I pretended a great deal of curiosity and asked what sort of poetry it was. Mr. Bacon then repeated some of my own ridiculous rhymes to me. "It is a capital thing," he said, shaking with laughter, "only a little hard on Hobbs."

"It is just like Merrill," said I; "but I am sorry the captain found out I didn't send it before mailing his reply." I am going to tell them better in a few days and let them see how royally they have been fooled.

Feb. 17, *Friday.*—We had expected to bring Miss

Pyncheon out to Pine Bluff with us, but Mrs. Butler had the only vacant seat in the carriage. I felt stupid and sleepy all day, for it was after four o'clock in the morning when I got home from the party and went to bed. I took a walk with the children after dinner, to the lime sink back of the newground. The sink is half full of water from an overflowed cypress pond just this side of Mt. Enon. The water runs in a clear stream down a little declivity—something very uncommon in this flat country—in finding its way to the sink, and makes a lovely little waterfall. There is a subterranean outlet from the sink, for it never overflows except in times of unusually heavy rain. It makes a diminutive lake, which is full of small fish, and the banks are bordered with willow oaks and tall shrubs aglow with yellow jessamine. An old man was seated on the bank fishing, as we approached, making a very pretty picture.

Feb. 21, *Tuesday.*—A letter from Mecca Joyner, saying she is coming to make me a visit, and I must meet her in Albany on Wednesday. Just as I had finished reading it a buggy drove up with Flora Maxwell and Capt. Rust, from Gopher Hill. Flora has a great reputation for beauty, but I think her even more fascinating and elegant than beautiful. Capt. Rust is an exile from Delaware, and a very nice old gentleman, whom the Maxwells think a great deal of. He was banished for helping Southern prisoners to escape across the lines. He tells me that he sometimes had

as many as fourteen rebels concealed in his house at one time.

Albert Bacon called after tea and told us all about the Hobbs poetry, and teased me a good deal at first by pretending that Capt. Hobbs was very angry. He says everybody is talking about it and asking for copies. I had no idea of making such a stir by my little joke. Metta and I were invited to spend this week at Stokes Walton's, but company at home prevented. We are going to have a picnic at the Henry Bacons' lake on Thursday, and the week after we expect to begin our journey home in good earnest. Sister is going to visit Brother Troup in Macon at the same time, and a large party from Albany will go that far with us. I have so much company and so much running about to do that I can't find time for anything else. I have scribbled this off while waiting for breakfast.

Feb. 22, Wednesday.—I went to Albany and brought Mecca Joyner and Jim Chiles home with me. I took dinner with Mrs. Sims and met several friends, whom I invited to our picnic. Sister had a large company to spend the evening, and they stayed so late that I grew very sleepy. I am all upset, anyway, for letters from home have come advising us to stay here for the present, where there is plenty to eat, and less danger from Yankees now, than almost anywhere else. It must be perversity, for when I thought I had to go home I wanted to stay here, and now that father

wants me to stay, I am wild to go. I have written him that he had better order me back home, for then I would not care so much about going. Now that the Yanks have passed by Augusta and are making their way to Columbia and Charleston, I hope they will give Georgia a rest.

Feb. 23, Thursday.—The picnic was stupid. It must be that I am getting tired of seeing the same faces so often. Albert Bacon and Jim Chiles came home with us, and we enjoyed the evening. Capt. Rust is a dear old fellow, and Miss Connor and Maj. Camp added a little variety. Capt. Rust and Mr. Bacon proposed a ride across country for the morning, but there is not a riding habit in the family, nor a piece of cloth big enough to make one. I ruined mine in those fox hunts at Chunnenuggee Ridge last fall. Flora is a famous horsewoman, and I know she must be a good rider, for her every movement is grace itself. She is one of those people that gains upon you on acquaintance. She is so out of the commonplace. There is something stately and a little cold about her that reminds me of a beautiful lily, and yet there is a fascination about her that attracts everybody. All the men that come near her go wild over her, and I don't wonder. If I could write a novel, I would make her the heroine. She seems to stand on a higher plane than we common mortals, without intending or knowing it. Her simplicity and straightforwardness are her greatest charm.

Feb. 26, Sunday.—Flora and the captain have returned to Gopher Hill, whither Metta, Mecca, and I are invited to follow on Friday, when sister goes up to Macon. Jimmy Callaway and his father have just come from Washington with such glowing accounts of the excitement and gayety there that I am distracted to go back home. If father don't write for us to come soon, I think we will go to Chunnenuggee by way of Eufaula and the Chattahoochee, and if Thomas's raiders catch us over in Alabama, father will wish he had let us come home.

After dinner I took Mecca over to the Praise House to hear the negroes sing. I wish I was an artist so that I could draw a picture of the scene. Alfred, one of the chief singers, is a gigantic creature, more like an ape than a man. I have seen pictures of African savages in books of travel that were just like him. His hands and feet are so huge that it looks as if their weight would crush the heads of the little piccaninnies when he pats them; yet, with all this strength, they say he is a great coward, and one of the most docile negroes on the plantation. The women, when they get excited with the singing, shut their eyes and rock themselves back and forth, clapping their hands, and in the intervals, when not moved by the "sperrit," occupy themselves hunting for lice in their children's heads. Old Bob and Jim are the preachers, and very good old darkies they are, in spite of their religion. But the chief personages on the plantation are old

Granny Mimey, old Uncle Wally, and Uncle Setley, who are all superannuated and privileged characters. I tell sister that Uncle Wally has nothing to do, and Uncle Setley to help him. The latter is very deaf, and half crazy, but harmless. I am a special favorite of Uncle Wally's. We have a chat every morning when he passes through the back yard on his way to the cowpen. The other day he said to me: "You is de puttiest lady ever I seed; you looks jes' lack one er dese heer alablastered dolls."

We walked to the bluff on the river bank, after leaving the quarter, and sat there a long time talking. Spring is here in earnest. The yellow jessamines are bursting into bloom, and the air is fragrant with the wild crab apples.

March 1, *Wednesday.*—The weather has been so bad that we are thrown upon our own resources for amusement. Metta and Mecca play cards and backgammon most of the time, and Albert Bacon comes almost every day on some pretense or other. One very dark night when he was here, we told ghost stories till we frightened ourselves half to death, and had to beg him to stay all night to keep the bogies off. Mett and I take long tramps in the afternoons through mist and mud, but Mec does not like to walk. The lime sink is particularly attractive just now. The little stream that feeds it is swollen by the rains, and dashes along with a great noise. It is so full of little fish that one can catch them in the hand, and the swans

go there to feed on them. The whole wood is fragrant with yellow jessamines and carpeted with flowers.

Another letter from home that makes me more eager than ever to return. Gen. Elzey and staff are at our house, and the town is full of people that I want to see.

March 2, Thursday.—We left Pine Bluff at eleven o'clock and reached the Blue Spring in time for lunch. Albert Bacon and Jimmy Chiles were there to meet us. Hang a petticoat on a bean pole and carry it where you will, Jimmy will follow. The river is so high that its muddy waters have backed up into the spring and destroyed its beauty, but we enjoyed the glorious flowers that bloom around it, and saw some brilliant birds of a kind that were new to me. Mr. Bacon said he would kill one and give me to trim my hat.

March 3, Friday. Gopher Hill.—Up at daybreak, and on the train, ready to leave Albany. Albert and Jimmy were there, of course, besides a number of Albany people who had come to see us off—a great compliment at that heathenish hour. We got off at Wooten's Station, only twelve miles from Albany. Flora and Capt. Rust were there to meet us with conveyances for Gopher Hill. It is worth the journey from Pine Bluff to Gopher Hill just to travel over the road between there and Wooten's. It runs nearly all the way through swamps alive with the beauty and fragrance of spring. We passed through Starkes-

ville and crossed Muckolee Creek at the very spot where I had such an adventurous night in my childhood, traveling in the old stage coach that used to run between Macon and Albany. The swamps were overflowed then and we had to cross the creek in a canoe, and Cousin Bolling held me in his lap to keep me from falling out. On the other side of the creek, towards Gopher Hill, we came to an old Indian clearing where are some magnificent willow oaks that I recognized distinctly, though it is fourteen years since then.

Gopher Hill is seven miles from the station. It is like most plantation houses in this part of the world, where they are used only for camping a few weeks in winter—or were, before the war—a big, one-storied log cabin, or rather, a combination of cabins spread out over a full half acre of ground, and even then with hardly room enough to accommodate the army of guests the family gather about them when they go to the country. On each side of the avenue leading to the house is a small lake, and about two miles back in the plantation, a large one on which Flora has a row-boat. She has a beautiful pony named Fleet, that is the counterpart of our own dear little Dixie. Col. Maxwell has a great many fine horses and all sorts of conveyances, which are at the service of his guests. He is one of the most aristocratic-looking old gentlemen I ever saw. In manners, appearance, and disposition, he is strikingly like Brother Troup, except that the colonel is very large and commanding, while

Brother Troup is small and dapper. He is very handsome—next to Bishop Elliot, one of the finest specimens of Southern manhood I ever saw. It is one of the cases where blood will tell, for he has the best of Georgia in his veins, or to go back further, the best in old Scotland itself. Though over sixty years old, he has never been out of the State, and is as full of whims and prejudices as the traditional old country squire that we read about in English novels. His present wife, Flora's stepmother, is much younger than he, very gay and witty, and escapes all worry by taking a humorous view of him and his crotchets. He and Flora idolize each other, and she is the only person that can do anything with him, and not always even she, when he once gets his head fast set.

We had dinner at two o'clock, and afterwards went to a country school about two miles away, to hear the boys and girls declaim. The schoolmaster made so many facetious remarks about the ladies, that I asked Flora if he was a widower—he seemed too silly to be anything else—but she says he has a wife living; poor thing. We met Gen. Graves * at the schoolhouse and he rode back with us. We took to the woods and jumped our horses over every log we came to, just to see what he would do.

March 4, *Saturday.*— . . . I had just finished writing some letters when Gen. Graves and Mr. Baldwin †

* Father of John Temple Graves, the Georgia orator.

† This name, for obvious reasons, is fictitious.

were announced and I went to the parlor. The general is consumedly in love with Flora, and Mr. Baldwin equally so with his bottle, but is nice-looking, and when not too far gone, quite agreeable. It is amusing to see good old Capt. Rust watching over him and trying to keep temptation out of his way. He stole the bottle out of his bedroom the first chance he could find, but not until the poor fellow had got more of it than was good for him. The weather cleared up after dinner and we went to Coney Lake, where the boat is—Flora and I on horseback, the rest in buggies and carriages. It is a beautiful place. Great avenues of cypress extend into the shallow waters near the shore, where we could float about in shady canals and gather the curious wild plants that grow there. Huge water lilies with stems like ropes and leaves as big as palm-leaf fans, float about in the open spaces, and great lotus plants, with their curious funnel-shaped pods and umbrella-like leaves, line the shores and shallows. The lake is so deep in the center that it has never been fathomed, being connected, probably, with a lime sink or an underground stream; but its waters are clear as crystal, and where they are shallow enough to show the bottom, all kinds of curious aquatic plants can be seen growing there in the wildest luxuriance. I took my first row with Mr. Baldwin, and wished myself back on shore before we had made twenty strokes. He was just far enough gone to be reckless, and frightened me nearly out of my wits by

rocking the boat till the gunwales dipped in the water, and then tried to pacify me with maudlin talk about swimming ashore with me if it should capsize. I picked up a paddle and tried to row the boat myself, and then he got interested in teaching me, and finally we came safe to land. I went out again with Capt. Rust, and enjoyed the last trip more than any. We were followed by an alligator, and Capt. Rust gathered for me some of the curious plants that were floating on the water. It was late when we started back to the house, and the ride was glorious. Flora and I amused ourselves by going through the woods and making our horses jump the highest logs we could find. Fleet was so full of spirit that I could hardly hold him in.

March 5, *Sunday*.—One of the loveliest days I ever saw. We went to a little Methodist church in Starkesville, for the pleasure of the drive.

After dinner we walked to the Bubbling Spring, and killed a big snake on the way. The spring is down in a gully, and is simply the mouth of a small underground stream that comes to the surface there. It throws up a kind of black sand that rises on the water like smoke from the stack of a steam engine. The water under ground makes strange sounds, like voices wailing and groaning. Just below the spring is a little natural bridge, the most romantic spot I have seen in the neighborhood. The rocks that border the stream are covered with ferns and brilliant

green mosses and liverworts. Palmettoes and bright flowering plants grow in the crevices, and the whole place is shaded by magnolias, willow oaks and myrtles, bound together by gigantic smilax and jessamine vines. At several places there are openings in the ground through which one can peep and see rapid water flowing under our feet. This whole country is riddled with underground streams. At Palmyra, not far from Albany, there is a mill turned by one. The stream was discovered by a man digging a well, to which an accident happened not uncommon in this country—the bottom dropped out. A calf that fell into the well and was supposed to be drowned, turned up a few days after, sound and safe. His tracks led to an opening through which issued water covered with foam. A great roaring was heard, which further exploration showed to come from a fine subterranean waterfall.

March 6, Monday.—After breakfast, we all piled into a big plantation wagon and went to see Prairie Pond, a great sheet of water covering over 200 acres. It has formed there since Col. Maxwell bought the Gopher Hill plantation. He says that when he first came here there was not a patch of standing water as big as his hand on all the acres now covered by Prairie Pond, and the great skeletons of dead forest trees still standing in the outer edges of the lake show that the encroachment of the water is still going on. Some years after he came to Gopher Hill, he says, a

blue spring on the other side of the plantation, that formed the outlet of an underground stream, became choked up from some cause, so the waters had no escape, and Prairie Pond began to form and has been slowly increasing ever since. Near the lake we came to two remarkable lime sinks. They are both very deep, and as round as drinking cups. One of them is covered with a green scum about an inch thick, composed of scaly plants, like lichens. Underneath this scum the water is clear as crystal. The stones all around are full of fossil shells, and we found some beautiful crystallized limestone that sparkled like diamonds.

We had to leave our wagon several hundred yards from the border of the pond and make our explorations on foot, for want of a wagon road. In returning we took the wrong direction and went a mile or two out of our way, getting very wet feet, and I tore my dress so that I looked like a ragamuffin into the bargain. When at last we reached home, the servants told us that Mr. and Mrs. Warren, with Gen. Graves, Mr. Baldwin, and Clint Spenser and Joe Godfrey from Albany, had come over to dinner, and not finding anybody at home, had set out in search of us. We girls scurried to our rooms and had just made ourselves respectable when Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Spenser, having tired of their wild-goose chase, came back to the house. Mecca and I got into the double buggy with them and started out to hunt up the rest of the

party. After dinner, we went to Coney Lake again. I went in the buggy with Joe Godfrey. He and Mr. Baldwin each invited me to take a row. I didn't go with Mr. Baldwin.

March 8, *Wednesday*.—I went up to Americus yesterday, with Flora and Capt. Rust, to see Cousin Bolling about my eyes, expecting to return to Gopher Hill on the afternoon train, but Cousin Bessie insisted that we should stay to dinner, and her attempt to have it served early was so unsuccessful that Capt. Rust and I got to the station just in time to see the train moving off without us. Flora had another engagement, that caused her to decline Mrs. Pope's invitation, so she made the train, but the captain and I had nothing for it but to spend the night in Americus and kill the time as best we could. I was repaid for the annoyance of getting left by the favorable report Cousin Bolling gave of my eyes. He says it is nothing but the effects of measles that ails them, and they are almost well. I occupied Flora's room that night. Cousin Bessie lent me one of her fine embroidered linen nightgowns, and I was so overpowered at having on a decent piece of underclothing after the coarse Macon Mills homespun I have been wearing for the last two years, that I could hardly go to sleep. I stood before the glass and looked at myself after I was undressed just to see how nice it was to have on a respectable undergarment once more. I can stand patched-up dresses, and even

FROM BEYOND THE BLOCKADE

KATE PIERCY MURPHEY, OF NORFOLK, VA.

(Mrs. T. O. Chestney)

take a pride in wearing Confederate homespun, where it is done open and above board, but I can't help feeling vulgar and common in coarse underclothes. Cousin Bessie has brought quantities of beautiful things from beyond the blockade, that make us poor Rebs look like ragamuffins beside her. She has crossed the lines by special permit, and will be obliged to return to Memphis by the 2d of April, when her pass will be out. It seems funny for a white woman to have to get a pass to see her husband, just like the negro men here do when their wives live on another plantation. The times have brought about some strange upturnings. Cousin Bolling is awfully blue about the war, and it does begin to look as if our poor little Confederacy was about on its last legs, but I am so accustomed to all sorts of vicissitudes that I try not to let thoughts of the inevitable disturb me. The time to be blue was five years ago, before we went into it. Before breakfast this morning I went out to make the acquaintance of Col. Maxwell's old mammy, Aunt Lizzie. She lives in a pretty little cottage on a corner of the lot, and is more petted and spoiled than any of his children. The day Cousin Bolling was first expected in Americus with his bride, Flora went to town to put the house in order for them, and asked Aunt Lizzie to cook dinner for the newly married pair.

"What you talkin' 'bout, chile?" was the answer. "I wouldn't cook fur Jesus Christ to-day, let alone Dr. Pope." Poor, down-trodden creature! what a

text for Mrs. Stowe! She has relented since then, however, and Cousin Bessie says often sends her presents of delicious rolls and light bread. She took me into favor at once, told me all about her "rheumatiz," and "de spiration" of her heart, and kissed my hand fervently when I went away. Capt. Rust was so afraid of being left again that he would not wait for the omnibus, but trotted me off on foot an hour ahead of time, although it was raining. We met Mr. Wheatley and Maj. Daniel on our way to the dépot, and they told us that a dispatch had just been received stating that the Yanks have landed at St. Mark's and are marching on Tallahassee. We first heard they were 4,000 strong, but before we reached the dépot, their numbers had swelled to 15,000.

March 9, *Thursday*.—Mrs. Warren gave a dinner party to which all the people from Gopher Hill and a good many from Albany were invited, but very few attended on account of the weather. It poured down rain all day, and in the afternoon there was a furious storm; but Mrs. Maxwell is always in for a frolic, so we left home at eleven, between showers, and got to the Warrens' just before the storm burst. Gen. Graves, Mr. Baldwin, Joe Godfrey, Albert Bacon, and Jim Chiles were the only ones there besides Mrs. Maxwell and her guests. There is a fine lake in front of Mr. Warren's house, but the weather gave us no opportunity for rowing. We dined at six, and it was so dark when we rose from the table that we had to

start for home at once. Mrs. Warren insisted on our staying all night, but there was company invited to spend the evening at Gopher Hill, so off we went in the rain. We took a new road to avoid some bad mud holes in the old one, and as a matter of course, lost our way in the numerous blind roads that cross each other in every direction through the pine woods, and which are all just alike except that they lead to different places—or to no place at all. The night was very dark and it rained furiously, though the wind had lulled. The glare of the lightning was blinding and terrific peals of thunder rang through the woods. Every few yards there were trees blown across the road, and the negro Mr. Warren had sent to guide us would have to grope about in the dark, hunting for some way around them. At last he confessed that he had lost his way, and then I fell back in a corner of the phaeton and began to say my prayers. As there was nothing else to do, we concluded to follow the blind path we were in, hoping it would lead somewhere. It did lead us with a vengeance, through ponds and bogs and dismal swamps where the frogs filled our ears with unearthly noises. But all things have an end, even piney woods byroads, and at last we came out upon a broad smooth highway, which the guide recognized as the one he was looking for. Our troubles were now over, and in a short time we were back at Gopher Hill. Though it was very late, we began to dance and enjoy ourselves in a fashion, but

everybody seemed to be more or less out of humor, for before we went to bed, I was made the confidante of four lovers' quarrels.

March 10, *Friday.*—A day of public fasting and prayer for our poor country, but there was little of either done at Gopher Hill. We had a late breakfast after our night's dissipation, and soon after, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Bacon came over and played cards till dinner-time. After dinner the gentlemen proposed a row on the lake, but Mrs. Maxwell and I were the only ones that had fasted and we wouldn't indulge in a frolic, and the others said they were afraid they might be drowned for their sins if they ventured on the water, so we drove to the station instead. We were too late to meet the train, but heard plenty of news. A tornado passed over the Flat Pond plantation yesterday, destroying every house on it and killing fifteen negroes; a schoolhouse was blown down and several children killed; on one plantation all the poultry was drowned, and two calves blown away and never came down again! So much for marvels. But the whole country between Wooten's and Gopher Hill is really flooded. One bridge that we crossed was entirely under water and seemed ready to give way and go down stream at any moment. Jimmy caught a gopher * in the road on our way home, and we saw rows of them sitting on logs in the swamps, as if they were having a prayer-meeting.

* A local name for a kind of terrapin common in that section.

March 11, *Saturday.*—Played euchre and wrote letters all the morning. Capt. Rust gave me a pretty tucking-comb which he had carved himself, out of maple wood. We had an early dinner and reached Wooten's at least half an hour before the train was due. At the dépot in Albany, Albert Bacon, Joe Godfrey, Mr. Baldwin, and Gen. Graves were waiting for us. We drove by the post office to get the mail, and there half a dozen others surrounded the carriage and took the reins from Uncle Aby so that he could not drive away. The people in the street laughed as they went by to see them buzzing round the carriage like bees, and presently Jim Chiles found Mary Leila Powers and Mrs. Bell and brought them up to add to the hubbub. Poor old Aby despaired of ever getting us out of town, and when at last we started down the street, we had not gone a hundred yards when I saw a young officer in a captain's uniform running after us and we came to another halt. It turned out to be Wallace Brumby. He says that he left Washington two weeks ago, and is water-bound here, on his way to Florida, where some of his men are straggling about, if they haven't been swallowed up by the freshets that have disorganized everything. He promised to stop at Pine Bluff on his way down, and give us the news. Then Uncle Aby grew desperate, and seeing another squad of officers coming up to join Capt. Brumby, whipped up his horses and drove off without further ceremony. He was right to hurry, for the

roads are so flooded that we had to travel 20 miles to get home. Everything is under water. In some places the front wheels were entirely submerged and we had to stand on the seats to keep our feet dry. It was nine o'clock before we reached home, and Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Meals had become so uneasy that they were about to send a man on horseback to see what had become of us. I found letters from home waiting for us, with permission to go to Chunnenuggee or anywhere else we want to. Communication between here and Washington is so interrupted that I don't suppose they have heard yet of the reported raid into Florida, and all our writing back and forth is at cross purposes. The latest news is that the Yankees have whipped our forces at Tallahassee, but the waters are so high and communication so uncertain that one never knows what to believe. At any rate, I shall not run till I hear that the enemy are at Thomasville.

March 13, *Monday.*—Mett, Mecca, and I took a long drive to look at some new muslin dress goods that we heard a countryman down towards Camilla had for sale. They were very cheap—only twenty dollars a yard. Mett and I each bought a dress and would have got more if Mrs. Settles, the man's wife, would have sold them. How they came to let these two go so cheap I can't imagine. I felt as if I were cheating the woman when I paid her 500 dollars in Confederate money for 20 yards of fairly good lawn.

We stopped at Gum Pond on the way back and paid a visit. Albert Bacon gave me a beautiful red-bird that he shot for me to trim my hat with.

March 16, *Thursday*.—Rain, rain, rain, nothing but rain! The river is out of its banks again and all that part of the plantation overflowed. A chain of ponds and lime sinks shuts us in behind, a great slough of backwater from the river cuts us off from the negro quarter, Wright's Creek is impassable on the North, and the Phinizy pond on the east. We are completely water-bound; nobody can come to us and we can go nowhere. The carriage house was blown down in the storm on Tuesday night and the carriage will have to be repaired before we can use it again. We have not even the mail to relieve the monotony of life; sometimes the hack does not pass Gum Pond for four days at a time.

March 20, *Monday*.—The rain has stopped at last and the waters are beginning to subside, but the roads are terrible. We have had a mail at last, too, and a long letter from home giving us *carte blanche* as to future movements; as dear old father expressed it: "Go where you please, when you please, do what you please and call on Mr. Farley or Mr. Butler for all the money you need." That is the way I like to be treated. I think now we will go to Chunnennuggee by way of Eufaula and the Chattahoochee. The river trip would be pleasant, and Jenny and Julia Toombs are with their aunt in Eufaula, who has invited us

to meet them there. However, our movements are so uncertain that I don't like to make engagements. We will stop a few days in Cuthbert with the Joyners, anyway.

March 21, *Tuesday. Albany.*—Pouring down rain again, but the carriage had to go to Albany anyway, to meet sister, and Mecca was hurried home by news of the death of her aunt, so I rode in to the station with her. The roads are horrible—covered with water most of the way, and the mischief with these piney woods ponds is that you never know what minute the bottom is going to drop out and let you down with it to the Lord only knows where. The carriage was so much out of order that I expected the hind wheels to fly off at every jolt. I sent it to the shop to be repaired as soon as Mecca and I were safely deposited at Mrs. Sims's. The train was not due till three, and our good little friend occupied the time in trying to convert Mecca. Mec didn't abjure on the spot, but held out a flag of truce by remarking that her father had been baptized and brought up in the Episcopal Church. His apostasy only made matters worse in Mrs. Sims's eyes; she could not understand how anybody reared in the true faith could fall away and become a dissenter.

"Oh, he was surfeited with the prayer-book when a boy, he says," Mecca explained, laughing, "like he was with hominy and milk. Grandma used to make him eat it for breakfast every morning whether he

wanted it or not, and in the same way she made him go to the Episcopal Church every Sunday, whether he wanted to or not, and so, as soon as he was old enough to have his own way, he swore off from both."

"Why," exclaimed the zealous proselyter, "I don't see why he should have let his dislike of hominy and milk drive him out of the church!"

Mecca tried to explain. Mrs. Sims shook her head. "Oh, I know," she said, "but don't you think he did wrong to let such a thing as that cause him to leave the church? I don't see what hominy and milk could have to do with anybody's religion."

Mec laughed and gave it up. The rain stopped about dinner-time and it was beautifully clear when I drove to the dépot for sister. She was very tired and went directly to Mrs. Sims's, but Mecca and I walked down Broad street to the post office, where we were joined by Mr. Godfrey and Dr. Vason. They and a number of others called in the evening.

March 22, Wednesday.—Up very early and drove to the dépot with Mecca. Mr. Godfrey was there and proposed that we should go as far as Smithville with her, and let him drive me out home in the afternoon, but the roads are so bad and the weather so uncertain that I thought I had better go back with sister. The journey was the worst we have made yet. We bogged at one place and had to wade through the mud while Aby helped the mules to pull the carriage over. At Wright's Creek we found a crowd of

soldiers and countrymen on the bank, and they told us the creek was too high to cross. Some of them were exchanged prisoners impatient to get home, and they had determined to swim over. They stood on the bank with bare legs, ready to strip off and plunge in the moment our backs were turned. I couldn't help being amused at the *nonchalance* with which one burly fellow pulled off his stockings and commenced playing with his toes while talking to us. Another, wishing to call sister's attention to the water-mark, grabbed her by the arm and led her down the bank, saying:

"See this here stick here, where the water has already begun to fall, an' hit'll fall a heap rapider the next hour or two."

They meant no harm. These are unceremonious times, when social distinctions are forgotten and the raggedest rebel that tramps the road in his country's service is entitled to more honor than a king. We stood on the bank a long time, talking with the poor fellows and listening to their adventures. There was one old man standing on the shore, gazing across as wistfully as Moses might have looked towards the promised land. He could not swim, but his home was over there, and he had made up his mind to plunge in and try to cross at any risk. The soldiers saluted him with a few rough jokes, and then showed their real metal by mounting him on the back of the strongest of them, who waded in with his burden, while two others swam along on each side to give help

in case of accident. Sister and I thought at first of getting Gen. Dahlgren to send us across in his pleasure boat, but soon gave up the idea and concluded to stay at the Mallarys' till the creek became fordable, for we knew it would fall as rapidly as it had risen. We bid our soldier friends good-by, and drove away to the Mallarys', where we spent a pleasant day and night. Gen. and Mrs. Dahlgren called after dinner and said that we ought to have stopped with them. Mrs. Dahlgren is a beautiful woman, and only twenty-two years old, while her husband is over sixty. He is a pompous old fellow and entertained us by telling how his influence made Gen. Joseph E. Johnston commander-in-chief of the Army of Tennessee; how Hood lost Atlanta by not following his (Dahlgren's) advice; how he was the real inventor of the Dahlgren gun, which is generally attributed to his brother, the Yankee admiral—and so on.

March 23, Thursday.—We left the Mallarys' soon after breakfast and were successful in crossing the creek. It seems hard to believe that this stream, which is giving so much trouble now, will be as dry as a baked brick next summer. The road on the other side was fairly good and we got home long before dinner-time. No letters waiting for me, but a package from Mr. Herrin of Chunnennuggee, containing a beautiful fox tail in memory of our hunts together on the Ridge last winter.

March 27, Monday.—Went to call on the Calla-

ways, Mallarys, and Dahlgrens. The general and his wife were just starting out to make calls when we drove up, so we went along together. The roads are so perfectly abominable that it is no pleasure to go anywhere. At one place the water was half a foot deep in the bottom of the carriage, and we had to ride with our feet cocked up on the seats to keep them dry. Some of the ponds were so deep as almost to swim the mules, and others were boggy. We stopped at the post office on our way home and found a letter from Mec urging us to come over to Cuthbert right away.

March 28, Tuesday.—Misses Caro and Lou Bacon spent the day with us, but I could not enjoy their visit for thinking of the poor boy, Anderson, who has been sent to jail. He implored me to beg "missis" to forgive him, and I couldn't help taking his part, though I know he deserved punishment. He refused to obey the overseer, and ran away four times. A soldier caught him and brought him in this morning with his hands tied behind him. Such sights sicken me, and I couldn't help crying when I saw the poor wretch, though I know discipline is necessary, especially in these turbulent times, and sister is sending him to jail more as an example to the others than to hurt him. She has sent strict orders to the sheriff not to be too severe with him, but there is no telling what brutal men who never had any negroes of their own will do; they don't know how to feel for the poor creatures.

March 31, *Friday*.—Mrs. Callaway gave a large dining, and I wore a pretty new style of head dress Cousin Bessie told me how to make, that was very becoming. It is a small square, about as big as my two hands, made of a piece of black and white lace that ran the blockade, and nobody else has anything like it. One point comes over the forehead, just where the hair is parted, and the opposite one rests on top of the *chignon* behind, with a bow and ends of white illusion. It has the effect of a Queen of Scots cap, and is very stylish. The dining was rather pleasant. Kate Callaway's father, Mr. Furlow, was there, with his youngest daughter, Nellie, who is lovely.

As we were coming home we passed by a place where the woods were on fire, and were nearly suffocated by the smoke. It was so dense that we could not see across the road. On coming round to the windward of the conflagration it was grand. The smoke and cinders were blown away from us, but we felt the heat of the flames and heard their roaring in the distance. The volumes of red-hot smoke that went up were of every hue, according to the materials burning and the light reflected on them. Some were lurid yellow, orange, red, some a beautiful violet, others lilac, pink, purple or gray, while the very fat lightwood sent up columns of jet-black. The figures of the negroes, as they flitted about piling up brush heaps and watching the fire on the outskirts of the

clearing, reminded me of old-fashioned pictures of the lower regions.

April 1, *Saturday.*—There was fooling and counter fooling between Pine Bluff and Gum Pond all day. Jim Chiles and Albert Bacon began it by sending us a beautiful bouquet over which they had sprinkled snuff. We returned the box that had held the flowers, filled with dead rats dressed up in capes and mob caps like little old women. Then Albert tried to frighten us by sending a panicky note saying a dispatch had just been received from Thomasville that the Yankees were devastating the country round there, and heading for Andersonville. We pretended to believe it, and sister wrote back as if in great alarm, inquiring further particulars. Albert got his father to answer with a made-up story that he and Wallace had both gone to help fight the raiders at Thomasville. They must have thought us fools indeed, to believe that the enemy could come all the way from Tallahassee or Savannah to Thomasville, without our hearing a word of it till they got there, but we pretended to swallow it all, and got sister to write back that Metta and I were packing our trunks and would leave for Albany immediately, so as to take the first train for Macon; and to give color to the story, she sent word for Tommy, who was spending the day with Loring Bacon, to come home and tell his aunties good-by. They were caught with their own bait, and Albert and Jimmy, fearing they had carried the joke

too far, came galloping over at full speed to prevent our setting out. We saw them coming across the field, and Mett and I hid ourselves, while sister met them with a doleful countenance, pretending that we had already gone and that she was frightened out of her wits. She had rubbed her eyes to make them look as if she had been crying, and the children and servants, too, had been instructed to pretend to be in a great flurry. When the jokers confessed their trick, she pretended to be so hurt and angry that they were in dismay, thinking they had really driven us off, though all the while we were locked in our own room, peeping through the cracks, listening to it all, and ready to burst with laughter. They had mounted their horses and declared that they would go after us and fetch us back, if they had to ride all the way to Albany, when old Uncle Setley spoiled our whole plot by laughing and yawping so that he excited their suspicion. They got down from their horses and began to look for wheel tracks on the ground, and at last Jim, who missed his calling in not being a detective, went and peeped into the carriage-house and saw the carriage standing there in its place. This convinced them that we had not gone to Albany, but where were we? Then began the most exciting game of hide-and-seek I ever played. Such a jumping in and out of windows, crawling under beds and sliding into corners, was never done before. The children and servants, all but old fool Setley, acted their parts

well, but Jimmy was not to be foiled. They bid sister good-by several times and rode away as if they were going home, then suddenly returned in the hope of taking us by surprise. At last, after dark, we thought they were off for good, and went in to supper, taking the precaution, however, to bar the front door and draw the dining-room curtains. But we had hardly begun to eat when Jimmy burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Howdy do, Miss Fanny; you made a short trip to Albany."

We all jumped up from the table and began to bombard him with hot biscuits and muffins, and whatever else we could lay hands on. Then Mr. Bacon came in, a truce was declared, and we sat down and ate supper—or what was left of it—together. After supper we made Uncle Aby hitch up the carriage and drive us over to Gum Pond to surprise the family there. I dressed myself up like an old cracker woman and went in and asked for a night's lodging. Maj. Bacon thought I was Leila trying to play a trick on him, so he dragged me very unceremoniously into the middle of the room, under the lamp, and pulled my bonnet off. It was funny to see his embarrassment when he saw his mistake; he is so awfully punctilious. He said he was in the act of writing a note to send after us to Albany, when I came in. They were all so delighted at finding they had not frightened us out of the country, that we had a grand jubilee together.

JULIA, DAUGHTER OF MRS. TROUP BUTLER
(Mrs. W. H. Toombs)
From a photograph taken about 1873

We counted up before returning home, and found that forty-four miles had been ridden back and forth during the day on account of this silly April-fooling. I don't think I ever enjoyed a day more in my life. It began happily, too, with Anderson's return from jail early in the morning, and peace-making with his "missis." I expect we were all as glad of the poor darkey's release as he was himself. Mett says she wouldn't care much if they could all be set free—but what on earth could we do with them, even if we wanted to free them ourselves? And to have a gang of meddlesome Yankees come down here and take them away from us by force—I would never submit to that, not even if slavery were as bad as they pretend. I think the best thing to do, if the Confederacy were to gain its independence, would be to make a law confiscating the negroes of any man who was cruel to them, and allowing them to choose their own master. Of course they would choose the good men, and this would make it to everybody's interest to treat them properly.

April 2, Sunday.—I went to church at Mt. Enon. After service we stopped to tell everybody good-by, and I could hardly help crying, for we are to leave sure enough on Tuesday, and there is no telling what may happen before we come back; the Yankees may have put an end to our glorious old plantation life forever. I went to the quarter after dinner and told the negroes good-by. Poor things, I may never see

any of them again, and even if I do, everything will be different. We all went to bed crying, sister, the children, and servants. Farewells are serious things in these times, when one never knows where or under what circumstances friends will meet again. I wish there was some way of getting to one place without leaving another where you want to be at the same time; some fourth dimension possibility, by which we might double our personality.

CHAPTER III

A RACE WITH THE ENEMY

April 3-22, 1865

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—There is hardly anything in this chapter but will easily explain itself. The war was virtually over when we left our sister, though we did not know it, and the various raids and forays alluded to in the journal were really nothing but the march of victorious generals to take possession of a conquered country. Communication was so interrupted that we did not hear of the fall of Richmond till the 6th of April, four days after it happened, and no certain news of Lee's surrender reached us till the 20th, eleven days after the event, though we caught vague rumors of it on the 19th.

Chunnennuggee Ridge, to which allusion is made in this chapter and the preceding, is a name given to a tall escarpment many miles in length, overlooking the rich prairie lands of South-East Alabama. On top of this bluff the owners of the great cotton plantations in the prairie made their homes, and for some five or six miles north of the town of Union Springs, about midway between Montgomery and Eufaula, the edge of the bluff was lined with a succession of stately mansions surrounded by beautiful parks and gardens, very much as the water front of a fashionable seaside resort is built up to-day. The writer had frequently visited this delightful place with her cousin, Miss Victoria Hoxey (Tolie of the diary), who had a married sister living there.

April 3, *Monday. Albany, Ga.*—All of us very miserable at the thought of parting. Mrs. Meals goes with us as far as Wooten's, on her way to Gopher Hill, so sister and the children are left alone. Brother Troup has been ordered to Gen. Wofford's command in North Georgia, and this separation adds to her feeling of loneliness, but she and the children will soon join us in Washington, so it won't matter so much. The ride to Albany was very unpleasant, the sun scorching hot, the glare of the sand blinding, and Mrs. Meals with a headache. Mr. George Hull writes that the Georgia R.R. will be open for travel by the last of this month, and so our visits to Cuthbert and Macon will just fill in the interval for Mett and me. We can then go home by way of Atlanta. It is something to think we will be able to go all the way by rail and won't have to undergo that troublesome wagon ride again across the country.

April 4, *Cuthbert, Ga., Tuesday.*—Up early and at the dépot. Jim Chiles accompanied us as far as Smithville. We had to wait five hours there for the train to Cuthbert. The hotel was so uninviting that we stayed in the car, putting down the blinds and making ourselves as comfortable as we could. Capt. Warwick, who is stationed there, was very kind and attentive. He paid us a call in our impromptu parlor, and made some of his hands bring in buckets of water and sprinkle the floor to cool it off a little. Just before the train arrived on which we were to leave, there

came one with 1,100 Yankee prisoners on their way from Anderson *en route* for Florida, to be exchanged.*

The guard fired a salute as they passed, and some of the prisoners had the impudence to kiss their hands at us—but what better could be expected of the foreign riff-raff that make up the bulk of the Yankee army? If they had not been prisoners I would have felt like they ought to have a lesson in manners, for insulting us, but as it was, I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry. They were half-naked, and such a poor, miserable, starved-looking set of wretches that we couldn't help feeling sorry for them in spite of their wicked war against our country, and threw what was left of our lunch at them, as their train rattled by, thinking it would feed two or three of them, at least. But our aim was bad, and it fell short, so the poor creatures didn't get it, and if any of them noticed, I expect they thought we were only "d——d rebel women" throwing our waste in their faces to insult them. I am glad they are going to be exchanged, anyway, and leave a climate that seems to be so unfriendly to them, though I think it is the garden spot of the world. If I had my choice of all the climates I know anything

* This was a mistake. The Confederacy having now practically collapsed, and the government being unable to care for them any longer, the prisoners remaining in the stockade were sent to Jacksonville, where the Federals were in possession, and literally forced back as a free gift on their friends.

about, to live in, I would choose the region between Macon and Thomasville.

The railroad from Smithville to Cuthbert runs into the " oaky woods " beyond Smithville, which are more broken and undulating than the pine flats, and the swamps are larger and more beautiful on account of the greater variety of vegetation. They are a huge mosaic, at this season, of wild azaleas, Atamasco lilies, yellow jessamine, and a hundred other brilliant wild flowers. My taste may be very perverted, but to my mind there is no natural scenery in the world so beautiful as a big Southern swamp in springtime. It has its beauty in winter, too, with the somber cypress, the stately magnolias, the silvery bays, and the jungle of shrubs and vines, gay with the red berries of holly and winter smilax. The railroad from Smithville to Cuthbert is lined on both sides with saw mills, getting out lumber for the government, and they are destroying the beauty of the country.

The Joyner girls and Capt. Greenlaw were at the dépot to meet us. Mr. Joyner has bought an old hotel here for his family to refugee in, and it really makes a very pleasant residence, though not to compare with their pretty home in Atlanta, that the Yankees destroyed. Cousin Bolling's hospital has been moved here from Americus, and he and his little stepson, Brown Ayres, are boarding with the Joyners. Dr. Robertson, of Virginia, and Capt. Graybill, of Macon, are also members of the household. In these days,

when everybody is living from hand to mouth, and half the world is refugeeing, most people who are fortunate enough to possess homes have very heterogeneous households.

The village seems to be very gay. We found an invitation awaiting us for to-morrow night and the gentlemen in the house proposed a theater-party for this evening, to see the amateurs, but it is Lent, and I am trying to do better in the way of refraining from worldly amusements and mortifying the flesh, than I did in Montgomery last spring, so we spent the evening at home.

April 5, *Wednesday.*—Just before daylight we were awakened by a lovely serenade, and I gave myself a sore throat trotting over the house bare-footed, hunting for flowers to throw to the serenaders. Mett and Mary had all that were in the house in their room, and would not give the rest of us any. Their finest bouquet lodged in the boughs of a spreading willow oak near the window, and then we had the laugh on them.

The girls were busy all day getting ready for Miss Long's wedding. I might take more credit to myself for keeping Lent if I had anything to wear, but my one new dress isn't made up yet, and everything else I have is too frazzled out to wear. Dr. Robertson and Capt. Graybill, both pretending to be good Episcopalians, urged me to go, but that unfinished dress was a powerful support to my conscience. I fixed Metta

up beautifully, though, and she was very much admired. Her hair that she lost last fall, from typhoid fever, has grown out curly, and her head is frizzled beautifully all over, without the bother of irons and curl-papers. Metta says she never saw more elegant dressing than at Miss Long's wedding, which is a great credit to the taste and ingenuity of our Southern girls in patching up pretty things out of all sorts of odds and ends.

Capt. Tennille, an acquaintance of Garnett's, dined here, and five of Cousin Bolling's patients called in the afternoon. One of them, Capt. Guy, had had a curious experience with a minié ball that knocked out one tooth and passed out at the back of his neck without killing him. I laughed and told him he was certainly born to be hanged. Another poor fellow, with a dreadfully ugly face, had six battle scars to make him interesting.

A report has come that the Yankees have taken Selma, and a raid is advancing towards Eufaula, so that puts a stop to our Chunnennuggee trip. I can't say that I am disappointed, for I don't want to turn my face from home any more, but Mett was anxious to make the trip, and I thought it would be mean not to go with her.

April 6, *Thursday.*—Capt. Greenlaw brought his flute and spent the morning. He is red-headed and ugly, but very musical, and such jolly good company that one can't help liking him. I don't know when I

Effie Stovall,
Augusta, Ga., 1865

Annie Mandeville,
New Orleans, 1863

Gen. and Mrs John H. Morgan,
about 1863-4

Mrs. Lydia King Doron,
Montgomery, 1862

have met a person that seemed so genial and altogether lovable, in a brotherly sort of way. . . . I took a long walk through the village with Capt. Greenlaw after dinner, and was charmed with the lovely gardens and beautiful shade trees. On coming home, I heard of the fall of Richmond. Everybody feels very blue, but not disposed to give up as long as we have Lee. Poor Dr. Robertson has been nearly distracted since he heard the news. His wife and five little children are on a farm near Petersburg, and he don't know what is to become of them.

April 7, Friday.—Capt. Greenlaw spent the day here and brought me the biggest bouquet of the biggest red roses I ever saw; I couldn't help laughing when he threw it into my lap. He calls me " cousin," because he says we both have such red heads that we ought to be kin. There is something in his easy, good-natured way of laughing and joking about everything that reminds me a good deal of Fred. And he has the sweetest way in the world of carrying flowers about with him, and slipping them into your work basket, or throwing them into your lap, or laying them on your handkerchief—no matter where, but I can always tell when he has been about by finding a full-blown rose, or a sprig of wild honeysuckle, or a bunch of swamp lilies, or some other big bright flower lying around among my things. It rained most of the day, but was not too wet for many callers, and another long walk in the afternoon through this pretty little town. The two

female colleges have been turned into hospitals, one of which is under Cousin Bolling's charge.

The news this evening is that Montgomery has gone, and the new capital of the Confederacy will be either Macon, or Athens, Georgia. The war is closing in upon us from all sides. I am afraid there are rougher times ahead than we have ever known yet. I wish I was safe at home. Since Brother Troup has been ordered from Macon our chance of getting a government wagon is gone, and the railroad won't be finished through to Atlanta for a week or ten days yet. If ever I do get back home again, I will stay there till the war is over.

April 8, *Saturday.*—Cousin Bolling has returned from his visit to Americus. Mary, Lizzie, Mett, and I went to the dépot to meet him and hear the news, then took a walk through Lovers' Lane, a beautiful shady road that runs through woods so thick as to make solid walls of green on either side. It is intersected with other roads as white and shady as itself, with all sorts of wild flowers blooming on the ground and climbing over the trees. This is indeed one of the loveliest villages I ever was in, but it has one most unromantic drawback; it is awfully infested with fleas. They are like an Egyptian plague, and keep you wriggling and squirming in a perpetual struggle against the vulgar impulse to scratch.

Everybody is talking about the gloomy aspect of affairs. Capt. Greenlaw spent the morning as usual,

and the more I see of him the better I like him for his bright, cheery disposition. Among those who called in the evening, was a Mr. Renaud, of New Orleans, whom I liked very much. He has that charming Creole accent which would make it a pleasure to listen to him, even if he were not so nice himself.

April 9, *Sunday.*—I went to worship with a little band of Episcopalians, mostly refugees, who meet every Sunday in a schoolhouse. It is a rough place, with very uncomfortable benches, but beautifully situated in a grove just at the entrance to Lovers' Lane. The services were conducted by old Mr. George, who used to come out to the Tallassee plantation, as far back as I can remember, and hold mission services for father's and Mr. Nightingale's negroes, sometimes in Uncle Jacob's cabin, sometimes in the little log chapel on Mr. Nightingale's Silver Lake place. He teaches in the little schoolhouse all the week to support his family—a full baker's dozen—and holds church services on Sundays for the refugees and soldiers of the faith that have stranded here. He has spent his life in mission work, laying the foundation of churches for other men to build on. There is something very touching in the unrewarded labor of this good man, grown gray in the service of his God. The churches he builds up, as soon as they begin to prosper, ask the bishop for another pastor. He wore no surplice, and his threadbare silk gown was, I verily believe, the same that he used to wear in the old plan-

tation chapel. It was pathetic to see him—his congregation still more so. It consisted mainly of poor wounded soldiers from the hospitals, especially in the afternoon, when there were no services in the other churches. They came, some limping on crutches, some with scarred and mangled faces, some with empty sleeves, nearly all with poor, emaciated bodies, telling their mute tale of sickness and suffering, weariness and heartache. I saw one poor lame fellow leading a blind one, who held on to his crutch. Another had a blind comrade hanging upon one arm while an empty sleeve dangled where the other ought to be. I have seen men since I came here with both eyes shot out, men with both arms off, and one poor fellow with both arms and a leg gone. What can our country ever do to repay such sacrifice? And yet, it is astonishing to see how cheerful these brave fellows are, especially Cousin Bolling's patients, who laughingly dub themselves "The Blind Brigade."

I went to the Baptist Church with the Joyner girls at night. Metta and I were more amused than edified during the sermon by hearing ourselves discussed in whispers by some people directly behind us. Two of them got into a dispute as to which was the best looking, but we could not hear how they decided it. One of them suggested that we were twins, and this gave me a good laugh on Mett, who is so much younger and better-looking than I, that the comparison was not at all flattering to her.

April 10, *Monday*.—The day was largely taken up with callers. When there is nothing else to do, we amuse ourselves by sitting at the windows and looking into the streets. Mr. Joyner's house is between the post office and the quarters of the provost guard, and just beyond the latter is a schoolhouse, so we are never at a loss for something to amuse us. The fashionable promenade of the village is up and down the street that runs in front of the house, but I like better to walk in the woods, which are very beautiful around here.

The tableaux club met at Mrs. Joyner's in the evening. Metta and I will not be in Cuthbert long enough to take part in the entertainment, but were admitted to the rehearsal. After the rehearsal some one suggested that we should go out serenading. There were several good voices in the party, and after calling at one or two private houses, somebody said it would be a good idea to go and cheer up the soldiers in the Hood Hospital, which was but a block or two away, with some war songs. The poor fellows were so delighted when they heard us that all who were able, dressed themselves and came out on the terraces, while others crowded to the windows and balconies. They sent a shower of roses down on us, and threw with them slips of paper with the names of the songs they wished to hear. We gave them first:

"Cheer, boys, cheer, we march away to battle,"

which pleased them so much that they called for it a second time. Then some one struck up "*Vive l'Amour,*" and Mett gave an impromptu couplet:

"Here's to the boys in Confederate gray,
Vive la compagnie,
Who never their country nor sweethearts betray,
Vive, etc."

While the soldiers were clapping and shouting the chorus, two good lines popped into my head, and when the noise had subsided a little, I sang:

"Here's a toast to the boys who go limping on crutches,
Vive la compagnie,
They have saved our land from the enemies' clutches,
Vive, etc."

I waved my hand at a group of brave fellows leaning on crutches, as I finished, and a regular rebel yell went up from the hospital grounds. Flowers were rained down from the windows, and I never was so delighted in my life—to think that my little knack of stringing rhymes together had served some good purpose for once. The soldiers clapped and shouted and rattled their crutches together, and one big fellow standing near me threw up his battered old war hat, and cried out:

"Bully for you! give us some more!" and then I added:

"Here's death to the men who wear Federal blue,
They are cowardly, cruel, perfidious, untrue," etc.

But after all, it looks as if the wretches are going to bring death, or slavery that is worse than death, to us. We may sing and try to put on a brave face, but alas! who can tell what the end of it all is to be?

April 11, *Tuesday.*—I slept all the morning and was only wakened in the afternoon by Mary Joyner pulling at my feet and telling me to get up for dinner. I like Mary. Her manner is abrupt, but she is generosity itself. Her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers is beautiful. Often she will go without her dinner and always denies herself any special delicacy that happens to be on the table, in order to take it to one of the hospitals. Almost every mail brings her grateful letters from the soldiers she has nursed, or from the wives and sweethearts of those who will never need her services again. I love to hear her tell about her experiences in the Atlanta hospitals during the siege. Some of them are very funny, but more of them are sad. She was called "the hospital angel" in Atlanta, and well deserved the name.

The Cuthbert Thespian Corps gave *Richelieu* at the theater this evening, for the benefit of the hospitals. Dr. Robertson acted the part of De Mauprat, and I dressed him for the occasion in the velvet cloak I bought from Mrs. Sims, and sleeves of crimson silk that had been the trousers of a Turkish costume that sister wore at a fancy ball in Columbus before the war. I didn't go to see the play because I am keeping Lent.

April 12, *Wednesday.*—Breakfast so late that visitors began to call before we had finished. In the evening, Mr. Renaud and Mr. Jeffers called. Mr. Jeffers is a wonderful mimic, and sings a comic song so well that I told him I wondered how he ever escaped being a vagabond. Dr. Robertson had got leave to start for Virginia in the morning, and was having a farewell party of gentlemen in his room, whom he seemed to be entertaining chiefly on tobacco and "straws." After a while they joined us in the parlor, and Mr. Jeffers introduced each one as he came in, with a happy little rhyming couplet on his name or occupation. Altogether, it was one of the brightest, wittiest things I ever heard, though I am sorry to say that some of the company gave evidence of having indulged too freely in "straws," with the usual seasonings. Dr. Boyd says that my little rhyme about the boys on crutches did the sick soldiers more good than all his medicines. Some poor fellows who had hardly noticed anything for a week, he says, laughed and clapped their hands like happy children, as they lay on their beds and listened. He says they have been talking about it ever since.

April 13, *Thursday.*—Slept away the morning as usual, and spent the afternoon returning calls, as that seems to be the fashionable time for visiting in Cuthbert. The tableaux club met at Dr. Jackson's in the evening and after rehearsal we went to serenade the soldiers at the Hill Hospital, as it would seem like

slighting them to pass them by after serenading the others. But they knew we were coming and so things didn't go off with the warmth and naturalness of our other visit. They had prepared an entertainment for us, and brought us some lemonade made with brown sugar and citric acid. It was dreadful stuff, but the dear fellows were giving us the best they had, and, I am afraid, depriving themselves of supplies they needed for their own use. While we were drinking, somebody led off with a verse of the "Confederate Toast" and then looked at me, and I added one that I felt half-ashamed of because I had made it up beforehand and felt like an impostor, but couldn't help it when I knew beforehand what was coming:

> "Here's to the Southern rebel, drink it down;
> Here's to the Southern rebel, drink it down;
> Here's to the Southern rebel,
> May his enemies go to the——"

I came to a sudden stop at the last word and the soldiers, with a laugh and a yell, took up the chorus and carried it through. Then we amused ourselves for some time answering each other with couplets, good, bad, and indifferent—mostly indifferent. My parting one was:

> "Hurrah for the soldiers who stay on the Hill;
> They have fought, they have suffered, they are full of pluck still."

April 15, *Saturday.*—A new rumor, that the Yankees are at Glenville, advancing on Eufaula, but those

best qualified to judge seem to think this move only a feint, and that their real destination is Columbus. We seem to have been followed all winter by storms and floods and Yankee panics. We are not much disturbed by this one, however, as we expect to leave for Macon on Monday, anyway.

Capt. Greenlaw and Mr. Renaud called in the afternoon, but I was frizzing my hair and the other girls were asleep, so none of us went downstairs to see them. Capt. Greenlaw came again in the evening, but he was either sick or in love, for he didn't laugh and tease as usual, and kept asking for sentimental songs.

April 16, *Easter Sunday*.—The brightest, loveliest day I ever beheld, and our little schoolhouse of a chapel was well-filled, considering how few Episcopalians are here. Twelve females and not a single male received the communion. Capt. Greenlaw went with me to the afternoon service while the other girls were taking their nap, and we had a pleasant stroll afterwards through the woods. On the way home we met Cousin Bolling's servant, Jordan, who told me that Jenny and Julia Toombs were at the hotel with their father and had sent for Mett and me to come and see them. They had passed through Cuthbert on the morning train from Eufaula, but they had not gone fifteen miles beyond it when the boiler to their engine burst, and they had to come back on the afternoon train and spend the night here. We went immediately to the hotel and had a grand jubilee together.

April 17, *Monday. Macon, Ga.*—Up early, to be ready for the train at seven. The Toombses met us at the dépot, where Capt. Greenlaw, Mr. Renaud, and a number of others came to see us off. When the train arrived from Eufaula it was already crowded with refugees, besides 300 volunteers from the exempts going to help fight the Yankees at Columbus. All sorts of wild rumors were flying, among them one that fighting had already begun at Columbus, and that a raid had been sent out towards Eufaula. Excitement on the train was intense. At Ward's Station, a dreary-looking little place, we picked up the train wrecked yesterday, with many of the passengers still on board. They had spent the night there in the cars, having nowhere else to go. Beyond Ward's, the failure of this train to appear had given color to all sorts of wild rumors about the advance of the Yankees into South-West Georgia. The excitement was intense all along the route. At every little station crowds were gathered to hear the news, and at many places we found a report had gone out that both our train and yesterday's had been captured. The excitement increased as we approached Fort Valley, where the Muscogee road (from Columbus) joins the South-Western, and many of the passengers predicted that we should be captured there. At the next station below Fort Valley, our fears regarding the fate of Columbus were confirmed by a soldier on the platform, who shouted out as the train slowed down, " Columbus

gone up the spout!" Nobody was surprised, and all were eager to hear particulars. I was glad to learn that our poor little handful of Confederates had made a brave fight before surrendering. The city was not given up till nine last night, when the Yanks slipped over the railroad bridge and got in before our men, who were defending the other bridge, knew anything about it. We had not enough to watch both bridges, and it seemed more likely the attack would be made by the dirt road. Then everybody blundered around in the dark, fighting pretty much at random. If a man met some one he did not know, he asked whether he was a Yank or a Reb, and if the answer did not suit his views he fired. At last everybody became afraid to tell who or what they were. It was thought that our forces had retired towards Opelika. When we reached Fort Valley the excitement was at fever heat. Train upon train of cars was there, all the rolling stock of the Muscogee Road having been run out of Columbus to keep it from being captured, and the cars were filled with refugees and their goods. It was pitiful to see them, especially the poor little children, driven from their homes by the frozen-hearted Northern Vandals, but they were all brave and cheerful, laughing good-naturedly instead of grumbling over their hardships. People have gotten so used to these sort of things that they have learned to bear them with philosophy. Soldiers who had made their escape after the fight, without surrendering, were

camped about everywhere, looking tired and hungry, and more disheartened than the women and children. Poor fellows, they have seen the terrors of war nearer at hand than we. As our train drew up at the dépot, I caught sight of Fred in the crowd. He had been in the fight at Columbus, and I concluded was now on his way to Cuthbert to find Metta and me. I called to let him know that we were on board, but he did not hear me, and before I could make my way to the opposite window, the train moved on a few hundred yards and he was lost in the crowd. I was greatly disturbed, for it was said that the train we were on was the last that would be run over the South-Western Road. While I was in this dilemma, Col. Magruder and Marsh Fouché came out of the crowd and hailed me. They said they were on furlough and trying to make their way to Uncle Fouché's plantation in Appling County. I told them my troubles, and they went to hunt up Fred for me, but must have gotten swallowed up in the crowd themselves, for I never saw either of them again. At last I sent for the conductor to unlock the door so that I could get out of the car and begin a search on my own account. Just as I had stepped out on the platform Fred himself came pushing through the crowd and sprang up beside me. He said that some of the passengers who had come with us from Cuthbert, happened to hear him say that he was going to South-West Georgia to get his sisters, and told him that we were there.

From Fort Valley we traveled without interruption to Macon, where the excitement is at its climax. The Yankees are expected here at any moment, from both north and south, having divided their forces at Tuskegee, it is said, and sent one column by way of Union Springs and Columbus, and another through Opelika and West Point. I saw some poor little fortifications thrown up along the line of the South-Western, with a handful of men guarding them, and that is the only preparation for defense I have seen. We are told that the city is to be defended, but if that is so, the Lord only knows where the men are to come from. The general opinion seems to be that it is to be evacuated, and every preparation seems to be going forward to that end. All the horses that could be found have been pressed for the removal of government stores, and we had great difficulty in getting our baggage from the dépot to the hotel. Mr. Legriel's nephew, Robert Scott, was at the train to take us out to Lily's, but Fred thought it best for us to stay at the hotel, as he wants to leave in the morning by the first train over the Macon & Western. Mulberry Street, in front of the Lanier House, is filled with officers and men rushing to and fro, and everything and everybody seems to be in the wildest excitement. . . . In the hotel parlor, when I came from Lily's, whom should I find but Mr. Adams, our little Yankee preacher! I used to like him, but now I hate to look at him just because he is a Yankee. What is it, I wonder, that makes them so

different from us, even when they mean to be good Southerners! You can't even make one of them look like us, not if you were to dress him up in a full suit of Georgia jeans. I used to have some Christian feeling towards Yankees, but now that they have invaded our country and killed so many of our men and desecrated so many homes, I can't believe that when Christ said "Love your enemies," he meant Yankees. Of course I don't want their souls to be lost, for that would be wicked, but as they are not being punished in this world, I don't see how else they are going to get their deserts.

April 18, *Tuesday.*—The first train on the Georgia R.R., from Atlanta to Augusta, was scheduled to run through to-day, and we started off on the Macon & Western so as to reach Atlanta in time to take the next one down, to-morrow. There was such a crowd waiting at the dépot that we could hardly push our way through, and when the ladies' car was opened there was such a rush that we considered ourselves lucky to get in at all. Jenny and Jule were with us, and we were fortunate enough to get seats together. Fred and Mr. Toombs had great difficulty in getting our trunks aboard, and were obliged to leave us to look out for ourselves, while they attended to the baggage. Many people had to leave theirs behind, and some decided to stay with their trunks; they contained all that some poor refugees had left them. The trains that went out this morning were supposed to be the

last that would leave the city, as the Yankees were expected before night, and many predicted that we would be captured. There was a terrible rush on all the outgoing trains. Ours had on board a quantity of government specie and the assets of four banks, besides private property, aggregating all together, it was said, more than seventeen million dollars—and there were somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,000 passengers. People who could not get inside were hanging on wherever they could find a sticking place; the aisles and platforms down to the last step were full of people clinging on like bees swarming round the doors of a hive. It took two engines to pull us up the heavy grade around Vineville, and we were more than an hour behind time, in starting, at that. Meanwhile, all sorts of rumors were flying. One had it that the road was cut at Jonesborough, then, at Barnesville, and finally that a large force of the enemy was at Thomaston advancing toward the road with a view to capturing our train. I never saw such wild excitement in my life. Many people left the cars at the last moment before we steamed out, preferring to be caught in Macon rather than captured on the road, but their places were rapidly filled by more adventurous spirits. A party of refugees from Columbus were seated near us, and they seemed nearly crazed with excitement. Mary Eliza Rutherford, who was always a great scatter-brain when I knew her at school, was among them, and she jumped up on the seat, tore

down her back hair and went off into regular hysterics at the idea of falling into the hands of the Yankees. Such antics would have been natural enough in the beginning of the war, when we were new to these experiences, but now that we are all old soldiers, and used to raids and vicissitudes, people ought to know how to face them quietly. Of course it would have been dreadful to be captured and have your baggage rifled and lose all your clothes, but if the Yankees had actually caught us, I don't think I would have gone crazy over it. So many sensational reports kept coming in that I finally lost patience and felt like saying something cross to everybody that brought me a fresh bit of news. Before we left Macon, Mr. Edward Shepherd gave me the worst fright I almost ever had, by telling me that my trunk and Jenny Toombs's had been thrown out of the baggage car and were lying on the track, but this proved to be a false alarm, like so many others. Then somebody came in and reported that the superintendent of the road had a dispatch in his hand at that moment, stating that the enemy was already in Barnesville. The statement seemed so authoritative that Fred went to Gen. Mackall himself, and was advised by him to continue his journey, as no official notice had been received of the cutting of the road. At last, to the great relief of us all, the train steamed out of Macon and traveled along in peace till it reached Goggins's Station, four miles from Barnesville, where it was stopped by some

country people who said that the down train from Atlanta had been captured and the Yankees were just five miles beyond Barnesville waiting for us. A council was held by the railroad officials and some of the army officers on board, at which it was decided that the freight we were carrying was too valuable to be risked, although the news was not very reliable, having been brought in by two schoolboys. There was danger also, it was suggested, that a raiding party might mistake such a very long and crowded train, where the men were nearly all forced out on the platforms, for a movement of troops and fire into us. I confess to being pretty badly scared at this possibility, but the women on board seemed to have worked off their excitement by this time, and we all kept quiet and behaved ourselves very creditably. While the council was still in session, fresh reports came in confirming those already brought, and we put back to Macon, without standing on the order of our going. Helen Swift, a friend of the Toombses, who had joined us at Macon, lives only fifteen miles from the place where we turned back. She was bitterly disappointed, and I don't blame her for nearly crying her eyes out. Mr. Adams undertook to administer spiritual consolation, but I don't think Helen was very spiritually-minded towards Yankees just at that time.

Excited crowds were waiting at all the stations as we went back, and the news we brought increased the ferment tenfold. The general impression seems to be

that the Yanks are advancing upon Macon in three columns, and that they will reach the city by to-morrow or next day, at latest. We came back to the Lanier House, and Fred hopes to get us out by way of Milledgeville, before they arrive. When our train got back to Macon, the men on board had gradually dropped off on the way, so that I don't suppose there were more than 200 or 300 remaining of all that had gone out in the morning. The demoralization is complete. We are whipped, there is no doubt about it. Everybody feels it, and there is no use for the men to try to fight any longer, though none of us like to say so.

Just before we reached Macon, the down train, which had been reported captured, overtook us at a siding, with the tantalizing news that we might have got through to Atlanta if we had gone straight on. The Yankees were twelve miles off at the time of its reported capture, and cut the road soon after it passed. There was an immense crowd at the dépot on our return, and when I saw what a wild commotion the approach of the Yankees created, I lost all hope and gave up our cause as doomed. We made a brave fight but the odds against us were too great. The spell of invincibility has left us and gone over to the heavy battalions of the enemy. As I drove along from the station to the hotel, I could see that preparations were being made to evacuate the city. Government stores were piled up in the streets and all the horses and

wagons that could be pressed into service were being hastily loaded in the effort to remove them. The rush of men had disappeared from Mulberry St. No more gay uniforms, no more prancing horses, but only a few ragged foot soldiers with wallets and knapsacks on, ready to march—Heaven knows where. Gen. Elzey and staff left early in the morning to take up their new quarters either in Augusta or Washington, and if we had only known it, we might have gone out with them. I took a walk on the streets while waiting to get my room at the hotel, and found everything in the wildest confusion. The houses were closed, and doleful little groups were clustered about the street corners discussing the situation. All the intoxicating liquors that could be found in the stores, warehouses, and barrooms, had been seized by the authorities and emptied on the ground. In some places the streets smelt like a distillery, and I saw men, boys, and negroes down on their knees lapping it up from the gutter like dogs. Little children were staggering about in a state of beastly intoxication. I think there can be no more dreary spectacle in the world than a city on the eve of evacuation, unless it is one that has already fallen into the hands of the enemy. I returned to the hotel with a heavy heart, for while out I heard fresh rumors of Lee's surrender. No one seems to doubt it, and everybody feels ready to give up hope. "It is useless to struggle longer," seems to be the common cry, and the poor wounded men go

hobbling about the streets with despair on their faces. There is a new pathos in a crutch or an empty sleeve, now, that we know it was all for nothing.

April 19, *Wednesday. Milledgeville.*—They began to evacuate the city [Macon] at dusk yesterday, and all through the night we could hear the tramp of men and horses, mingled with the rattle of artillery and baggage wagons. Mr. Toombs was very averse to spending the night in Macon, and we were all anxious to push ahead to the end of our journey, but it was impossible to get a conveyance of any sort. Sam Hardeman, Jule's devoted, spent the evening with us, and as they are both very musical, we tried to keep up our spirits by singing some of the favorite war songs, but they seemed more like dirges now, and we gave up and went to our rooms. We got to bed early, knowing we must be at the dépot betimes in the morning, to secure seats on the train for Milledgeville, and had just thrown ourselves on the bed, when Jenny and Jule came running in, frightened out of their wits, declaring that a man and his wife were quarreling in the room on one side of them, and a party of drunken men on the other, trying to open their door. They can beat any girls I know stirring up imaginary scarecrows, from a ghost to a burglar, and we tried to laugh away their foolish fears, but as we failed to pacify them we gave up our room to them and took theirs. We heard nothing more of either drunken men or domestic broils, and were so tired that we slept like

logs till some time way in the night, we were wakened by a terrific thunder storm. A bolt struck one of the lightning rods of the hotel and made such a fearful crash that many of the guests, suddenly roused from their sleep, took it for a Yankee shell, and for a time the wildest excitement prevailed. Capt. Thomas told me afterwards that he never jumped so far in his life as when roused by that thunderbolt, which, in his first bewilderment, he mistook for the explosion of a shell. He didn't want to be killed in his bed now, he said, after going through the whole four years of the war. I had been awake some time, listening to the rain, when the shock came, and knew what it was, but I am just as much afraid of thunder and lightning as of Yankee bombs, and when that bolt struck, Mett and I flew across the corridor in our nightgowns to find the Toombs girls. We had some funny experiences, for it seems to me that everybody at the hotel was running round promiscuously in the corridors, but we were all too much excited to notice each other's dress—or rather, undress. Once, in my haste, I knocked at the wrong door, and it was some time before we could find the girls. Jenny and Jule had made for their father's room at the first alarm, and thinking they had found it, Jenny bolted in and called to a man in bed whom she took for her father. The man was either too drunk or too much of a gentleman to wake, and kept his eyes shut till Jenny made her escape. When we got back to their room, we all four piled into bed

together and stayed there till morning, but none of us slept much.

We were up almost by daylight, and even then found others starting to the dépot ahead of us. There was great difficulty in getting transportation for baggage, and we had to foot it ourselves. The Yankees were expected every minute, and as this was our very last chance to escape, there was a great rush to get on board the train. Brother Troup had not been able to carry out his order to join Gen. Wofford, and sent our trunks to the station on a government wagon, and Gen. Cobb gave Mr. Toombs transportation for it on one of his cars, as far as Milledgeville. We gratified a pretty girl from Montgomery, and her escort, by taking their baggage to the station with ours. We saw one overloaded team take fright at a car whistle and run away, scattering the trunks piled up on it, and bursting some of them open—a serious misfortune in these times, when none of us have clothes to spare. We did not wait at the hotel for breakfast, but started off on foot with cold biscuits in our hands, which were all we had to eat. We reached the dépot at least an hour before the schedule time. Three long trains, heavily laden, went down the South-Western, and Brother Troup got aboard one of them. I am glad he will be with sister in these trying times. There were enough people and baggage still at the dépot to load a dozen trains, and the people scrambled for places next the track. Sidney Lanier, a friend of Fred's, was

there, trying to get aboard one of the outgoing trains. Fred introduced him, but we soon lost each other in the crowd. The poor fellow is just up from a spell of typhoid fever, and looked as thin and white as a ghost. He said Harry Day was left behind sick, in Macon. When the Central train backed up, there was such a rush to get aboard that I thought we would have the life squeezed out of us. I saw one man knock a woman down and run right over her. I hope the Yankees will catch him. Fred and Mr. Toombs had to give their whole attention to the baggage, but we girls are all good travelers, and having legs of our own, which our trunks had not, we pushed our way successfully through the crowd. I was assisted by Mr. Duval, one of Cousin Bolling's patients whom I met in Cuthbert, and the four of us were comfortably seated. Nearly all our companions on yesterday's wild-goose chase towards Atlanta were aboard, and we also found Mrs. Walthall, going to Washington to visit Gen. Toombs's family, and Mrs. Paul Hammond, on her way to Augusta. Many people had to leave their baggage behind, and others still were not able to find even standing room for themselves. Gov. Brown was on board, and Mr. Toombs introduced him to me. He looked at me with a half-embarrassed expression and poked out his hand with no pretense at cordiality. Whether this was due to resentment at father's political stand, or merely to preoccupation about his own rather precarious affairs, I could not tell. He is a

regular Barebones in appearance, thin, wiry, angular, with a sallow complexion and iron-gray hair. His face wears an expression of self-assertion rather than obstinacy and I couldn't help thinking how well he would have fitted in with Cromwell's Ironsides. He had on a rusty, short-tailed black alpaca coat that had a decidedly home-made set. He looked "Joe Brown," every inch of him, and if I had met him in Jericho, I would have said, "There goes Joe Brown." But when we reached Milledgeville, he heaped coals of fire on my head by offering us his carriage to drive to the hotel in. Every horse, mule, and vehicle in the place had been "pressed" for removing the government stores that had been shipped from Macon; there was not even an ox-cart or a negro with a wheel-barrow to be hired, and the hotel full a mile away, and the sun blazing hot. Still, I declined at first, for I could not make up my mind to accept a favor from a man whose political course I respected so little, but the Toombses piled in and the governor himself courteously insisted that the rest of us should follow, or he would send the carriage back, he said, if it was too crowded. Mett and I then got in, and Mrs. Walthall climbed in after us. I felt rather ashamed of myself for all the mean things I have said about the old governor, but I couldn't help laughing at Mrs. Walthall, who overwhelmed him with gracious speeches, and then, the minute his back was turned, shook her fist at him out of the window, and added in an undertone:

"But I would help to hang you to-morrow, you old rascal!" This is politics, I suppose, with the *s* left off.*

At the hotel we found all our traveling companions, who had come out from Macon, with a number of other fugitives, and while waiting for Fred and Mr. Toombs to hunt up conveyances, we amused ourselves getting acquainted and exchanging experiences with our fellow sufferers. Among the ones I liked best, were Mrs. Young and Dr. Morrow, from Marietta. Mrs. Walthall introduced us to her escort, Col. Lockett, an old bachelor, but as foolish about the girls as if he was a widower. Our pretty girl from Montgomery was there, too, but I did not learn her name, and a poor little Mrs. Smith from somewhere, with a sick, puny baby that everybody felt sorry for. Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Wardlaw, mother and sister of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, were also among the unfortunates stranded at that awful Milledgeville Hotel. Mrs. Howell was a stout old lady with a handsome, but rather determined face, and pretty, old-fashioned gray curls falling behind her ears. Col. Lockett innocently

* Governor Brown's obstructive policy towards the end of the war, and his decided stand in opposition to President Davis, rendered him very obnoxious at this time to the friends of the latter, and these utterances must not be taken as anything more than the expression of this political animosity. The uncompromising devotion of the writer's father, Judge Garnett Andrews, to the Union, precluded anything like political sympathy or personal intimacy between him and Georgia's strenuous war governor.

pointed her out to me as the housekeeper, when he saw me wandering about in search of a clean towel, but I told him I had been at the Milledgeville Hotel before and he couldn't make me believe that anybody connected with it could show a pound of superfluous flesh—a stroke of wisdom on my part that saved me from committing a dreadful *faux pas.* Afterwards, when we met in the parlor, she lost no time in letting us all know that she was the president's mother-in-law, and then went on to pay her compliments to everything and everybody opposed to Jeff Davis, Gov. Brown coming in for the lion's share. Mrs. Wardlaw, her daughter, had a good voice, and her sweet singing helped to make the time pass a little less tediously, but there her individuality seemed to end. Capt. Thomas, a young officer traveling with them, was charming; I don't know how we would have got through that "long, weary day" without him.

After we had waited a long time, Fred and Mr. Toombs came in and reported that it was impossible to get a conveyance of any kind to Mayfield. It was all they could do to get our baggage hauled from the dépot and we would probably have to spend the night where we were. Every conveyance in town had been "pressed" for removing government stores—where? Augusta is supposed to be the next objective point of the enemy, and Milledgeville is directly on the road from there to Macon. The panic has extended here, and everybody that can get out of the way is preparing

for flight. Their experience with Sherman's army last winter naturally doesn't make these people long for another visit. Fred had engaged a two-horse wagon for one thousand dollars, but while he was having our trunks put on it, a government official came up and "pressed" it. As we couldn't help ourselves, we resolved to make the best of the situation, so we went to our room to get a little rest and make ourselves presentable before dinner-time. We had engaged a large room with two beds so that we girls could all be together, but when we entered, our hearts sank, accustomed as we are to war-time fare. There was no slop tub, wash basin, pitcher nor towels, and the walls on each side of the beds were black with tobacco spit. The fireplace was a dump heap that was enough to turn the stomach of a pig, and over the mantel some former occupant had inscribed this caution:

"One bed has lice in it, the other fleas, and both bugs; chimney smokes; better change."

Prompted by curiosity I turned down the cover of one bed, and started such a stampede among the bugs that we all made for the door as fast as our feet would carry us and ordered another room, which, however, did not prove much better. Our next step was to make a foray for water and towels. The only water supply we could find was in a big washtub at the head of the stairs, where everybody stopped to drink, those who had no cups stooping down and lapping it up with

their hands, or dipping in their heads. There was but one chambermaid to the whole establishment, and she was as hard to catch as the Irishman's flea. Both Fred and Mr. Toombs were off, hunting for conveyances, so we had to shift for ourselves. We tried to ring a bell that hung in the passage, but Sherman's angels had cut the cord. A young captain who was watching our maneuvers, advised us to cry "Fire!" as the surest way of getting water brought. Just at this time, Fred's boy, Arch, came up and we made him shovel some of the dirt out of our room and bring up fresh water in a broken pitcher we found there. After making ourselves as decent as circumstances would permit, we went down to the dining-room. There was literally nothing on the table but some broken crockery, the remains of Sherman's little tea-party, but one of the black waiters promised to get us a nice dinner if we would "jest have de patience to deviate back to de parlor" and wait a little while, till he could get it ready. He was so polite and plausible that we "deviated," and after more than half an hour, went back to the dining-room, where we exercised our patience for another half-hour, when, at last, he came bustling in with some ham and eggs and raw corn bread. I looked about on my plate for a clean spot on which to deposit my share, and, finding none, dabbed it down at random, and went for it, dirt and all, for I was desperately hungry. Soon after dinner Mr. Toombs came in to say that Gov. Brown had

provided him with a conveyance for himself and daughters and they were to start at once. After the Toombses left, Mrs. Walthall asked Mett and me to share her room, as she was afraid to stay by herself, and we, too, were glad of a companion. Late in the afternoon we went out and saw the Georgia cadets on dress parade in front of the capitol. Mrs. Walthall and Col. Lockett joined us there, with several gentlemen that we had met at the hotel, and we had a fine time. Among the cadets we recognized Milton Reese, Tom Hill, and Davy Favor, from Washington, and as soon as the drill was over, we went into the capitol with them and saw the destruction the Yankees had made. The building was shockingly defaced, like everything else in Milledgeville. There don't seem to be a clean or a whole thing left in the town. The boys told us that the cadets are so hot against the governor for not ordering them into active service that they had hung him in effigy right there in the capitol grounds. His son is among them, and the boys say the governor won't let them fight because he is afraid Julius might get hurt. The truth is, they ought all to be at home in their trundle beds, Julius with the rest, for they are nothing but children. When we returned to the hotel, Fred met us with the joyful news that he had found a man with a miserable little wagon and two scrubby mules hid out in the woods, who had agreed to take us to Mayfield for twenty-five hundred dollars, provided Fred would get his team exempted

from empressment. He (Fred) went at once to Col. Pickett, who granted the exemption, and we could be off as early in the morning as we chose. We spent part of the evening in the hotel parlor, trying to be cheerful by the light of a miserable tallow dip, but soon gave it up and came away to our room.

April 20, Thursday. Sparta, Ga.—I went to bed about eleven last night, but never slept a wink for bedbugs and cockroaches, to say nothing of the diabolical noises in the streets. All night long, as I lay awake, I was disturbed by the sound of men cursing and swearing and singing rowdy songs in and around the hotel. About two o'clock, in the midst of this pandemonium, a string band began to play under our window, and it seemed to me I had never heard such heavenly music in my life as this was, in contrast with the vile noises I had been listening to. About eight o'clock in the morning our wagon was at the door and we bade a joyous farewell to Milledgeville. It was only a shabby little covered cart, with the bows so short that if we attempted to sit upright the cover rested on our heads and the sun baked our brains through it. Fred and Arch had to walk, the wretched team being hardly able to carry Mett and me and the trunks. We traveled at the rate of about two miles an hour and a cost of one hundred dollars a mile. The day was intensely hot, and the dust stifling. I tried to relieve the poor mules by walking up some of the worst hills, but the blazing sun got the better of

my humanity and I crawled into the wagon again. We crossed the Oconee on a pontoon bridge, where the fat old ferryman now acts as toll-collector. About a mile beyond the river we turned off and traveled to Sparta by a different road from the one we had followed last winter. It was longer, but better than the other, not being so much traveled, and we hoped to get rid of some of the dust; but in this we were disappointed, for we were mixed up all day in an endless succession of wagon trains, soldiers, and refugees, that made us wonder who there was to go by the other road. After the first few miles we were so tired that we took off our hats and lay down in the wagon to take a nap. When we waked we found that both hats and a basket containing all our toilet articles, had jolted out and been lost. So many people had passed us that Fred said it was no use to try to get them back, but I made Arch take one of the mules out of the wagon and go back to look for them, and, as much to my surprise as delight, he recovered the basket. I was so glad to see it that I forgot to grieve over the hats. Besides my brush and comb and tooth-brush, it contained all the leaves of my journal that I have written since leaving home last winter, which I had torn out of the book on the stampede from Macon, fearing my trunk might be lost. What a mess there would be if it had been found by some of the people I have been writing about! When I once got it back I hardly took my hands off it again all day. At noon

we dined on a dirty biscuit apiece that we had brought from Milledgeville, for we could buy nothing to eat along the road. The country seems to have pretty well recovered from the effects of Sherman's march, so far as appearances go; the fields are tilled and crops growing, but people are still short of provisions, and nobody wants to take Confederate money. The rumors about Lee's surrender, together with the panicky state of affairs at home, have sent our depreciated currency rolling down hill with accelerated velocity.

Between six and seven in the evening we reached Sparta, and found one hotel closed and the other full of smallpox. We didn't like to impose on the hospitality of the Simpsons again, and Col. Lockett, who had secured lodging for Mrs. Walthall at a private house, advised us to go on to Culver's, where we had stopped to change horses last winter, but our sorry little team was too broken down to carry us any farther. While we were standing in the street discussing what had best be done, a nice-looking old gentleman called Fred aside, and insisted that we should go to his house. He had heard Col. Lockett call us by name, he said, and being a great friend and admirer of father's, declared that Judge Andrews's children should never want for a lodging as long as he had a roof over his head. He gave his name as Harris, and said there was not a family in Sparta but would be proud to entertain us if they knew who we were, so great was their love and respect for our father. It

made me feel good to hear that, for his being such a strong Union man has made father unpopular in some parts of the State. I hate the old Union myself, but I love father, and it makes me furious for anybody to say anything against him. It would seem as if a good many people about here quietly shared his opinions, or at any rate, respected them, for Mr. Soularde and several others came up as soon as they learned our name, and invited us to their houses, and said it would always be a pleasure to them to entertain any of Judge Andrews's family.

We were so tired of being pounded and jolted in our dusty little cart that we preferred walking to Mr. Harris's, in spite of the disreputable appearance we made, hatless and gloveless and dirty as we were. We met the Simpson girls on the way, with Jenny and Jule, and they invited us to go home with them, but Mr. Harris had the first claim, and to tell the truth, I had taken a liking to him before I had known him ten minutes, and would not, on any account, have missed the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance. When we reached his home my anticipations were more than realized. It was a large white house in the midst of a beautiful garden, where roses of all sorts were running riot, filling the air with fragrance and the earth with beauty. On the colonnade were a number of guests whom the hospitality of our host had brought together, and among them we were delighted to meet again our fellow travelers, Mrs. Young and Dr. Mor-

row. Mrs. Harris met us with such a warm, motherly welcome that I felt like throwing myself on her breast, but remembering how dirty and draggled out I was, I practiced the Golden Rule, and did as I would be done by. We were shown at once to a beautiful, clean room, with plenty of water and towels, and oh! the luxury of a good bath! But when I went to get out some clean clothes, I found that among other things, I had lost my keys and could not get into my trunk. I borrowed what I could from Metta, but her things don't fit me, and I made a comical appearance. I was too hungry to care, however, after starving since Monday, and such a supper as we had was enough to make one forget all the ills of life. Delicious fresh milk and clabber, sweet yellow butter, with crisp beaten biscuits to go with it, smoking hot waffles, and corn batter cakes brown as a nut and crisped round the edges till they looked as if bordered with lace. It was a feast for hungry souls to remember. After supper we went into the parlor and had music. We tried to sing some of our old rebel songs, but the words stuck in our throats. Nobody could sing, and then Clara Harris played "Dixie," but it sounded like a dirge.

The house was so full that Mrs. Harris was obliged to crowd us a little, and Mrs. Morrow shared our room with Mett and me. We had a funny time talking over our experiences. She says that the charming captain fell dead in love with me at Milledgeville, and

was so struck with my appearance that he couldn't rest till he found out my name. He asked her all sorts of questions about me, and I almost laughed myself hoarse at the extravagant things she told him. And she didn't know me, either, any better than he did, but that only made it the more amusing.

April 21, Friday. Haywood.—That delicious clean bed in Sparta! I never had a sweeter sleep in my life than the few hours I spent there. Fred said we must be off at daylight so as to reach Mayfield in time for the train, with our sorry team, so we bid our hosts good-by before going to bed in order not to rouse them at such a heathenish hour. But about two o'clock in the morning the whole town was roused by a courier who came in with news that the Yankees were in Putnam County, only twelve miles off. It is absurd for people to fly into a panic over every wild rumor that gets afloat, but I was glad the courier came, for three o'clock was the hour appointed for us to start, and I was sleeping so soundly that I am sure I would never have waked in time but for him. The moon had just risen as we moved out of Sparta, and I walked with Fred in the pleasant night air till day began to dawn. We tried to get breakfast at Culver's, and again at Whaley's, the only public houses on the way, but were refused at both places, so we had to satisfy ourselves with the recollection of Mrs. Harris's good supper and a crust of stale bread that I found in Arch's basket. We reached Mayfield about

nine and had to wait an hour for the cars to start. Mrs. Hammond had got there before us. She said that she could find no shelter the night before, and had to sleep out under the trees with her little children. She is a sensible woman, and didn't seem disposed to make a martyr of herself, but I felt ashamed for Georgia hospitality. Our other companions joined us at Mayfield, and the Toombses brought the general with them. I was glad to see him safe thus far, out of Yankee clutches, but I would not like to be in his shoes when the end comes. He brought confirmation of Lee's surrender, and of the armistice between Johnston and Sherman. Alas, we all know only too well what that armistice means! It is all over with us now, and there is nothing to do but bow our heads in the dust and let the hateful conquerors trample us under their feet. There is a complete revulsion in public feeling. No more talk now about fighting to the last ditch; the last ditch has already been reached; no more talk about help from France and England, but all about emigration to Mexico and Brazil. We are irretrievably ruined, past the power of France and England to save us now. Europe has quietly folded her hands and beheld a noble nation perish. God grant she may yet have cause to repent her cowardice and folly in suffering this monstrous power that has crushed us to roll on unchecked. We fought nobly and fell bravely, overwhelmed by numbers and resources, with never a hand held out to save us. I

hate all the world when I think of it. I am crushed and bowed down to the earth, in sorrow, but not in shame. No! I am more of a rebel to-day than ever I was when things looked brightest for the Confederacy. And it makes me furious to see how many Union men are cropping up everywhere, and how few there are, to hear them talk now, who really approved of secession, though four years ago, my own dear old father—I hate to say it, but he did what he thought was right—was almost the only man in Georgia who stood out openly for the Union.

We found the railroad between Mayfield and Camack even more out of repair than when we passed over it last winter, and the cars traveled but little faster than our mule team. However, we reached Camack in time for the train from Augusta, and as we drew up at the platform, somebody thrust his head in at the window and shouted: "Lincoln's been assassinated!" We had heard so many absurd rumors that at first we were all inclined to regard this as a jest. Somebody laughed and asked if the people of Camack didn't know that April Fools' Day was past; a voice behind us remarked that Balaam's ass wasn't dead yet, and was answered by a cry of "Here's your mule!" * But soon the truth of the report was confirmed. Some fools laughed and applauded, but wise people looked grave and held their peace. It is a

* A meaningless slang phrase in common use among the soldiers during the war.

terrible blow to the South, for it places that vulgar renegade, Andy Johnson, in power, and will give the Yankees an excuse for charging us with a crime which was in reality only the deed of an irresponsible madman. Our papers ought to reprobate it universally.

About one o'clock we reached Barnett, where I used to feel as much at home as in Washington itself, but there was such a crowd, such a rush, such a hurrying to and fro at the quiet little dépot, that I could hardly recognize it. The train on our Washington branch was crammed with soldiers; I saw no familiar face except Mr. Edmundson, the conductor. There is so much travel over this route now that three or four trains are run between Washington and Barnett daily, and sometimes double that number. We looked out eagerly for the first glimpse of home, and when the old town clock came into view, a shout of joy went up from us returning wanderers. When we drew up at the dépot, amid all the bustle and confusion of an important military post, I could hardly believe that this was the same quiet little village we had left sleeping in the winter sunshine five months ago. Long trains of government wagons were filing through the streets and we ran against squads of soldiers at every turn. Father met us at the dépot, delighted to have us under his protection once more, and the rest of the family, with old Toby frisking and barking for joy, were waiting for us at the street gate. Mary Day isn't able to walk that far yet, but we met her in the

sitting-room. She is not exactly pretty, but what I should call picturesque-looking, and her eyes are beautiful. Oh, what a happy meeting we all had, and how beautiful home does look, with the green leaves on the trees and the Cherokee roses in full bloom, flinging their white festoons clear over the top of the big sycamore by the gate! Surely this old home of ours is the choicest spot of all the world.

The first thing we did after seeing everybody and shaking hands all round with the negroes, was to take a good bath, and I had just finished dressing when Mrs. Elzey called, with Cousin Bolling's friend, Capt. Hudson, of Richmond. He was an attaché of the American legation in Berlin while Cousin Bolling was there studying his profession, and they have both come back with the charming manners and small affectations that Americans generally acquire in Europe, especially if they have associated much with the aristocracy. People may laugh, but these polished manners do make men very nice and comfortable to be with. They are so adaptable, and always know just the right thing to say and do.

Mrs. Elzey says the general is coming to Washington with the rest of his staff, to remain till something is decided, and we begin to know what is before us.

CHAPTER IV

THE PASSING OF THE CONFEDERACY

April 22—May 5, 1865

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The little town of Washington, Ga., where the remaining events of this narrative took place, was the center of a wealthy planting district about fifty miles above Augusta, on a branch of the Georgia Railroad. The population at this time was about 2,200, one-third of which was probably white. Like most of the older towns in the State it is built around an open square, in the center of which stood the quaint old county court-house so often mentioned in this part of the diary, with the business houses of the village grouped around it. On the north side was the old bank building, where Mr. Davis held his last meeting with such of his official family as could be got together, and signed his last official paper as president of the Southern Confederacy. Two rooms on the lower floor were used for business purposes, while the rest of the building was occupied as a residence by the cashier. On the outbreak of the war the bank went out of business, but Dr. J. J. Robertson, who was cashier at the time, continued to occupy the building in the interest of the stockholders. Mrs. Robertson, like everybody else in the village at that time, had received into her house a number of refugees and other strangers, whom the collapse of the Confederacy had stranded there. Its original name clung to the building long after it ceased to have

anything to do with finance, and hence the frequent allusions to "the bank" in the diary.

And now, that the narrative of the diary may be clearer, I must crave the reader's indulgence while I add a few words about the personal surroundings of the writer. A diary, unfortunately, is from its very nature such a self-centered recital that the personality of the author, however insignificant, cannot be got rid of.

My father, Judge Garnett Andrews, was a Georgian, a lawyer by profession, and for nearly thirty years of his life, judge of the Northern Circuit, holding that office at the time of his death in 1873. He was stoutly opposed to secession, but made no objection to his sons' going into the Confederate army, and I am sure would not have wished to see them fighting against the South. Although he had retired from public life at the time, he was elected to the legislature in 1860 under rather unusual circumstances; for the secession sentiment in the county was overwhelming, and his unwavering opposition to it well known. He did his best to hold Georgia in the Union, but he might as well have tried to tie up the northwest wind in the corner of a pocket handkerchief. The most he could do was to advocate the call of a convention instead of voting the State out of the Union on the spot.

I shall never forget that night when the news came that Georgia had seceded. While the people of the village were celebrating the event with bonfires and bell ringing and speech making, he shut himself up in his house, darkened the windows, and paced up and down the room in the greatest agitation. Every now and then, when the noise of the shouting and the ringing of bells would penetrate to our ears through the closed doors and windows, he would pause and exclaim: "Poor fools! They may ring

JUDGE GARNETT ANDREWS, 1827
From an old miniature

their bells now, but they will wring their hands—yes, and their hearts, too—before they are done with it."

This scene made a deep impression on my mind, as may be judged from the frequent allusions to it in the diary. My sister Metta and I were pouting in a corner because he would not allow us to go and see the fun. My two brothers, Henry and Garnett—Fred was on the plantation in Mississippi—were taking an active part in the celebration, and I myself had helped to make the flag that was waving in honor of the event, which he so bitterly deplored. It was the same Lone Star banner of which mention is made in the text. My brother Henry, who was about as hot-headed a fire-eater as could be found in the South, had brought the material to his young wife—Cora, of the journal—and we made it on the sly, well knowing that our "Bonnie Blue Flag" would soon become a "Conquered Banner," or rather a confiscated one, if father should once get wind of what we were about. It consisted of a large five-pointed star, the emblem of States' Rights, and was made of white domestic on a field of blue. It was afterwards ripped off in the strenuous days when our boys were following the "Stars and Bars," and the blue field used to line the blanket of a Confederate soldier. What was left of it when he came back is still preserved in the family.

My father was not what would now be called a rich man, though his fortune was ample for those times. I do not think he owned more than 200 negroes. The extravagant ideas that have been propagated by irresponsible writers about the fabulous wealth of the old planters had no foundation in fact, outside a few exceptional cases. There was, at the time of which I am writing, but a single man in Georgia who was reputed to be worth as much as a million dollars, and he gained not one iota of importance

or influence from this source. His family lived very much as the rest of us did, and their social position was as good as anybody's, but for that divinity which would now attach to the mere vulgar fact of being the richest man of his state, it is doubtful whether, if a list were made of the twenty-five most influential families in Georgia at that time, his name would even be mentioned in it.

While the structure of our social fabric was aristocratic, in the actual relations of the white population with one another it was extremely democratic. Life was simple, patriarchal, unostentatious. Our chief extravagance was the exercise of unlimited hospitality. Anybody that was respectable was welcome to come as often as they liked and stay as long as they pleased, and I remember very few occasions during my father's life when there were no guests in the house. His family proper, at this time, not counting guests, included, besides his wife and children (there were seven of us), my brother Henry's wife and her little daughter, Maud, now Mrs. J. K. Ohl, known to the press as Annulet Andrews; Mrs. L. S. Brown ("Aunt Sallie" of the diary), and Miss Eliza Bowen, a niece of my father, who had been adopted into his family many years before, on the death of her parents, not as a dependent, but for the sake of the guidance and protection which every "female" was supposed, in those days, to require at the hand of her nearest male relation. She was a woman of unusual intelligence, but full of amusing eccentricities that were a constant source of temptation to us fun-loving young people, and often got us into trouble with our elders. She was known later as the author of a successful school book, "Astronomy by Observation."

"Aunt Sallie" was a quaint, lovable old lady, famous for her good dinners and her wonderful frosted cakes,

without which no wedding supper in the village was complete. But the accomplishment she took the greatest pride in, was her gift for "writing poetry"—which confined itself, however, to the innocent practice of composing acrostics on the names of her friends. The deprecating, yet self-conscious air with which these very original productions were slipped into our hands on birthdays and other anniversaries, was only less amusing than the verses themselves. She had no children, but a little pet negro named Simon, the son of a favorite maid who had died, filled a large place in her affections and used to "bulldoze" her as completely as if she had been the mother of a dozen unruly boys of her own. We rather rejoiced in her emancipation when the foolish lad deserted her for the delights of freedom, soon after the close of the war, but the kind-hearted old lady never ceased to mourn over his ingratitude. She was a great beauty in her youth, and to the day of her death, in 1866, retained a coquettish regard for appearances, which showed itself in a scrupulous anxiety about the set of her cap frills and the fit of her prim, but always neat and handsome, black gowns.

It was in the later years of her life, that she came to live at Haywood in order to be near my mother, who was her niece, and occupied a cottage that was built especially for her in a corner of the yard. It was a common custom in those days, when the demands of hospitality outgrew the capacity of the planter's mansion, to build one or more cottages near it to receive the overflow, and hence, the old-fashioned Southern homestead was often more like a small village than an ordinary residence. There were two cottages, one on each side of the front gate, at Haywood, one occupied by "Aunt Sallie," the other built for the use of my married sister, Mrs. Troup

Butler, when she came up from the plantation with her family to spend the summer. The main residence was spoken of as "the big house," or simply, "the house," to distinguish it from the other buildings. Including the stables and negro quarters, there were, if I remember correctly, fourteen buildings, besides "the big house," on the grounds at Haywood, and this was not a plantation home with its great population of field hands, but a town residence, where there were never more than twenty or thirty servants to be housed, including children.

The Irvin Artillery, so frequently alluded to, was the first military company organized in the county, and contained the flower of the youth of the village. It was named for a prominent citizen of the town, father of the unreconstructible "Charley" mentioned later, and an uncle of the unwitting Maria, whose innocent remark gave such umbrage to my father's belligerent daughter.

April 22, Saturday.—I went to bed as soon as I had eaten supper last night and never did I enjoy a sweeter rest; home beds are cleaner and softer than any others, even Mrs. Harris's. I spent the better part of the day unpacking and arranging my things. The house is so crowded with company that I have had to give up my room and double in with Mett. I keep my clothes wherever I can find a place for them. We went to walk after dinner and found the streets swarming with people. Paroled men from Lee's army are expected every day now, and the town is already as full as it can hold. The only hotel has been closed and private hospitality is taxed to the

MRS. GARNETT ANDREWS, *née* ANNULET BALL, 1827
From an old miniature

utmost. While we were out, the Toombs girls called with John Ficklen and that nice Capt. Thomas we met in Milledgeville.

April 23, Sunday.—Gen. Elzey and staff arrived early in the afternoon and called here at once. The general has a fine, soldierly appearance and charming manners, like all West Pointers—except, of course, those brutes like Butler and Sherman and their murderous clan. Capt. Irwin, Mrs. Elzey's brother, is going to stay at our house, and the whole family has fallen in love with him at first sight. He is the dearest, jolliest fellow that ever lived, and keeps up his spirits under circumstances that would have put down even Mark Tapley. His wife and six daughters are in the enemy's lines, at Norfolk; six daughters, in these awful times! and the father of them can still laugh. He has a way of screwing up his face when he says anything funny that gives him an indescribably comical appearance. This is enhanced by a little round bald head, like Santa Claus, the result of a singular accident, while he was still a young man. At a dinner party given on the occasion of a wedding in the family, one of the servants let fall a hot oyster paté on top of his head. It blistered the scalp so that the hair fell out and never grew back. He must have been very good-natured not to assassinate that servant on the spot.

April 24, Monday.—The shattered remains of Lee's army are beginning to arrive. There is an end-

less stream passing between the transportation office and the dépot, and trains are going and coming at all hours. The soldiers bring all sorts of rumors and keep us stirred up in a state of never-ending excitement. Our avenue leads from the principal street on which they pass, and great numbers stop to rest in the grove. Emily is kept busy cooking rations for them, and pinched as we are ourselves for supplies, it is impossible to refuse anything to the men that have been fighting for us. Even when they don't ask for anything the poor fellows look so tired and hungry that we feel tempted to give them everything we have. Two nice-looking officers came to the kitchen door this afternoon while I was in there making some sorghum cakes to send to Gen. Elzey's camp. They then walked slowly through the back yard, and seemed reluctant to tear themselves away from such a sweet, beautiful place. Nearly everybody that passes the street gate stops and looks up the avenue, and I know they can't help thinking what a beautiful place it is. The Cherokee rose hedge is white with blooms. It is glorious. A great many of the soldiers camp in the grove, though Col. Weems [the Confederate commandant of the post] has located a public camping-ground for them further out of town. The officers often ask for a night's lodging, but our house is always so full of friends who have a nearer claim, that a great many have to be refused. It hurts my conscience ever to turn off a Confederate soldier on any account, but we

are so overwhelmed with company—friends and people bringing letters of introduction—that the house, big as it is, will hardly hold us all, and members of the family have to pack together like sardines. Capt. John Nightingale's servant came in this afternoon—the "little Johnny Nightingale" I used to play with down on the old Tallassee plantation—but reports that he does not know where his master is. He says the Yankees captured him (the negro) and took away his master's horse that he was tending, but as soon as night came on he made his escape on another horse that he "took" from them, and put out for home. He says he don't like the Yankees because they "didn't show no respec' for his feelin's." He talks with a strong salt-water brogue and they laughed at him, which he thought very ill-mannered. Father sent him round to the negro quarters to wait till his master turns up.

April 25, *Tuesday*.—Maj. Hall, one of Gen. Elzey's staff, has been taken with typhoid fever, so father sent out to the camp and told them to bring him to our house, but Mrs. Robertson had a spare room at the bank and took him there where he can be better cared for than in our house, that is full as an ant-hill already. I went round to the bank after breakfast to see Mrs. Elzey and inquire about him. The square is so crowded with soldiers and government wagons that it is not easy to make way through it. It is especially difficult around the government offices, where the poor,

ragged, starved, and dirty remnants of Lee's heroic army are gathered day and night. The sidewalk along there is alive with vermin, and some people say they have seen lice crawling along on the walls of the houses. Poor fellows, this is worse than facing Yankee bullets. These men were, most of them, born gentlemen, and there could be no more pitiful evidence of the hardships they have suffered than the lack of means to free themselves from these disgusting creatures. Even dirt and rags can be heroic, sometimes. At the spring in our grove, where the soldiers come in great numbers to wash their faces, and sometimes, their clothes, lice have been seen crawling in the grass, so that we are afraid to walk there. Little Washington is now, perhaps, the most important military post in our poor, doomed Confederacy. The naval and medical departments have been moved here —what there is left of them. Soon all this will give place to Yankee barracks, and our dear old Confederate gray will be seen no more. The men are all talking about going to Mexico and Brazil; if all emigrate who say they are going to, we shall have a nation made up of women, negroes, and Yankees.

I joined a party after dinner in a walk out to the general camping ground in Cousin Will Pope's woods. The Irvin Artillery are coming in rapidly; I suppose they will all be here by the end of the week—or what is left of them—but their return is even sadder and amid bitterer tears than their departure, for now " we

weep as they that have no hope." Everybody is cast down and humiliated, and we are all waiting in suspense to know what our cruel masters will do with us. Think of a vulgar plebeian like Andy Johnson, and that odious Yankee crew at Washington, lording it over Southern gentlemen! I suppose we shall be subjected to every indignity that hatred and malice can heap upon us. Till it comes, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Only, we have almost nothing to eat, and to drink, and still less to be merry about.

Our whirlwind of a cousin, Robert Ball, has made his appearance, but is hurrying on to New Orleans and says he has but one day to spend with us.

The whole world seems to be moving on Washington now. An average of 2,000 rations are issued daily, and over 15,000 men are said to have passed through already, since it became a military post, though the return of the paroled men has as yet hardly begun.

April 26, Wednesday.—Gen. Elzey lent his ambulances, and we had a charming little picnic under the management of Capt. Hardy. We left town at seven o'clock, before the sun was too hot, and drove to a creek ten miles out, where we spent the day in a beautiful grove, so shady that the sun could not penetrate at noon-day. Gen. Elzey and all the staff were there. Our amusements were cards, fishing in the creek, rambling about through the woods, and sitting in little

circles on the grass, talking about what we are going to do under the new order of things. Some comical pictures were drawn of our future occupations, and we guyed each other a good deal about our prospects. I am to take in washing, Mett to raise chickens and peddle them in a cart drawn by Dixie; Capt. Irwin is to join the minstrels, and Capt. Palfrey to be a dancing master—but down in the bottom of our hearts we felt that there is likely to be little occasion for laughter in the end. The drive home was rather hot and dusty, and our enjoyment was damped by the sight of the poor soldiers that we met, trundling along the road; they looked so weary and ragged and travel-stained. Many of them, overcome with fatigue, were lying down to rest on the bare ground by the roadside. I felt ashamed of myself for riding when they had to walk. These are the straggling remnants of those splendid armies that have been for four years a terror to the North, the glory of the South, and the wonder of the world. Alas, alas!

April 27, Thursday.—Robert Ball left for New Orleans, Mary Day for a short visit to Augusta, and Cora returned from there, where she had gone to bid farewell to General and Mrs. Fry, who have arranged to make their future home in Cuba. The Elzeys and many other visitors called during the evening. We had a delightful serenade in the night, but Toby kept up such a barking that we couldn't half get the good of it. Their songs were all about the sea, so I suppose

the serenaders were naval officers. The navy department has been ordered away from here—and Washington would seem a very queer location for a navy that had any real existence. Capt. Parker sent Lieut. Peck this morning with a letter to father and seven great boxes full of papers and instruments belonging to the department, which he requested father to take care of. Father had them stored in the cellar, the only place where he could find a vacant spot, and so now, about all that is left of the Confederate Navy is here in our house, and we laugh and tell father, that he, the staunchest Union man in Georgia, is head of the Confederate Navy.

April 28, *Friday.*—Dr. Aylett, one of the lecturers at Bellevue Hospital when Henry was a student there, took breakfast with us. He is stone blind, and making his way to Selma, Ala., attended only by a negro boy. If the negro should desert, he would be in a forlorn plight, though he does seem to have a wonderful faculty for taking care of himself. I have heard Henry say he used to find his way about in New York City, with no guide but his stick, as readily as if he had had eyes.

I was busy all the morning helping to get ready for a supper that father gave to Gen. Elzey and staff. The table was beautiful; it shone like a mirror. There were seats for twenty-two, and everything on it solid silver, except the cups and saucers and plates, which were of beautiful old china that had belonged to

Cora's grandmother. But it was all in absurd contrast to what we had to eat. The cake was all made of sorghum molasses, and the strawberries were sweetened with the coarsest kind of brown sugar, but we were glad to have even that, and it tasted good to us hungry Rebs. Emily was kept so busy all day cooking rations for soldiers that she hardly had time for anything else, and I was so sorry for the poor fellows that no matter what I happened to have in my hand, if a soldier came up and looked wistfuly at it, I couldn't help giving it to him. Some of them, as they talked to me about the surrender, would break down and cry like children. I took all the lard and eggs mother had left out for Emily to cook with and gave to them, because I could not bear to see them eating heavy old biscuit made of nothing but flour and water. In this way a good part of our supper was disposed of before we sat down to it, but nobody grudged the loss. In spite of his being such a strong Union man, and his bitter opposition to secession, father never refuses anything to the soldiers. I blame the secession politicians myself, but the cause for which my brothers risked their lives, the cause for which so many noble Southerners have bled and died, and for which such terrible sacrifices have been made, is dear to my heart, right or wrong. The more misfortunes overwhelm my poor country, the more I love it; the more the Yankees triumph, the worse I hate them, wretches! I would rather be wrong with men like Lee and Davis,

than right with a lot of miserable oppressors like Stanton and Thad Stevens. The wrong of disrupting the old Union was nothing to the wrongs that are being done for its restoration.

We had a delightful evening, in spite of the clouds gathering about us. The Toombses, Popes, Mary Wynn, Mr. Saile, and Capt. John Garnett, our Virginia cousin, were invited to meet the general and staff. Capt. Garnett is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, with magnificent black eyes and hair, but seems to me wanting in vivacity. I reckon it is because he is in love with a frisky widow, who is leading him a dance, for the gentlemen all like him, and say that he has a great deal of dry humor. We had several sets of the Lancers and Prince Imperial, interspersed with waltzes and galops, and wound up with an old-fashioned Virginia reel, Gen. Elzey and I leading off. The general is too nice for anything. I told Mrs. Elzey that if she hadn't had first chance at him, I would fall over head and ears in love with him myself.

April 29, Saturday.—Visitors all day, in shoals and swarms. Capt. Irwin brought Judge Crump of Richmond, to stay at our house. He is an ugly old fellow, with a big nose, but perfectly delightful in conversation, and father says he wishes he would stay a month. Capt. Irwin seems very fond of him, and says there is no man in Virginia more beloved and respected. He is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury or something

of the sort, and is wandering about the country with his poor barren exchequer, trying to protect what is left of it, for the payment of Confederate soldiers. He has in charge, also, the assets of some Richmond banks, of which he is, or was, president, *dum Troja fuit.* He says that in Augusta he met twenty-five of his clerks with ninety-five barrels of papers not worth a pin all put together, which they had brought out of Richmond, while things of real value were left a prey to the enemy.

April 30, *Sunday.*—We were all standing under the ash tree by the fountain after breakfast, watching the antics of a squirrel up in the branches, when Gen. Elzey and Touch [name by which the general's son, Arnold, a lad of 14, was known among his friends] came to tell us that Garnett was wounded in the fight at Salisbury, N. C. Mr. Saile brought the news from Augusta, but could give no particulars except that his wound was not considered dangerous, and that his galvanized Yanks behaved badly, as anybody might have known they would. A little later the mail brought a letter from Gen. Gardiner, his commanding officer, entirely relieving our fears for his personal safety. He is a prisoner, but will soon be paroled. When I came in from church in the afternoon, I found Burton Harrison, Mr. Davis's private secretary, among our guests. He is said to be engaged to the Miss Constance Carey, of whom my old Montgomery acquaintance, that handsome Ed Carey, used to talk

so much. He came in with Mrs. Davis, who is being entertained at Dr. Ficklen's. Nobody knows where the President is, but I hope he is far west of this by now. All sorts of ridiculous rumors are afloat concerning him; one, that he passed through town yesterday hid in a box marked "specie," might better begin with an *h*. Others, equally reliable, appoint every day in the week for his arrival in Washington with a bodyguard of 1,000 men, but I am sure he has better sense than to travel in such a conspicuous way. Mr. Harrison probably knows more about his whereabouts than anybody else, but of course we ask no questions. Mrs. Davis herself says that she has no idea where he is, which is the only wise thing for her to say. The poor woman is in a deplorable condition—no home, no money, and her husband a fugitive. She says she sold her plate in Richmond, and in the stampede from that place, the money, all but fifty dollars, was left behind. I am very sorry for her, and wish I could do something to help her, but we are all reduced to poverty, and the most we can do is for those of us who have homes to open our doors to the rest. If secession were to do over, I expect father's warning voice would no longer be silenced by jeers, and I would no more be hooted at as the daughter of a "submissionist." But I have not much respect for the sort of Union men that are beginning to talk big now, and hope my father will never turn against his own people like that infamous "Committee of Seventeen," in Savannah.

Right or wrong, I believe in standing by your own people, especially when they are down.*

May 1, *Monday*.—Crowds of callers all day. The Irvin Artillery are back, and it was almost like a reception, so many of them kept coming in. Capt. Thomas called again with Capt. Garnett. They staid a long time, and we enjoyed their visit, except for a stupid blunder. Capt. Thomas informed us that he was a widower, with one child, but he looked so boyish that we thought he was joking and treated the matter with such levity that we were horribly mortified later, when Capt. Garnett told us it was true. I told Mett neither of us could ever hope to be stepmother to that little boy.

Men were coming in all day, with busy faces, to see Mr. Harrison, and one of them brought news of Johnston's surrender, but Mr. Harrison didn't tell anybody about it except father, and the rest of us were left in ignorance till afternoon when Fred came back with the news from Augusta. While we were at dinner, a brother of Mrs. Davis came in and called for Mr. Harrison, and after a hurried interview with him, Mr. Harrison came back into the dining-room and said it had been decided that Mrs. Davis would

* Reference is made above to a meeting held in Savannah a short time before by a small number of "loyal" citizens, including the mayor and some of the city council, with a view to bringing the municipal government into harmony with the Federal authorities. Their action was considered servile and unwarranted, and excited great indignation throughout the State.

leave town to-morrow. Delicacy forbade our asking any questions, but I suppose they were alarmed by some of the numerous reports that are always flying about the approach of the Yankees. Mother called on Mrs. Davis this afternoon, and she really believes they are on their way here and may arrive at any moment. She seemed delighted with her reception here, and, to the honor of our town, it can be truly said that she has received more attention than would have been shown her even in the palmiest days of her prosperity.

The conduct of a Texas regiment in the streets this afternoon gave us a sample of the chaos and general demoralization that may be expected to follow the breaking up of our government. They raised a riot about their rations, in which they were joined by all the disorderly elements among both soldiers and citizens. First they plundered the Commissary Department, and then turned loose on the quartermaster's stores. Paper, pens, buttons, tape, cloth—everything in the building—was seized and strewn about on the ground. Negroes and children joined the mob and grabbed what they could of the plunder. Col. Weems's provost guard refused to interfere, saying they were too good soldiers to fire on their comrades, and so the plundering went on unopposed. Nobody seemed to care much, as we all know the Yankees will get it in the end, any way, if our men don't. I was at Miss Maria Randolph's when the disturbance began,

but by keeping to the back streets I avoided the worst of the row, though I encountered a number of stragglers, running away with their booty. The soldiers were very generous with their "confiscated" goods, giving away paper, pens, tape, &c., to anybody they happened to meet. One of them poked a handful of pen staves at me; another, staggering under an armful of stationery, threw me a ream of paper, saying: "There, take that and write to your sweetheart on it." I took no notice of any of them, but hurried on home as fast as I could, all the way meeting negroes, children, and men loaded with plunder. When I reached home I found some of our own servants with their arms full of thread, paper, and pens, which they offered to sell me, and one of them gave me several reams of paper. I carried them to father, and he collected all the other booty he could find, intending to return it to headquarters, but he was told that there is no one to receive it, no place to send it to—in fact, there seemed to be no longer any headquarters nor any other semblance of authority. Father saved one box of bacon for Col. Weems by hauling it away in his wagon and concealing it in his smokehouse. All of Johnston's army and the greater portion of Lee's are still to pass through, and since the rioters have destroyed so much of the forage and provisions intended for their use, there will be great difficulty in feeding them. They did not stop at food, but helped themselves to all the horses and mules they needed. A band

of them made a raid on Gen. Elzey's camp and took nine of his mules. They excused themselves by saying that all government stores will be seized by the Yankees in a few days, any way, if left alone, and our own soldiers might as well get the good of them while they can. This would be true, if there were not so many others yet to come who ought to have their share.

Our back yard and kitchen have been filled all day, as usual, with soldiers waiting to have their rations cooked. One of them, who had a wounded arm, came into the house to have it dressed, and said that he was at Salisbury when Garnett was shot and saw him fall. He told some miraculous stories about the valorous deeds of "the colonel," and although they were so exaggerated that I set them down as apocryphal, I gave him a piece of cake, notwithstanding, to pay him for telling them.

May 2, Tuesday.—Mr. Harrison left this morning, with a God-speed from all the family and prayers for the safety of the honored fugitives committed to his charge.

The disorders begun by the Texans yesterday were continued to-day, every fresh band that arrived from the front falling into the way of their predecessors. They have been pillaging the ordnance stores at the dépot, in which they were followed by negroes, boys, and mean white men. I don't see what people are thinking about to let ammunition fall into the hands of the negroes, but everybody is demoralized and reck-

less and nobody seems to care about anything any more. A number of paroled men came into our grove where they sat under the trees to empty the cartridges they had seized. Confederate money is of no more use now than so much waste paper, but by filling their canteens with powder they can trade it off along the road for provisions. They scattered lead and cartridges all over the ground. Marshall went out after they left and picked up enough to last him for years. The balls do not fit his gun, but he can remold them and draw the powder out of the cartridges to shoot with. I am uneasy at having so much explosive material in the house, especially when I consider the careless manner in which we have to live. There is so much company and so much to do that even the servants hardly have time to eat. I never lived in such excitement and confusion in my life. Thousands of people pass through Washington every day, and our house is like a free hotel; father welcomes everybody as long as there is a square foot of vacant space under his roof. Meeting all these pleasant people is the one compensation of this dismal time, and I don't know how I shall exist when they have all gone their ways, and we settle down in the mournful quiet of subjugation. Besides the old friends that are turning up every day, there is a continual stream of new faces crossing my path, and I make some pleasant acquaintance or form some new friendship every day. The sad part of it is that the most of them I will probably

never meet again, and if I should, where, and how? What will they be? What will I be? These are portentous questions in such a time as this.

We had a larger company to dinner to-day than usual, but no one that specially interested me. In the afternoon came a poor soldier from Abbeville, with a message from Garnett that he was there, waiting for father to send the carriage to bring him home. He sat on the soft grass before the door, and we fed him on sorghum cake and milk, the only things we had to offer. I am glad the cows have not been emancipated, for the soldiers always beg for milk; I never saw one that was not eager for it at any time. After the soldier, Ed Napier came in, who was a captain in Garnett's battalion and was taken prisoner with him. He says that Garnett covered himself with glory; even the Yankees spoke of his gallantry and admired him.

It seems as if all the people I ever heard of, or never heard of, either, for that matter, are passing through Washington. Some of our friends pass on without stopping to see us because they say they are too ragged and dirty to show themselves. Poor fellows! if they only knew how honorable rags and dirt are now, in our eyes, when endured in the service of their country, they would not be ashamed of them. The son of the richest man in New Orleans trudged through the other day, with no coat to his back, no shoes on his feet. The town is full of celebrities, and many poor fugitives, whose necks are in danger, meet here to concert

plans for escape, and I put it in my prayers every night that they may be successful. Gen. Wigfall started for the West some days ago, but his mules were stolen, and he had to return. He is frantic, they say, with rage and disappointment. Gen. Toombs left to-night, but old Governor Brown, it is said, has determined not to desert his post. I am glad he has done something to deserve respect, and hope he may get off yet, as soon as the Yankees appoint a military governor. Clement Clay is believed to be well on his way to the Trans-Mississippi, the Land of Promise now, or rather the City of Refuge from which it is hoped a door of escape may be found to Mexico or Cuba. The most terrible part of the war is now to come, the "Bloody Assizes." "Kirke's Lambs," in the shape of Yankee troopers, are closing in upon us; our own disbanded armies, ragged, starving, hopeless, reckless, are roaming about without order or leaders, making their way to their far-off homes as best they can. The props that held society up are broken. Everything is in a state of disorganization and tumult. We have no currency, no law save the primitive code that might makes right. We are in a transition state from war to subjugation, and it is far worse than was the transition from peace to war. The suspense and anxiety in which we live are terrible.

May 3, *Wednesday.*—Fred started for Abbeville in the carriage to bring Garnett home. We hear now that the Yankees are in Abbeville, and, if so, I am

afraid they will take the horses away and then I don't know how Garnett will get home. They are father's carriage horses, and we would be in a sad plight with no way to ride. Our cavalry are playing havoc with stock all through the country. The Texans are especially noted in this respect. They have so far to go that the temptation is greater in their case. There is hardly a planter in Wilkes County who has not lost one or more of his working animals since they began to pass through. They seize horses, even when they are already well-mounted, and trade them off. They broke into Mr. Ben Bowdre's stable and took possession of his carriage horses, and helped themselves to two from the buggies of quiet citizens on the square. Almost everybody I know has had horses stolen or violently taken from him. I was walking with Dr. Sale in the street yesterday evening, and a soldier passed us leading a mule, while the rightful owner followed after, wasting breath in useless remonstrances. As they passed us, the soldier called out: "A man that's going to Texas must have a mule to ride, don't you think so, lady?" I made no answer, Dr. Sale gave a doubtful assent. It is astonishing what a demoralizing influence association with horses seems to exercise over the human race. Put a man on horseback and his next idea is to play the bully or to steal something. We had an instance of ill-behavior at our house last night—the first and only one that has occurred among the hundreds—thou-

sands, I might almost say, that have stopped at our door. Our back yard and kitchen were filled all day with parties of soldiers coming to get their rations cooked, or to ask for something to eat. Mother kept two servants hard at work, cooking for them. While we were at supper, a squad of a dozen or more cavalrymen rode up and asked for a meal. Every seat at the table was filled, and some of the family waiting because there was no room for us, so mother told mammy to set a table for them on the front piazza, and serve them with such as we had ourselves—which was nothing to brag on, I must own. They were so incensed at not being invited into the house that mammy says they cursed her and said Judge Andrews was a d——d old aristocrat, and deserved to have his house burned down. I suppose they were drunk, or stragglers from some of the conscript regiments enrolled after the flower of our armies had been decimated in the great battles.

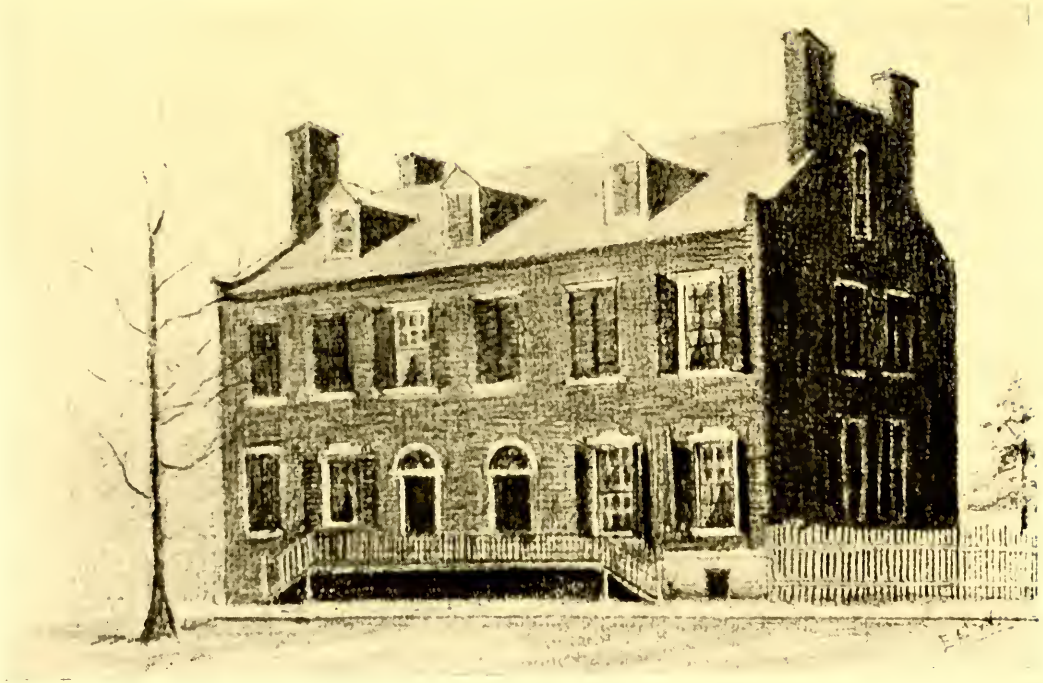
We had a good laugh on Capt. Irwin this morning. He is counting on the sale of his horse for money to carry him home, and seems to imagine that every man in a cavalry uniform is a horse thief bent on capturing his little nag. A Capt. Morton, of the cavalry, called here after breakfast, with a letter of introduction from friends, and our dear little captain immediately ran out bare-headed, to stand guard over his charger. I don't know which laughed most when the situation was explained. Capt. Palfrey and Capt. Swett, of Gen. El-

zey's staff, called later to bid us good-by. They have no money, but each was provided with a card of buttons with which they count on buying a meal or two on the way. Cousin Liza added to their store a paper of pins and Cora another card of buttons. We laughed very much at this new kind of currency.

About noon the town was thrown into the wildest excitement by the arrival of President Davis. He is traveling with a large escort of cavalry, a very imprudent thing for a man in his position to do, especially now that Johnston has surrendered, and the fact that they are all going in the same direction to their homes is the only thing that keeps them together. He rode into town ahead of his escort, and as he was passing by the bank, where the Elzeys board, the general and several other gentlemen were sitting on the front porch, and the instant they recognized him they took off their hats and received him with every mark of respect due the president of a brave people. When he reined in his horse, all the staff who were present advanced to hold the reins and assist him to dismount, while Dr. and Mrs. Robertson hastened to offer the hospitality of their home. About forty of his immediate personal friends and attendants were with him, and they were all half-starved, having tasted nothing for twenty-four hours. Capt. Irwin came running home in great haste to ask mother to send them something to eat, as it was reported the Yankees were approaching the town from two opposite directions closing in upon the President,

and it was necessary to hurry him off at once. There was not so much as a crust of bread in our house, everything available having been given to soldiers. There was some bread in the kitchen that had just been baked for a party of soldiers, but they were willing to wait, and I begged some milk from Aunt Sallie, and by adding to these our own dinner as soon as Emily could finish cooking it, we contrived to get together a very respectable lunch. We had just sent it off when the president's escort came in, followed by couriers who brought the comforting assurance that it was a false alarm about the enemy being so near. By this time the president's arrival had become generally known, and people began flocking to see him; but he went to bed almost as soon as he got into the house, and Mrs. Elzey would not let him be waked. One of his friends, Col. Thorburne, came to our house and went right to bed and slept fourteen hours on a stretch. The party are all worn out and half-dead for sleep. They travel mostly at night, and have been in the saddle for three nights in succession. Mrs. Elzey says that Mr. Davis does not seem to have been aware of the real danger of his situation until he came to Washington, where some of his friends gave him a serious talk, and advised him to travel with more secrecy and dispatch than he has been using.

Mr. Reagan and Mr. Mallory are also in town, and Gen. Toombs has returned, having encountered danger ahead, I fear. Judge Crump is back too, with his Con-



THE OLD BANK BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, GA., WHERE PRESIDENT DAVIS HELD HIS LAST CABINET MEETING, MAY 3, 1865

From a pencil sketch made at the time

federate treasury, containing, it is said, three hundred thousand dollars in specie. He is staying at our house, but the treasure is thought to be stored in the vault at the bank. It will hardly be necessary for him to leave the country, but his friends advise him to keep in the shade for a time. If the Yankees once get scent of money, they will be sure to ferret it out. They have already begun their reign of terror in Richmond, by arresting many of the prominent citizens. Judge Crump is in a state of distraction about his poor little wandering exchequer, which seems to stand an even chance between the Scylla of our own hungry cavalry and the Charybdis of Yankee cupidity. I wish it could all be divided among the men whose necks are in danger, to assist them in getting out of the country, but I don't suppose one of them would touch it. Anything would be preferable to letting the Yankees get it.

Among the stream of travelers pouring through Washington, my old friend, Dr. Cromwell, has turned up, and is going to spend several days with us. Capt. Napier, Col. Walter Weems, Capt. Shaler Smith, and Mr. Hallam ate supper with us, but we had no sleeping room to offer them except the grass under the trees in the grove. Capt. Smith and Mr. Hallam are Kentuckians, and bound for that illusive land of hope, the Trans-Mississippi. They still believe the battle of Southern independence will be fought out there and won. If faith as a grain of mustard seed can move mountains, what ought not faith like this to accomplish!

Mr. Hallam is a high-spirited young fellow, and reminds me of the way we all used to talk and feel at the beginning of the war. I believe he thinks he could fight the whole Yankee nation now, single-handed, and whip them, too. He is hardly more than a boy, and only a second lieutenant, yet, as he gravely informed me, is now the chief ordnance officer of the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner and made his escape without being paroled, and since the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies, he really is, it seems, the ranking ordnance officer in the poor little remnant that is still fixing its hope on the Trans-Mississippi. They spent the night in the grove, where they could watch their horses. It was dreadful that we had not even stable room to offer them, but every place in this establishment that can accommodate man or beast was already occupied.

May 4, *Thursday.*—I am in such a state of excitement that I can do nothing but spend my time, like the Athenians of old, in either hearing or telling some new thing. I sat under the cedar trees by the street gate nearly all the morning, with Metta and Cousin Liza, watching the stream of human life flow by, and keeping guard over the horses of some soldier friends that had left them grazing on the lawn. Father and Cora went to call on the President, and in spite of his prejudice against everybody and everything connected with secession, father says his manner was so calm and dignified that he could not help admiring the man. Crowds

of people flocked to see him, and nearly all were melted to tears. Gen. Elzey pretended to have dust in his eyes and Mrs. Elzey blubbered outright, exclaiming all the while, in her impulsive way: "Oh, I am such a fool to be crying, but I can't help it!" When she was telling me about it afterwards, she said she could not stay in the room with him yesterday evening, because she couldn't help crying, and she was ashamed for the people who called to see her looking so ugly, with her eyes and nose red. She says that at night, after the crowd left, there was a private meeting in his room, where Reagan and Mallory and other high officials were present, and again early in the morning there were other confabulations before they all scattered and went their ways—and this, I suppose, is the end of the Confederacy. Then she made me laugh by telling some ludicrous things that happened while the crowd was calling. . . . It is strange how closely interwoven tragedy and comedy are in life.

The people of the village sent so many good things for the President to eat, that an ogre couldn't have devoured them all, and he left many little delicacies, besides giving away a number of his personal effects, to people who had been kind to him. He requested that one package be sent to mother, which, if it ever comes, must be kept as an heirloom in the family. I don't suppose he knows what strong Unionists father and mother have always been, but for all that I am sure they would be as ready to help him now, if they

could, as the hottest rebel among us. I was not ashamed of father's being a Union man when his was the down-trodden, persecuted party; but now, when our country is down-trodden, the Union means something very different from what it did four years ago. It is a great grief and mortification to me that he sticks to that wicked old tyranny still, but he is a Southerner and a gentleman, in spite of his politics, and at any rate nobody can accuse him of self-interest, for he has sacrificed as much in the war as any other private citizen I know, except those whose children have been killed. His sons, all but little Marshall, have been in the army since the very first gun—in fact, Garnett was the first man to volunteer from the county, and it is through the mercy of God and not of his beloved Union that they have come back alive. Then, he has lost not only his negroes, like everybody else, but his land, too.

The President left town about ten o'clock, with a single companion, his unruly cavalry escort having gone on before. He travels sometimes with them, sometimes before, sometimes behind, never permitting his precise location to be known. Generals Bragg and Breckinridge are in the village, with a host of minor celebrities. Gen. Breckinridge is called the handsomest man in the Confederate army, and Bragg might well be called the ugliest. I saw him at Mrs. Vickers's, where he is staying, and he looks like an old porcupine. I never was a special admirer of his, though it would

be a good thing if some of his stringent views about discipline could be put into effect just now—if discipline were possible among men without a leader, without a country, without a hope. The army is practically disbanded, and citizens, as well as soldiers, thoroughly demoralized. It has gotten to be pretty much a game of grab with us all; every man for himself and the Devil (or the Yankees, which amounts to the same thing) take the hindmost. Nearly all government teams have been seized and driven out of town by irresponsibile parties—indeed, there seems to be nobody responsible for anything any longer. Gen. Elzey's two ambulances were taken last night, so that Capt. Palfrey and Capt. Swett are left in the lurch, and will have to make their way home by boat and rail, or afoot, as best they can.

Large numbers of cavalry passed through town during the day. A solid, unbroken stream of them poured past our street gate for two hours, many of them leading extra horses. They raised such clouds of dust that it looked as if a yellow fog had settled over our grove. Duke's division threatened to plunder the treasury, so that Gen. Breckinridge had to open it and pay them a small part of their stipend in specie. Others put in a claim too, and some deserving men got a few dollars. Capt. Smith and Mr. Hallam called in the afternoon, and the latter showed me ninety dollars in gold, which is all that he has received for four years of service. I don't see what better could be done with

the money than to pay it all out to the soldiers of the Confederacy before the Yankees gobble it up.

While we were in the parlor with these and other visitors, the carriage drove up with Fred and Garnett and Garnett's "galvanized" attendant, Gobin. As soon as I heard the sound of wheels coming up the avenue, I ran to one of the front windows, and when I recognized our carriage, Metta, Cora, and I tore helter-skelter out of the house to meet them. Garnett looks very thin and pale. The saber cuts on his head are nearly healed, but the wound in his shoulder is still very painful. His fingers are partially paralyzed from it, but I hope not permanently. Gobin seems attached to him and dresses his wounds carefully. He is an Irish Yankee, deserted, and came across the lines to keep from fighting, but was thrown into prison and only got out by enlisting in a "galvanized" regiment. I wonder how many of the patriots in the Union army have the same unsavory record! He is an inconvenient person to have about the house, anyway, for he is no better than a servant, and yet we can't put him with the negroes. Garnett says the report about his galvanized troops having behaved badly in the battle was a slander. They fought splendidly, he says, and were devoted to their officers. If the war had lasted longer, he thinks he could have made a fine regiment out of them, but somehow I can't feel anything but contempt for that sort of men, nor put any faith in them.

Aunt Sallie invited Mr. Habersham Adams, her pastor, and his wife, to dinner, and Cousin Liza, Mary Day, Cora, Metta, and me, to help them eat it. She had such a dinner as good old Methodist ladies know how to get up for their preachers, though where all the good things came from, Heaven only knows. She must have been hoarding them for months. We ate as only hungry Rebs can, that have been half-starved for weeks, and expect to starve the rest of our days. We have no kind of meat in our house but ham and bacon, and have to eat hominy instead of rice, at dinner. Sometimes we get a few vegetables out of the garden, but everything has been so stripped to feed the soldiers, that we never have enough to spread a respectable meal before the large number of guests, expected and unexpected, who sit down to our table every day. In spite of all we can do, there is a look of scantiness about the table that makes people afraid to eat as much as they want—and the dreadful things we have to give them, at that! Cornfield peas have been our staple diet for the last ten days. Mother has them cooked in every variety of style she ever heard of, but they are cornfield peas still. All this would have been horribly mortifying a year or two ago, but everybody knows how it is now, and I am glad to have even cornfield peas to share with the soldiers. Three cavalry officers ate dinner at the house while we were at Aunt Sallie's. Mother says they were evidently gentlemen, but they were so ragged and dirty that she thought the

poor fellows did not like to give their names. They didn't introduce themselves, and she didn't ask who they were. Poor Henry is in the same plight, somewhere, I reckon. The cavalry are not popular about here just now; everybody is crying out against them, even their own officers. On their way from Abbeville, Fred and Garnett met a messenger with a flag of truce, which had been sent out by some (pretended) cavalrymen who had plundered a government specie wagon at the Savannah River and professed to be hunting for Yankees to whom they might surrender. Garnett says he does not think there are any Yanks within forty miles of Abbeville, though as the "grape vine" is our only telegraph, we know nothing with certainty. Boys and negroes and sportsmen are taking advantage of the ammunition scattered broadcast by the pillaging of the ordnance stores, to indulge in fireworks of every description, and there is so much shooting going on all around town that we wouldn't know it if a battle were being fought. Capt. Irwin came near being killed this afternoon by a stray minié ball shot by some careless person. The R.R. dépot is in danger of being blown up by the quantities of gunpowder scattered about there, mixed up with percussion caps. Fred says that when he came up from Augusta the other day, the railroad between here and Barnett was strewn with loose cartridges and empty canteens that the soldiers had thrown out of the car windows.

I have so little time for writing that I make a dread-

ful mess of these pages. I can hardly ever write fifteen minutes at a time without interruption. Sometimes I break off in the middle of a sentence and do not return to it for hours, and so I am apt to get everything into a jumble. And the worst of it is, we are living in such a state of hurry and excitement that half the time I don't know whether I am telling the truth or not. Mother says that she will have to turn the library into a bedroom if we continue to have so much company, and then I shall have no quiet place to go to, and still less time to myself. It seems that the more I have to say, the less time I have to say it in. From breakfast till midnight I am engaged nearly all the time with company, so that the history of each day has to be written mostly in the spare moments I can steal before breakfast on the next, and sometimes I can only scratch down a few lines to be written out at length whenever I can find the time. I have been keeping this diary so long and through so many difficulties and interruptions that it would be like losing an old friend if I were to discontinue it. I can tell it what I can say to no one else, not even to Metta. . . . But after all, I enjoy the rush and excitement famously. Mett says that she don't enjoy a man's society, no matter how nice he is, till she knows him well, but I confess that I like change and variety. A man that I know nothing about—provided, of course, he is a gentleman—is a great deal more interesting to me than the people I see every day, just because there

is something to find out; people get to be commonplace when you know them too well.

May 5, *Friday*.—It has come at last—what we have been dreading and expecting so long—what has caused so many panics and false alarms—but it is no false alarm this time; the Yankees are actually in Washington. Before we were out of bed a courier came in with news that Kirke—name of ill omen—was only seven miles from town, plundering and devastating the country. Father hid the silver and what little coin he had in the house, but no other precautions were taken. They have cried "wolf" so often that we didn't pay much attention to it, and besides, what could we do, anyway? After dinner we all went to our rooms as usual, and I sat down to write. Presently some one knocked at my door and said: "The Yankees have come, and are camped in Will Pope's grove." I paid no attention and went on quietly with my writing. Later, I dressed and went down to the library, where Dr. Cromwell was waiting for me, and asked me to go with him to call on Annie Pope. We found the streets deserted; not a soldier, not a straggler did we see. The silence of death reigned where a few hours ago all was stir and bustle—and it is the death of our liberty. After the excitement of the last few days, the stillness was painful, oppressive. I thought of Chateaubriand's famous passage: "Lorsque dans le silence de l'abjection" &c. News of the odious arrival seems to have spread like a secret pestilence through the country, and

travelers avoid the tainted spot. I suppose the returning soldiers flank us, for I have seen none on the streets to-day, and none have called at our house. The troops that are here came from Athens. There are about sixty-five white men, and fifteen negroes, under the command of a Major Wilcox. They say that they come for peace, to protect us from our own lawless cavalry—to *protect* us, indeed! with their negro troops, runaways from our own plantations! I would rather be skinned and eaten by wild beasts than beholden to *them* for such protection. As they were marching through town, a big buck negro leading a raw-boned jade is said to have made a conspicuous figure in the procession. Respectable people were shut up in their houses, but the little street urchins immediately began to sing, when they saw the big black Sancho and his Rosinante:

"Yankee Doodle went to town and stole a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his crown and called him Macaroni."

They followed the Yanks nearly to their camping ground at the Mineral Spring, singing and jeering at the negroes, and strange to say, the Yankees did not offer to molest them. I have not laid eyes on one of the creatures myself, and they say they do not intend to come into the town unless to put down disturbances —the sweet, peaceful lambs! They never sacked Columbia; they never burnt Atlanta; they never left a black trail of ruin and desolation through the whole

length of our dear old Georgia! No, not they! I wonder how long this sugar and honey policy is to continue. They deceive no one with their Puritanical hypocrisy, bringing our own runaway negroes here to protect us. Next thing they will have a negro garrison in the town for our benefit. Their odious old flag has not yet been raised in the village, and I pray God they will have the grace to spare us that insult, at least until Johnston's army has all passed through. The soldiers will soon return to their old route of travel, and there is no telling what our boys might be tempted to do at the sight of that emblem of tyranny on the old courthouse steeple, where once floated the "lone star banner" that Cora and I made with our own hands—the first rebel flag that was ever raised in Washington. Henry brought us the cloth, and we made it on the sly in Cora's room at night, hustling it under the bed, if a footstep came near, for fear father or mother might catch us and put a stop to our work. It would break my heart to see the emblem of our slavery floating in its place. Our old liberty pole is gone. Some of the Irvin Artillery went one night before the Yankees came, and cut it down and carried it off. It was a sad night's work, but there was no other way to save it from desecration.

Gen. Elzey, Col. Weems, and several other leading citizens went to the Yankee camp soon after they arrived to see about making arrangements for feeding the paroled men who are still to pass through, and to

settle other matters of public interest. It was reported that father went with them to surrender the town, but it was a slander; he has not been near them. Garnett's galvanized Yank immediately fraternized with them, and Garnett is going to send him away to-morrow. Gen. Elzey looks wretched, and we all feel miserable enough.

When Capt. Irwin came home to supper, he told me that he had been trying to draw forage from the Confederate stores for his horse, but could not get any because it was all to be turned over to the new masters. He was so angry that he forgot himself and let out a "cuss word" before he thought, right in my presence. And I wouldn't let him apologize. I told him I was glad he did it, because I couldn't swear myself and it was a relief to my feelings to hear somebody else do it. While we were talking, old Toby's bark announced a visitor, who turned out to be Capt. Hudson. Metta brought out her guitar, and she and Garnett tried to sing a little, but most of the evening was spent in quiet conversation. It seemed hard to realize, as we sat there talking peacefully in the soft moonlight, surrounded by the dear old Confederate uniforms, that the enemy is actually in our midst. But I realized it only too fully when I heard the wearers of the uniforms talk. They do not whine over their altered fortunes and ruined prospects, but our poor ruined country, the slavery and degradation to which it is reduced—they grow pathetic over that. We have a

charming circle of friends round us now. Judge Crump, especially, is one of the most entertaining men I ever knew. He has traveled a great deal and I was very much interested in his account of Dickens's wife, whom he knows well. He says that she is altogether the most unattractive woman he ever met. She has a yellowish, cat-like eye, a muddy complexion, dull, coarse hair of an undecided color, and a very awkward person. On top of it all she is, he says, one of the most intolerably stupid women he ever met. He has had to entertain her for hours at a time and could never get an idea out of her nor one into her. Think of such a wife for Dickens!

Porter Alexander has got home and brings discouraging reports of the state of feeling at the North. After he was paroled he went to see the Brazilian minister at Washington to learn what the chances were of getting into the Brazilian army. He says he met with very little encouragement and had to hurry away from Washington because, since Lincoln's assassination the feeling against Southerners has grown so bitter that he didn't think it safe to stay there. He says the generality of the people at the North were disposed to receive the Confederate officers kindly, but since the assassination the whole country is embittered against us—very unjustly, too, for they have no right to lay upon innocent people the crazy deed of a madman.

The Yankee papers are now accusing Mr. Davis and

his party of appropriating all the money in the Confederate Treasury to their own use, but thank Heaven, everybody in Washington can refute that slander. The treasury was plundered here, in our midst, and I saw some of the gold, with my own eyes, in the hands of Confederate soldiers—right where it ought to be.

The talk now is, judging from the ease with which Breckinridge was allowed to slip through this morning, that the military authorities are conniving at the escape of Mr. Davis. Breckinridge, when he found that the Philistines were about to be upon him, used a carefully planned stratagem of war to deceive Wilcoxson, by which he imagined that he gained time to destroy his papers and give him the slip, while in reality, they say, the Yanks were making no effort to detain him, and he might have gone openly with his papers unmolested. The general belief is that Grant and the military men, even Sherman, are not anxious for the ugly job of hanging such a man as our president, and are quite willing to let him give them the slip, and get out of the country if he can. The military men, who do the hard and cruel things in war, seem to be more merciful in peace than the politicians who stay at home and do the talking.

CHAPTER V

IN THE DUST AND ASHES OF DEFEAT

May 6—June 1, 1865

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The circumstances under which this part of the diary were written now belong to the world's history, and need no explanation here. The bitterness that pervades its pages may seem regrettable to those who have never passed through the like experiences, but if the reader will "uncentury" himself for a moment and try to realize the position of the old slaveholders, a proud and masterful race, on seeing bands of their former slaves marching in triumph through their streets, he may perhaps understand our feelings sufficiently to admit that they were, to say the least, not unnatural.

And let me here repeat what I have tried to make clear from the beginning, that this book is not offered to the public as an exposition of the present attitude of the writer or her people, nor as a calm and impartial history of the time with which it deals. It is rather to be compared to one of those fossil relics gathered by the geologist from the wrecks of former generations; a simple footprint, perhaps, or a vestige of a bone, which yet, imperfect and of small account in itself, conveys to the practiced eye a clearer knowledge of the world to which it belonged than volumes of learned research.

The incident about the flag with which the chapter opens, and other similar ones related further on, may perhaps give pain to some brave men who fought with honor

under it. For this I am sorry, but the truth is the truth, and if the flag of our country has sometimes been dishonored in the hands of unworthy men, there is all the more reason why the sons of those who fought honorably and conscientiously on both sides should unite in closer fellowship to wipe out the stains put on it by fratricidal hate, and see that the light of its stars shall never again be dimmed by any act that the heart of a true American cannot be proud of.

May 6, Saturday.—The mournful silence of yesterday has been succeeded by noise and confusion passing anything we have yet experienced. Reënforcements have joined Wilcox, and large numbers of Stoneman's and Wilson's cavalry are passing through on their way to Augusta. Confederate soldiers, too, are beginning to come by this route again, so Washington is now a thoroughfare for both armies. Our troops do not come in such numbers as formerly, still there have been a great many on the streets to-day. About noon, two brigades of our cavalry passed going west, and at the same time a body of Yankees went by going east. There were several companies of negroes among them, and their hateful old striped rag was floating in triumph over their heads. Cousin Liza turned her back on it, Cora shook her fist at it, and I was so enraged that I said I wished the wind would tear it to flinders and roll it in the dirt till it was black all over, as the colors of such a crew ought to be. Then father took me by the shoulder and said that if I didn't change my

way of talking about the flag of my country he would send me to my room and keep me there a week. We had never known anything but peace and security and protection under that flag, he said, as long as we remained true to it. I wanted to ask him what sort of peace and protection the people along Sherman's line of march had found under it, but I didn't dare. Father don't often say much, but when he does flare up like that, we all know we have got to hold our tongues or get out of the way. It made me think of that night when Georgia seceded. What would father have done if he had known that that secession flag was made in his house? It pinches my conscience, sometimes, when I think about it. What a dreadful thing it is for a household to be so divided in politics as we are! Father sticks to the Union through thick and thin, and mother sticks to father, though I believe she is more than half a rebel at heart, on account of the boys. Fred and Garnett are good Confederates, but too considerate of father to say much, while all the rest of us are red-hot Rebs. Garnett is the coolest head in the family, and Henry the hottest. I used to sympathize with father myself, in the beginning, for it did seem a pity to break up a great nation about a parcel of African savages, if we had known any other way to protect our rights; but now, since the Yankees have treated us so abominably, burning and plundering our country and bringing a gang of negro soldiers here to insult us, I don't see how anybody can tolerate the sight of their

odious old flag again. To do father justice, our house is so far from the street that he couldn't see the plunder with which the wretches, both black and white, were loaded, but Cousin Mary Cooper, who lives right on the street, opposite our gate, told us that she saw one white man with a silver cake basket tied to the pommel of his saddle, and nearly all of them had stolen articles dangling from the front of their saddles, or slung on in bags behind. And yet, they blame us for not respecting their flag, when we see it again for the first time in four years, floating over scenes like this!

A large body of the brigands are camped back of Aunty's meadow, and have actually thrown the dear old lady, who was never known to speak a cross word to anybody, into a rage, by their insolence. Capt. Hudson had almost to kick one of them out of the house before he could get him to move, and the rascal cried out, as he went down the steps: "I thought you Rebs were all subjugated now, and I could go where I pleased." Another taunted her by saying: "You have got plenty of slaves to wait on you now, but you won't have them long." They tried to buy provisions of her, but she told them that everything she had to spare was for our own soldiers, and would not let them have a mouthful. Mr. Hull [her son-in-law] had to ask for a guard from the commanding officer to protect the family. They have their patrols all over the town, and I can hear their insolent songs and laughter whenever I stop talking long enough to listen. Our

house is so far back from the street that we suffer comparatively little. Two men in blue came up and asked for supper while we were sitting on the piazza after tea, but nobody took any notice of them. Mother had been so busy all day getting up extra meals for our own men, and was so utterly fagged out that she did not even look up to see who they were. We didn't tell her, for fear father might hear and want us to give them something, and they went away. Gen. Yorke is with us now, and a body of his men are camped in the grove. He is a rough old fellow, but has a brave record, and wears an empty sleeve. They say he was the richest man in Louisiana "before the deluge"—owned 30,000 acres of land and 900 negroes, besides plantations in Texas—and now, he hasn't money enough to pay his way home. He is very fond of cigarettes, and I keep both him and Capt. Hudson supplied with them. The captain taught me how to roll them, and I have become so skilful that I can make them like we used to knit socks, without looking at what I am doing.

Gen. Elzey called after tea, and I failed to recognize him at first, because he had on a white jacket, and there is such a strange mixture of Yanks and Rebs in town that I am suspicious of every man who doesn't wear a gray coat. The moon was shining in my eyes and blinded me as I met the general at the head of the steps, and I kept a sour face, intended for a possible Yankee intruder, till he caught my hand and spoke;

then we both laughed. Our laughter, however, was short-lived; we spent a miserable evening in the beautiful moonlight that we knew was shining on the ruin of our country. Capt. Irwin made heroic efforts to keep up his spirits and cheer the rest of us, but even he failed. Gen. Yorke, too, did his best to laugh at our miserable little jokes, and told some good stories of his own, but they fell flat, like the captain's. Judge Crump tried to talk of literature and art, but conversation flagged and always returned to the same miserable theme. Gen. Elzey said he wished that he had been killed in battle. He says that this is the most miserable day of his life, and he looked it. It is very hard on the West Point men, for they don't know anything but soldiering, and the army is closed to them: they have no career before them.

There is a brigade of Kentucky cavalry camped out in Mr. Wiley's grove, and some fear is felt of a collision between them and the Yankees. Some of them have already engaged in fist fights on their own account. I wish they would get into a general row, for I believe the Kentuckians would whip them. I am just exasperated enough to be reckless as to consequences. Think of a lot of negroes being brought here to play the master over us!

I was walking on the street this afternoon with Mr. Dodd and a Lieut. Sale, from Ark., when we met three gorgeous Yankee officers, flaunting their smart new uniforms in the faces of our poor, shabby Rebs, but I

would not even look their way till they had passed and couldn't see me. Oh, how I do love the dear old Confederate gray! My heart sickens to think that soon I shall have seen the last of it. The Confederate officers who have been stationed here are leaving, as fast as they can find the means, for their homes, or for the Trans-Mississippi, where some of them still base their hopes. Of those that remain, some have already laid aside their uniforms and their military titles. They say they are not going to wait to be deprived of them at the command of a Yankee.

Dr. Cromwell left this morning for his home in Columbus. He has a horse to ride, but not a cent of money to buy provisions. Cousin Liza gave him letters to some friends of hers that live along his route, requesting them to entertain him. He and Capt. Irwin have traced out a relationship, both being lineal descendants of the famous old Lord Protector. How it would make the old Puritan snort, if he could rise out of his grave and behold two of his descendants stanch members of the Episcopal Church, and rollicking cavaliers both, fighting for the South against the Roundheads of the North! Dr. Cromwell says that his father bears a striking likeness to the portrait of old Noll, barring the famous wart on his nose. He has relations in Georgia who go by the name of Crowell. Prudence led them to drop the *m* while making the voyage to America, and they have never taken it back into their name.

While we were at dinner Mrs. Combs [companion to Aunt Sallie] came rushing in to say that there was a man in the grove trying to steal one of father's carriage horses. We had seen three horsemen ride to the spring, and the most natural thing to expect was that when they went away, some of our own horses would be missing. The gentlemen all grabbed their pistols and went out to meet the supposed marauders, while we ladies left our soup to get cold and ranged ourselves on the piazza to witness the combat. But, oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! not a shot was fired. The three cavalrymen were sleeping quietly in the shade, and the horse-thief turned out to be nobody but 'Ginny Dick * catching the pony for father.

May 7, Sunday.—I went to the Baptist church and heard a good sermon from Mr. Tupper on the text: "For now we live by faith, and not by sight." There was not a word that could give the Yankees a handle against us, yet much that we poor rebels could draw comfort from. The congregation was very small, and I am told the same was the case at all the other churches, people not caring to have their devotions disturbed by the sight of the "abomination of desolation" in their holy places.

The streets are frightfully dusty. A passing car-

* Where several negroes on a plantation had the same name, it was customary to distinguish them by some descriptive epithet. For instance, among my father's servants, there were Long Dick, Little Dick, Big Dick, and 'Ginny Dick—the last of whom owed his sobriquet to the fact that he had been purchased in Virginia.

riage will almost suffocate one. When the first batch of Yankees entered Washington, one of them was heard to say: "We have been hunting for this little mudhole the last six months." No wonder they didn't succeed; it is anything but a mudhole now.

Fred has just returned from Greensborough [Ga.], where he went to look after some horses and wagons of Brother Troup's department, but both had been seized by our soldiers. I am glad they got them instead of the Yanks. It is a case of cheating the devil. He says the Yankees are plundering right and left around Athens. They ran a train off the track on the Athens Branch, and robbed the passengers. They have not given any trouble in Washington to-day, as the greater part of the cavalry that came to town on Saturday have passed on, and the garrison, or provost guard, or whatever the odious thing is called, are probably afraid to be too obstreperous while so many Confederate troops are about. They have taken up their quarters in the courthouse now, but have not yet raised their old flaring rag on the spot where our own brave boys placed the first rebel flag, that my own hands helped to make. I wish our troops would get into a fracas with them and thrash them out of town. Since they have set a price on the head of our president, "immortal hate and study of revenge" have taken possession of my heart, and it don't make me love them or their detestable old flag any better because I have to keep my feelings pent up. Father won't

let me say anything against the old flag in his presence, but he can't keep me from thinking and writing what I please. I believe I would burst sometimes, if I didn't have this safety-valve. He may talk about the way Union men were suppressed when they tried to oppose secession, but now, the Yankees are denying us not only liberty of speech and of the press, but even of prayer, forcing the ministers in our Church to read the prayer for their old renegade of a president and those other odious persons "in authority" at Washington. Well, as Bishop Elliot says, I don't know anybody that needs it more.

But even if father does stick to the Union, nobody can accuse him of being a sycophant or say that he is not honest in his opinions. He was no less a Union man in the days of persecution and danger for his side than he is now. And though he still holds to his love for the Union—if there is any such thing—he has made no indecent haste, as some others have done, to be friends with the Yankees, and he seeks no personal advantage from them. He has said and done nothing to curry favor with them, or draw their attention to his "loyalty," and he has not even hinted to us at the idea of paying them any social attentions. Poor father, it is his own house, but he knows too well what a domestic hurricane *that* would raise, and though he does storm at us sometimes, when we say too much, as if he was going to break the head of the last one of us, he is a dear, good, sweet, old

father, after all, and I am ashamed of myself for my undutiful conduct to him. I know I deserve to have my head cracked, but oh! I do wish that he was on our side! He is too good a man to be in the same political boat with the wretches that are plundering and devastating our country. He was right in the beginning, when he said that secession was a mistake, and it would be better to have our negroes freed in the Union, if necessary, than out of it, because in that case, it would be done without passion, and violence, and we would get compensation for them—but now the thing is done, and there is no use talking about the right or the wrong of it. I sympathize with the spirit of that sturdy old heathen I have read about somewhere, who said to the priests who were trying to convert him, that he would rather stick to his own gods and go to hell with his warrior ancestors, than sit down to feast in heaven with their little starveling band of Christians. That is the way I feel about Yankees; I would rather be wrong with Lee and his glorious army than right with a gang of fanatics that have come down here to plunder and oppress us in the name of liberty.

The Elzeys and other friends called after tea, and we spent another half-happy, half-wretched evening on the moonlit piazza. Even these pleasant reunions make me sad because I know they must soon come to an end. Since the war began, I have made friends only to lose them. Dear Mrs. Elzey is like a gleam of sunshine on a rainy day. She pitches into the Yan-

kees with such vigor, and says such funny things about them, that even father has to laugh. Capt. Irwin is a whole day of sunshine himself, but even his happy temper is so dimmed by sadness that his best jokes fall flat for want of the old spirit in telling them. Gen. Yorke and his train left this morning. Fred is to meet him in Augusta to-morrow and go as far as Yazoo City with him, to look after father's Mississippi plantation, if anything is left there to look after. The general went off with both pockets full of my cigarettes, and he laughingly assured me that he would think of me at least as long as they lasted.

May 8, *Monday*.—We had a sad leave-taking at noon. Capt. Irwin, finding it impossible to get transportation to Norfolk by way of Savannah, decided last night that he would start for Virginia this morning with Judge Crump. He has no money to pay his way with, but like thousands of other poor Confederates, depends on his war horse to carry him through, and on Southern hospitality to feed and lodge him. He left his trunk, and Judge Crump his official papers, in father's care. Mother packed up a large quantity of provisions for them, and father gave them letters to friends of his all along the route, through Georgia and Carolina, as far as his personal acquaintance extends. Our avenue was alive all the morning with Confederates riding back and forth to bid their old comrades good-by. The dear captain tried to keep up a brave heart, and rode off with a jest on his lips and moisture

in his eyes, while as for us—we ladies all broke down and cried like children. The dear old Judge, too, seemed deeply moved at parting, and we could do nothing but cry, and nobody could say what we wanted to. Partings are doubly sad now, when the chances of meeting again are so few. We shall all be too poor to travel, and too poor to extend the hospitality for which our Southern homes have been noted, any more. The pinch of want is making itself felt more severely every day, and we haven't the thought that we are suffering for our country that buoyed us up during the war. Men with thousands of Confederate money in their pockets cannot buy a pin. Father has a little specie which he was prudent enough to lay aside at the beginning of the war, but he has given a good deal of it to the boys at different times, when they were hard up, and the little that is left will have to be spent with the greatest care, to feed our family. I could not even pay postage on a letter if it were necessary to write one. I have serious notions of trying to sell cigarettes to the Yankees in order to get a little pocket money,—only, I could not bear the humiliation.

Part of the regiment that plundered the train on the Athens Branch has been sent to Washington, and is behaving very badly. Aunt Cornelia's guard, too, refused to stay with her any longer because he was not invited to eat at the table with the family! Others of the company then went there and committed all sorts

of depredations on the lot. They cursed Aunty and threatened to burn the house down, and one of them drew a pistol on Mr. Hull for interfering, but promptly took to his heels when Mr. Hull returned the civility. He soon came back with several of his comrades and made such threats that Aunty sent to their commanding officer and asked for a guard, but received for answer that "they would guard her to hell." Capt. Hudson then went to the provost-marshal in command of the town, Capt. Lot Abraham, who sent a lieutenant with another guard. Aunty complained to the lieutenant of the way she had been insulted, but he replied that the guard might stay or not, as he chose; that she had not treated the former one with proper consideration, and he would not compel another to stay in her house. Aunty was ready to choke with rage, she says, but dared not speak a word, and now the family have to purchase safety by having a horrid plebeian of a Yankee, who is fitter company for the negroes in the kitchen, sit at the table with them. The whole family are bursting with indignation, but dare not show it for fear of having their house burned over their heads. They spoke in whispers while telling me about it, and I was so angry that I felt as if I would like to run a knitting needle into the rascal, who sat lolling at his ease in an armchair on the piazza, looking as insolent as if he were the master of the house. It is said we are to have a negro garrison in Washington, and all sorts of horrible ru-

mors are afloat. But we know nothing except what the tyrants choose that we shall. The form of parole has been changed so that none of our officers are willing to take it, and many of them slip through in the night and make their escape without being paroled at all.

Johnston's army is pouring in now. People are getting used to the presence of the Yankees, and Washington is a great thoroughfare for Confederates once more. Lee's men used up all the breadstuffs in the commissariat, so the newcomers have to depend on private hospitality. The Yankees say they can't collect corn and flour to replace what was destroyed during the riots. They give out rations of meat, but nothing else, and it is pitiful to see the poor fellows going about the streets offering to exchange part of their scanty ration of bacon for bread. Numbers of them come to our door every day, begging for bread, and it almost makes me cry when a poor fellow sometimes pulls out a piece of rancid bacon from his haversack and offers it in pay. Mother will never take anything from a soldier, and we always share what little we have with them. It gives me more pleasure to feed the poor Rebs than to eat myself. I go out and talk with them frequently, while they are waiting to have their food cooked. This evening, two of them were sitting on the front steps talking over their troubles, and I heard one of them say: "If I kin just git back home to Sally once more, I won't care

about nothin' else." He was young, I could see, through all the dirt and grime on his face, so I suppose "Sally" was either his sweetheart, or the young bride he left when he went away to the war. Some of our Confederates wear a dark, bluish-gray uniform which is difficult to distinguish from the Federal blue, and I live in constant fear of making a mistake. As a general thing our privates have no uniform but rags, poor fellows, but the officers sometimes puzzle me, unless they wear the Hungarian knot on their sleeves. It makes the letters, C.S.A., but one would not be apt to notice the monogram unless it was pointed out to him. It is a beautiful uniform, and I shall always love the colors, gray and gold, for its sake—or rather for the sake of the men who wore it. There is a report that Confederate officers are going to be ordered to lay aside their uniforms. It will be a black day when this habit that we all love so well gives place to the badge of servitude. There is nothing in the history of nations to compare with the humiliations we Southerners have to endure.

Brother Troup and Mr. Forline came in to-day. Fred was left by the train this afternoon and will make another start to-morrow, in company with Mr. Forline. He is very anxious to reach Yazoo City, to save some of father's property in the Yazoo Bottom, if he can, but I am afraid there is nothing left to save. They hope to get transportation with a Kentucky regiment that is going by way of Savannah to Baltimore

or New York—a rather roundabout way to reach Mississippi, but better than footing it overland in the present disturbed state of the country.

May 9, Tuesday.—Ladies are beginning to visit a little, though the streets are as crowded and dusty as ever. Johnston's men are coming through in full tide, and there is constant danger of a collision between them and the Yankees. There are four brigades of cavalry camped on the outskirts of town waiting to be paroled. Contrary to their agreement with Lee and Johnston, the Yankees now want to deprive these men of their horses and side arms, and refuse to parole them until they are dismounted and disarmed. Our men refuse to submit to such an indignity and vow they will kill every "d——d Yankee" in Washington rather than suffer such a perfidious breach of faith. Lot Abraham, or "Marse Lot," as we call him, seems to be a fairly good sort of a man for a Yankee, and disposed to behave as well as the higher powers will let him. He has gone to Augusta with Gen. Vaughan, who is in command of one of the refractory brigades, to try to have the unjust order repealed. If he does not succeed, we may look out for hot times. The Yankees have only a provost guard here at present, and one brigade of our men could chop them to mince meat. I almost wish there would be a fight. It would do my heart good to see those ruffians who insulted Aunty thrashed out, though I know it would be the worse for us in the end.

I have been exchanging experiences with a good many people, and find that we have fared better than most of our friends, on account, I suppose, of our retired situation, and the distance of our house from the street. While Gen. Stacy's men were camped out at the mineral spring, he made his headquarters at Mrs. James DuBose's house, and permitted his negro troops to have the freedom of the premises, even after Mrs. DuBose had appealed to him for protection. They go into people's kitchens and try to make the other negroes discontented and disobedient. Some of the girls who live near the street tell me they don't venture to open their pianos, because if they begin to play, they are liable to be interrupted by Yankee soldiers intruding themselves into the parlor to hear the music. People are very much exasperated, but have no redress. Our soldiers are likely to raise a row with them at any time, but it would do no good. Yesterday, they gave the garrison a scare by pretending to storm their quarters in the courthouse. They say the Yankees are very uneasy, and sing small whenever a big troop of our men arrive, though they grow very impertinent in the intervals. Our little town has witnessed only the saddest act of the war—the dissolution of the Confederate Government and the dispersal of our armies. The Yankees are gathering up all the wagons and stores that belonged to our government for their own use. The remains of our poor little treasury have also been handed over to them. I am sorry now that our

cavalry didn't complete their job and get the whole of it. It seems hard that the supplies contributed out of our necessities during these four years of privation for the support of our own government, should go now to fill the pockets of our oppressors.

The negroes, thus far, have behaved fairly well, except where they have been tampered with. Not one of father's has left us, and they are just as humble and obedient as ever. On Sunday, a good many runaways came in from the country but their loving brothers in blue sent them back—not from any regard for us or our institutions, but because they prefer to have their pets fed by their masters until their plans for emancipation are complete. They kept some of the likeliest of the men who went to them, as servants, and refused to give them up when the owners called for them. Ben Harden, a giant of a country squire, exasperated at their refusal to restore one of his men, stepped in amongst them, collared the negro, and gave him a thrashing on the spot. There were so many Confederate soldiers on the square, watching the fracas, that the little handful of a garrison didn't venture to interfere, and he carried his negro off home unopposed.

Mrs. Elzey took tea with us. The general and Capt. Hudson have gone to Augusta to try to raise money to take them home. The general is going to sell all his horses, even his favorite war horse, Nell, named for his wife.

May 10, *Wednesday.*—Harry Day came over from Macon looking very pale and ill. He brought letters from our Macon friends. Since Confederate money and Confederate postage stamps have "gone up," most of us are too poor to indulge in corresponding with friends except by private hand, and besides, the mails are so uncertain that one does not feel safe in trusting them. We have had no mail at all for several days and rumor has it that the Augusta post office has been closed by order of the commanding officer, but nobody knows anything for certain. Our masters do not let us into their plans, and we can only wait in suspense to see what they will do next. The "Constitutionalist" has been suppressed because it uttered sentiments not approved by the conquerors. And yet, they talk about Russian despotism! Even father can't find any excuse for such doings, though he says this is no worse than the suppression of Union papers at the beginning of the war by Secession violence. But I think the sporadic acts of excited mobs don't carry the same weight of responsibility, and are not nearly so dangerous to the liberties of a country, as the encroachments of an established government.

The hardest to bear of all the humiliations yet put upon us, is the sight of Andy Johnson's proclamation offering rewards for the arrest of Jefferson Davis, Clement C. Clay, and Beverly Tucker, under pretense that they were implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It is printed in huge letters on hand-

bills and posted in every public place in town—a flaming insult to every man, woman, and child in the village, as if they believed there was a traitor among us so base as to betray the victims of their malice, even if we knew where they were. If they had posted one of their lying accusations on our street gate, I would tear it down with my own hands, even if they sent me to jail for it. But I am sure that father would never permit his premises to be desecrated by such an infamy as that. It is the most villainous slander ever perpetrated, and is gotten up solely with a view to making criminals of political offenders so that foreign governments would be obliged to deliver them up if they should succeed in making their escape. Fortunately, the characters of the men they have chosen as scapegoats are so far above suspicion as only to discredit the accusers themselves in the eyes of all decent people. The Clays were at our house while I was away last winter, and father says Mr. Clay reminded him of our friend Mr. Lafayette Lamar, and would be just about as capable of murder. And Jefferson Davis, our noble, unfortunate president—the accusation is simply a disgrace to those who make it. If there should happen to be any truth in that strangely persistent rumor about Lincoln and Davis being brothers, what a situation for the future Scotts and Schillers of America! While there is no proof that I know of, the thing does not seem so very improbable. I don't know anything about old Sam Davis or his morals, but when David

said "all men are liars," he might have added another and greater sin—and proved it by his own example. There is undoubtedly a curious general resemblance in the physique of the two men as shown in their pictures, notwithstanding the plebeian aspect of the Illinois rail-splitter, which would easily be accounted for by the circumstances of his birth. True or false, it is a situation to rank with *"Don Carlos," "Le Cid,"* or *"Les Frères Ennemis."*

Our cavalry have won their point about the terms of surrender, and rode triumphantly out of town this afternoon, still retaining their side arms. There were 3,000 of them, and they made a sight worth looking at as they passed by our street gate. It is well the Yanks gave up to them, for they said they were determined to fight again rather than yield, and our own returned volunteers were ready to help them. They say the little handful of a garrison were frightened all but out of their wits anyway, for our men could have eaten them up before they had time to send for reënforcements. Some of our cavalry got drunk a night or two ago, and drove them all into the courthouse, wounding one man in the row. An officer came up from Augusta to-day, with reënforcements. They seem to regard Washington as true to its old revolutionary sobriquet of "The Hornets' Nest," and are evidently afraid to stay here without a strong force while such large numbers of our rebel soldiers are passing through. Johnston's army is now in full sweep. The town is thronged

with them from morn till night, and from night till morning. They camp in our grove by whole companies, but never do any mischief. I love to look out of my windows in the night and see their camp fires burning among the trees and their figures moving dimly in and out among the shadows, like protecting spirits. I love to lie awake and hear the sound of their voices talking and laughing over their hard experiences. Metta and I often go out to the gate after supper and sing the old rebel songs that we know will please them.

May 11, *Thursday.*—Henry reached home late in the afternoon, so ragged and dirty that none of us knew him till he spoke. He had not had a change of clothes for three weeks, and his face was so dirty that he had to wash it before we could kiss him. He came all the way from Greensborough, N. C., on horseback, and when we asked him where he got his horse, he laughed and said that he bought a saddle for fifty cents in silver—his pay for three years' service—and kept on swapping till he found himself provided with a horse and full outfit. Garnett said he had better quit medicine and go to horse trading. The scarcity of specie gives it a fictitious value that brings down prices wonderfully, but even this is not sufficient to account for the sudden fall in the value of horses that has taken place in the track of our returning armies. Even here in Wilkes County, where the Confederate treasury was raided and specie is comparatively plentiful, horses

sell every day at prices ranging from 50c. to $2.50; and yesterday on the square, a negro sold one for 25c. The tide of travel is now mostly westward, and the soldiers help themselves to horses on the way that they have no further use for when they strike the railroad here, and are glad to sell them for any price they will bring, or even turn them loose to get rid of them. Instead of having to be guarded like gold, as was the case a week or two ago, horses are now a drug on the market at every railway station. Gen. Elzey says he found no sale for his in Augusta. I don't know what he will do for money to get home on.

Henry traveled out from Greensborough (N. C.) with an artillery company which paid its way in cloth and thread. The regiment to which he had been attached disbanded and scattered soon after the surrender, all except himself and the adjutant. Capt. Hudson says Henry doctored the adjutant and the adjutant officered him. They attached themselves to Maj. Palmer's battalion of artillery and Henry traveled as far as Ruckersville with it. He is now ready to begin life anew with a broken-down old army horse as his sole stock in trade. Garnett has not even that much. The Yankees got his horse, and his boy Sidney, whom he left with Henry when he took to the field, disappeared—to enjoy the delights of freedom, I suppose.

The Yankees began favoring Gen. Toombs with their attentions to-day. He and Gov. Brown and Mr.

Stephens have been permitted to remain so long unmolested that people were beginning to wonder what it could mean. To-day, however, news came of the arrest of Brown and Stephens, and an attempt was made to take Mr. Toombs. An extra train came in about noon, bringing a company of bluecoats under the command of a Capt. Saint—and a precious saint he proved to be. Everybody thought they had merely come to reënforce Capt. Abraham's garrison, but their purpose was soon made apparent when they marched up to Gen. Toombs's house. Cora was up there spending the day, and saw it all. The general was in his sitting-room when the Yankees were seen entering his front gate. He divined their purpose and made his escape through the back door as they were entering the front, and I suppose he is safely concealed now in some country house. The intruders proceeded to search the dwelling, looking between mattresses and under bureaus, as if a man of Gen. Toombs's size could be hid like a paper doll! They then questioned the servants, but none of them would give the least information, though the Yankees arrested all the negro men and threatened to put them in jail. They asked old Aunt Betty where her master was, and she answered bluntly: "Ef I knowed, I wouldn't tell you." They then ordered her to cook dinner for them, but she turned her broad back on them, saying: "I won't do no sech a thing; I'se a gwineter hep my missis pack up her clo'es." The servants were all very indignant at

the manner in which they were ordered about, and declared that their own white folks had never spoken to them in "any sech a way." Mrs. Toombs's dinner was on the table and the family about to go into the dining-room when the intruders arrived, and they ate it all up besides ordering more to be cooked for them. They threatened to burn the house down if the general was not given up, and gave the family just two hours to move out. Gen. Gilmer, who was in the old army before the war, remonstrated with them, and they extended the time till ten o'clock at night, and kindly promised not to burn it at all if the general were delivered up to them in the meantime. Mrs. Toombs straightened herself up and said: "Burn it then," and the family immediately began to move out. Neither Mrs. Toombs nor Mrs. DuBose suffered the Yankees to see them shed a tear, though both are ready to die of grief, and Mrs. DuBose on the verge of her confinement, too. Everything is moved out of the house now, and Mrs. Toombs says she hopes it will be burned rather than used by the miserable plunderers and their negro companions. The family have found shelter with their relatives and distributed their valuables among their friends. The family pictures and some of the plate are stored in our house, and mother invited Mrs. Walthall here, but she went to the Anthonys', knowing how crowded we are. Cora staid with them till late in the afternoon, when the news of Henry's arrival brought her home. I hope the general

will get off safe, and Gov. Brown too, though I never admired him. But when people are in misfortune is no time to be bringing up their faults against them.

The most infamous thing I ever heard of even a Yankee doing, was their trying to entrap Gen. Toombs's little grand-children into betraying him, and little Toombs DuBose innocently informed them that "grand-pa was in the house when they came." They met Touch Elzey coming from school and taunted him with being the son of a rebel, but he spoke up like a man and said he was proud of being a rebel, and so was his father. They insulted the boy by telling him that now was his chance to make a fortune by informing where the president and Mr. Clay were gone. Mrs. Elzey was so angry when Touch told her about it that she says she was ready to go on the war-path herself.

May 12, Friday.—The Saint and his angels failed to burn Gen. Toombs's house, after all. Whether the threat was a mere idle swagger to bully helpless women and children, time must reveal. Capt. Abraham returned from Augusta to-day with more reënforcements, and immediately apologized to Mrs. Toombs for the insults to which she had been subjected, and said that orders for the raid upon her were given over his head and without his knowledge. He really seems to have the instincts of a gentleman, and I am afraid I shall be obliged to respect him a little, in spite of his uniform. Although considerably reënforced, his garrison seems to be still in wholesome fear of a conflict

with our throngs of disbanded soldiers. A cavalryman went to the courthouse the other day and deliberately helped himself to a musket before their eyes, and they did not even remonstrate. Our cavalry are a reckless, unruly lot, yet I can't help admiring them because they are such red-hot rebels. It may be foolish, but somehow I like the spirit of those who refuse to repent, and who swear they would do it all over, if the thing were to be done again. A curious story was told me to-day about the fate of some of the plundered Confederate treasure. A troop of horsemen who were making off with a bag of specie they had "captured," containing $5,000 in silver, were alarmed the other day, just as they were riding past Gen. Toombs's gate, by a report that the Yankees were after them, and threw the sack over the fence into his yard. The general sent it to the commandant as belonging to the assets of the defunct Confederacy. I wish he had thrown it into the fire rather than given it to them.

I had a little adventure with a party of Yankees myself this afternoon. I was down in the back garden with Marshall, Touchy, Gilmer Sale, and some other boys, shooting at a mark with an Enfield rifle and a minié musket they had picked up somewhere. We were using the trunk of a small cedar at the foot of the hill for our target, and it was such a retired spot that we never dreamed of anybody's being within range of our guns, when a dozen bluecoats came tearing down the hill on the other side of the rose hedge, frightened

out of their senses and cursing like fury. They had been taking a stroll through the woods on the other side of the hedge, and when our balls began to whistle about their ears, thought they were bushwhacked. I heard one of them say, as he made his way through an opening in the vines: "I never saw balls fly thicker in battle." Fortunately for us they were unarmed and could not return the fire. When they saw that the supposed bushwhackers were only a woman and half a dozen children, they sent one of their number to speak with us. The little boys wanted to run when they saw him coming, but I was afraid the affair might get us into trouble unless I explained, so I stood waiting for the envoy, with Marshall's rifle in my hand. I told the man what we were doing, and expressed the hope—which happened, for once, to be sincere—that we had not hurt anybody. He looked very gruff, and answered: "No, you ain't shot anybody, but you came within an inch of killing me. You ought to be more careful how you shoot." I wanted to tell him that he ought to be more careful how he went prowling about on private grounds, but I didn't know what tale he might carry to headquarters if I angered him, so I answered very politely that I didn't know there was anybody behind the hedge, or I would not have fired in that direction.

"What are you shooting at, anyway?" he asked, looking round unsatisfied and suspicious.

I pointed to the cedar trunk, as yet unscathed by

our wandering bullets. The fellow laughed, and reaching out for the rifle, said: "Let me show you how to shoot."

But I held fast to my weapon, though I knew I couldn't fire it to save my life, without resting it on something and pulling at the trigger with both hands, but I thought it best to put on a brave face in the presence of the enemy. He then took Gilmer's musket, aimed it at a small vine no bigger round than my little finger, twined about a sapling at least 100 feet away, and cut it in two as clean as if he had done it with a penknife. I couldn't help admiring the accuracy of his shot, but I pretended to take no notice. He then examined the empty barrel closely, returned it to Gilmer, and marched away to join his companions, without even touching his hat, as the most ignorant Confederate would have done. The others were peeping all the time through the hedge, and I heard one of them ask him: "Why didn't you take the guns away from the damned little rebels?" I didn't change my position till they were out of sight, and then we all scuttled off to the house as hard as we could go. We had not been there long before a squad of soldiers came up the avenue, and said there were some army guns in the house, which they must have, as by the terms of the surrender they were now the property of the Federal Government. They called father "old fellow" in a very insolent manner, that made me indignant.

Our grove is alight every night with the camp fires

of Johnston's men. I often go out to talk with them in the evenings, and hear them tell about their homes and their adventures in the war. They are all greatly discontented with the peace, and I sympathize with them. They are always grateful for an encouraging word, and it is about all we have to give them now. Most of them are plain, uneducated men, and all are ragged and dirty and sunburnt. Some of the poor fellows have hardly clothes enough to make them decent. But they are Confederate soldiers, and those honorable rags have seen some glorious fighting.

Gen. Elzey heard one Yankee soldier say to another yesterday, as he was walking behind them on the street, in passing our house: "Garnett Andrews gave one of our men the hell of a saber cut the other day, at Salisbury." I am glad he gave them something so good to remember him by. Poor Garnett is suffering very much from his arm. He is confined to bed, threatened with fever, and we can't get proper food for him. We have nothing but ham, ham, ham, every day, and such crowds of company in the house, and so many lunches to furnish, that even the ham has to be husbanded carefully. It is dreadful to think what wretched fare we have to set before the charming people who are thrown upon our hospitality. Ham and cornfield peas for dinner one day, and cornfield peas and ham the next, is the tedious *menu*. Mother does her best by making Emily give us every variation on peas that ever was heard of; one

day we have pea soup, another, pea croquettes, then baked peas and ham, and so on, through the whole gamut, but alas! they are cornfield peas still, and often not enough of even them. Sorghum molasses is all the sweetening we have, and if it were not for the nice home-made butter and milk, and father's fine old Catawba wine and brandy, there would be literally nothing to redeem the family larder from bankruptcy. And if that were all, it would not be so bad, but there is as great a scarcity of house linen as of provisions. All that has not been given to hospitals or cut up into underclothing, is worn out, and we have hardly anything but the coarse yellow sheeting made by the Macon and Augusta mills, with such a shortage of even that, as not to give sheets enough to change the beds half as often as they ought to be. As for towels, mammy spends her whole time going from room to room, gathering up the soiled ones and taking them to the wash and back again as fast as they can be done, and even then there are not enough to give everybody a good clean wipe more than once a day. It is delightful to have so many charming people in the house, but dreadfully mortifying to think we can't entertain them any better. Besides the guests staying in the house we have a stream of callers all day long, both friends and strangers. The Irvin Artillery are all back home now and each one has some friend to introduce.

May 13, *Saturday.*—[Ms. torn] . . . The Yankees have stopped our mails, or else the mails have

stopped themselves. We get no papers, but thousands of wild rumors from every direction take their place and keep us stirred up all the time. Among the arrivals to-day was Mr. Wyman, who brought with him a Dr. Nicholson, surgeon of his regiment [the 1st Alabama Cavalry], and the poor fellows were so starved that it made me tremble to see how our meager dinner disappeared before them, though it did my heart good, too, to see how they enjoyed it. They belong to Wheeler's Cavalry, and we had a great time running them about being in such bad company. Mother said she was going to hide the silver, and Mr. Wyman told her she had better search the doctor's pockets before he went away, and the doctor gave the same advice about Mr. Wyman. Their regiment was commanded by the Col. Blakey I met in Montgomery winter before last, and Mr. Wyman says he disbanded his men to get rid of them. They tell all sorts of hard jokes on themselves.

A favorite topic of conversation at this time is what we are going to do for a living. Mary Day has been working assiduously at paper cigarettes to sell the Yankees. I made some myself, with the same intention, but we both gave them all away to the poor Confederates as fast as we could roll them. It is dreadful to be so poor, but somehow, I can't suppress a forlorn hope that it won't last always, and that a time may come when we will laugh at all these troubles even more heartily than we do now. But although we

laugh, I sometimes feel in my heart more like crying, and I am afraid that father speaks the truth when he says that things are more likely to become worse than better.

May 14, *Sunday*.—Mr. Wyman and Dr. Nicholson went their way this morning long before anybody was up, so that I had to peep through the blinds to bid them good-by. I told them the reason they were off so early was to avoid having their pockets searched, and Dr. Nicholson answered that they thought it best to get out of the way before we had time to count the spoons. They must have had a lively time on their journey thus far, judging from Mr. Wyman's account of it.

On my way to church I had a striking illustration of the difference between our old friends and our new masters. The streets were thronged with rebel soldiers, and in one part of my walk, I had to pass where a large number of them were gathered on the pavement, some sitting, some standing, some lying down, but as soon as I appeared, the way was instantly cleared for me, the men standing like a wall, on either side, with hats off, until I had passed. A little farther on I came to a group of Yankees and negroes that filled up the sidewalk, but not one of them budged, and I had to flank them by going out into the dusty road. It is the first time in my life that I have ever had to give up the sidewalk to a man, much less to negroes! I was so indignant that I did not carry a devotional spirit to church.

The Yankees have pressed five of father's negro men to work for them. They even took old Uncle Watson, whom father himself never calls on to do anything except the lightest work about the place, and that only when he feels like it. They are very capricious in their treatment of negroes, as is usually the case with upstarts who are not used to having servants of their own. Sometimes they whip them and send them back to their masters, and last week, Lot Abraham sent three of his white men to jail for tampering with " slaves," as they call them. This morning, however, they sent off several wagon-loads of runaways, and it is reported that Harrison and Alfred, two of father's men, have gone with them. People are making no effort to detain their negroes now, for they have found out that they are free, and our power over them is gone. Our own servants have behaved very well thus far. The house servants have every one remained with us, and three out of five plantation hands whom the Yankees captured in Alabama, ran away from them and came back home. Cæsar Ann, Cora's nurse, went off to Augusta this morning, professedly to see her husband, who she says is sick, but we all think, in reality, to try the sweets of freedom. Cora and Henry made no effort to keep her, but merely warned her that if she once went over to the Yankees, she could never come back to them any more. Mother will have to give up one of her maids to nurse Maud, but I suppose it is a mere question of time when we

shall have to give them all up anyway, so it doesn't matter.

We have had an unusually quiet day. Only three new guests, and two of them were sent by Judge Crump to see father on business. They brought news of the Judge and our dear Captain which we were glad to hear. I walked in the grove after sunset and talked with the rebels who were camping there, and we mourned together over the capture of our beloved President. Johnston's army will soon have all passed through, and then the Yankee garrison will feel free to treat us as it pleases. Several thousand of our men pass through almost every day. Six thousand are expected to-morrow. When the last one is gone, what desolation there will be! I think I will hang a Confederate uniform on a pole and keep it to look at.

May 15, *Monday*.—Harry Day returned from Augusta, bringing frightful accounts of what the taxes, proscriptions, and confiscations are going to be. Father says that if a man were to sit down and write a programme for reducing a country to the very worst condition it could possibly be in, his imagination could not invent anything half so bad as the misery that is likely to come upon us. The cities and towns are already becoming overcrowded with runaway negroes. In Augusta they are clamoring for food, which the Yankees refuse to give, and their masters, having once been deserted by them, refuse to take them back.

Even in our little town the streets are so full of idle negroes and bluecoats that ladies scarcely ever venture out. We are obliged to go sometimes, but it is always with drooping heads and downcast eyes. A settled gloom, deep and heavy, hangs over the whole land. All hearts are in mourning for the fall of our country, and all minds rebellious against the wrongs and oppression to which our cruel conquerors subject us. I don't believe this war is over yet. The Trans-Mississippi bubble has burst, but wait till the tyranny and arrogance of the United States engages them in a foreign war! Ah, we'll bide our time. That's what all the men say, and their eyes glow and their cheeks burn when they say it. Though the whole world has deserted us and left us to perish without even a pitying sigh at our miserable doom, and we hate the whole world for its cruelty, yet we hate the Yankees more, and they will find the South a volcano ready to burst beneath their feet whenever the justice of heaven hurls a thunderbolt at their heads. We are overwhelmed, overpowered, and trodden underfoot . . . but "immortal hate and study of revenge" lives, in the soul of every man. . . . [Ms. torn.]

Mrs. Alfred Cumming, whose husband was Governor of Utah before the war, came to see us this morning. She tried to go to Clarkesville, but found the country so infested with robbers and bushwhackers and "Kirke's Lambs," that she dared not venture three miles beyond Athens. The Yankees have committed

such depredations there that the whole country is destitute and the people desperate. The poor are clamoring for bread, and many of them have taken to "bushwhacking" as their only means of living. Mrs. Cumming traveled from Union Point to Barnett in the same car with Mr. Stephens. The Yankee guard suffered him to stop an hour at Crawfordville [his home], in order to collect some of his clothing. As soon as his arrival became known, the people flocked to see him, weeping and wringing their hands. All his negroes went out to see him off, and many others from the surrounding plantations. Mrs. Cumming says that as the train moved off, all along the platform, honest black hands of every shape and size were thrust in at the window, with cries of "Good-by, Mr. Stephens;" "Far'well, Marse Aleck." All the spectators were moved to tears; the vice-president himself gave way to an outburst of affectionate—not cowardly grief, and even his Yankee guard looked serious while this affecting scene passed before their eyes. . . .

May 16, *Tuesday*.—Two delightful visitors after tea, Col. Trenholm [son of the secretary of the treasury] and Mr. Morgan, of the navy, who is to marry his sister.

The news this evening is that we have all got to take the oath of allegiance before getting married. This horrid law caused much talk in our rebellious circle, and the gentlemen laughed very much when Cora said:

"Talk about dying for your country, but what is that to being an old maid for it?"

The chief thought of our men now is how to embroil the United States either in foreign or internal commotions, so that we can rebel again. They all say that if the Yankees had given us any sort of tolerable terms they would submit quietly, though unwillingly, to the inevitable; but if they carry out the abominable programme of which flying rumors reach us, extermination itself will be better than submission. Garnett says that if it comes to the worst, he can turn bushwhacker, and we all came to the conclusion that if this kind of peace continues, bushwhacking will be the most respectable occupation in which a man can engage. Mr. Morgan said, with a lugubrious smile, that his most ambitious hope now is to get himself hanged as quickly as possible.

May 17, *Wednesday*.—Cora has a letter from Mattie [her sister] giving a very pathetic account of the passage of the prisoners through Augusta. She says that Telfair St. was thronged with ladies, all weeping bitterly, as the mournful procession passed on, and that even the President's Yankee guard seemed touched by the exhibition of grief. The more sensitive may have shut themselves up, as Mr. Day said, but I am glad some were there to testify that the feeling of the South is still with our fallen President and to shame with their tears the insulting cries of his persecutors.

The weather was very threatening and cloudy in

the afternoon so that I did not dress as much as usual, and, of course, had more visitors than ever. . . . Maria Irvin said something which made me feel very uncomfortable. I was sitting across the room from her, and she told me, loud enough for everybody to hear, that the first evening the Yankees arrived in Washington, they were heard to say that they knew all about Judge Andrews; he was a good Union man, and they liked him. At my side was Maj. White, an exile from Maryland, whose poor down-trodden State has suffered so much, and I thought it was real spiteful in her to be throwing up father's politics to me there, so I flew up and told her that if my father was a Union man he had more sons in the Confederate army than hers had,* and he didn't wait till the war was over, like so many other people that I knew, to express his Union sentiments. Father's politics distress me a great deal, but nobody shall say a word against him where I am. Poor, dear old father, everything he said in the beginning has come true, just as he said it would, even to the Confederacy being split in two by an invasion through Tennessee or Kentucky,—but all that don't make me love the ones that have brought it about any better.

Johnston's army has nearly all gone. The last large body of troops has passed through, and in a few weeks even the stragglers and hangers-on will have disappeared. There have been no camp fires in our grove

*He had but two—both brave Confederate soldiers.

since Sunday, but five of the dear old Rebs are sleeping in our corn-crib to-night. They said they were too dirty to come into the house, and they are so considerate that they would not even sleep in an out-house without asking permission. Hundreds, if not thousands of them have camped in our grove, and the only damage they ever did—if that can be called a damage, —was to burn a few fence rails. In the whole history of war I don't believe another instance can be found of so little mischief being committed as has been done by these disbanded, disorganized, poverty-stricken, starving men of Lee's and Johnston's armies. Against the thousands and tens of thousands that have passed through Washington, the worst that can be charged is the plundering of the treasury and the government stores, and as they would have gone to the Yankees anyway, our men can hardly be blamed for taking whatever they could get, rather than let it go to the enemy. They were on their way to far-distant homes, without a cent of money in their pockets or a mouthful of food in their haversacks, and the Confederate stores had been collected for the use of our army, and were theirs by right, anyway. They have hardly ever troubled private property, except horses and provender, and when we think of the desperate situation in which they were left after the surrender, the only wonder is that greater depredations were not committed. And at the worst, what is the theft of a few bundles of fodder, or even of a horse, compared with hanging men

up on a slack rope and poking them with bayonets to make them tell where their valuables were hid; or to pulling the cover off a sick woman as the Yankees did that one at Barnesville, and exposing her person to make sure she had no jewelry or money concealed in the bed with her? The Northern papers are full of wild stories about Southern lawlessness, though everybody in this county can testify that the two or three thousand sleek, well-fed Yankee troops who have come here to take "peaceable possession" of the country have committed ten times more depredations than the whole Confederate army during its march into Pennsylvania. Some of them broke into Col. Tom Willis's cellar the other day, and when they had drunk as much of his peach brandy as they could hold, they spit into the rest to keep the "d——d rebels" from having it. They strut about the streets of Washington with negro women on their arms and sneak around into people's kitchens, tampering with the servants and setting them against the white people. Sometimes the more respectable negroes themselves are disgusted at their conduct. Mrs. Irvin says her old cook collared one the other day and pushed him out of the kitchen.

I was greatly touched the other day by the history of a little boy, not much bigger than Marshall, whom I found in the back yard with a party of soldiers that had come in to get their rations cooked. Metta first noticed him and asked how such a little fellow came to be in the army. The soldiers told us that his father

had gone to the war with the first volunteers from their county, and had never been heard of again, after one of the great battles he was in. Then the mother died, and the little boy followed a party of recruits who took him along with them for a "powder monkey," and he had been following them around, a sort of child of the regiment, ever since.

I asked him what he was going to do now, and he answered: "I am going to Alabama with these soldiers, to try and make a living for myself." Poor little fellow! making a living for himself at an age when most children are carefully tucked in their beds at night by their mothers, and are playing with toys or sent to school in the daytime. Metta gave him a piece of sorghum cake, and left him with his friends.

May 18, *Thursday*.—Aunt Sallie gave a dinner to Gen. and Mrs. Elzey. Everybody from our house was invited except Cousin Liza, Metta, and me, who were left out like children, because there wasn't room for us at table. We were so delighted at being spared the responsibility of getting up a dinner ourselves, that we easily relieved the old lady's fear of giving offense by leaving us out, especially as she sent us a lot of good things from her feast. We had taken advantage of the opportunity to spare our poverty-stricken larder, and were making ourselves merry over a wretched dinner of ham and cornfield peas, when Charity said: "Here comes Simon with a waiter from Mis Brown." The table looked so bare and doleful that Mett made

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MRS. SARAH ANN (HOXEY) BROWN

us laugh by ordering Charity, before we sat down, to toll the dinner bell, and Cousin Liza, as she took her seat, folded her hands and droned in a camp-meeting tone:

> "For Oh! I feel an aching void
> That ham and peas can never fill."

I never laughed more in my life, and the arrival of Aunt Sallie's generous contribution did not detract from our good spirits.

We had just finished eating and got into our wrappers when two rebel horsemen came galloping up the avenue with news that a large body of Yankee cavalry was advancing down the Greensborough road, plundering the country as they passed. We hastily threw on our clothes and were busy concealing valuables for father, when the tramping of horses and shouting of the men reached our ears. Then they began to pass by our street gate, with two of their detestable old flags flaunting in the breeze. I ran for Garnett's field-glass and watched them through it. Nearly all of them had bags of plunder tied to their saddles, and many rode horses which were afterwards recognized as belonging to different planters in the county. I saw one rascal with a ruffled pillowcase full of stolen goods, tied to his saddle, and some of them had women's drawers tied up at the bottom ends, filled with plunder and slung astride their horses. There was a regiment of negroes with them, and they halted right in front of our gate. Think of it! Bringing

armed negroes here to threaten and insult us! We were so furious that we shook our fists and spit at them from behind the window where we were sitting. It may have been childish, but it relieved our feelings. None of them came within the enclosure, but the officers pranced about before the gate until I felt as if I would like to take a shot at them myself, if I had had a gun, and known how to use it. They are camped for the night on the outskirts of the town, and everybody expects to be robbed before morning. Father loaded his two guns, and after the servants had been dismissed, we hid the silver in the hollow by the chimney up in the big garret, and father says it shall not be brought out again till the country becomes more settled. A furious storm came up just at sunset, and I hope it will confine the mongrel crew to their tents.

May 19, *Friday.*—The storm lasted nearly all night, and there were no plunderers abroad. It is some advantage to live at a military post when the commandant is a man like Capt. Abraham, who, from all accounts, seems to try to do the best for us that he knows how. Our men say that he not only listens, but attends to the complaints that are carried to him by white people as carefully as to those brought by negroes. The other day a Yankee soldier fired into our back porch and came near killing one of the servants. I saw a batch of them in the back garden, where the shot came from, and sent Henry to speak to them, but they swore they had not been shooting.

Henry knew it was a lie, so he went and complained to "Marse Lot," who said that such molestation of private families should be stopped at once, and we have not heard a gun fired on our premises since. It is a pretty pass, though, when a gentleman can't defend his own grounds, but has to cringe and ask protection from a Yankee master.

Somebody has been writing in the "Chronicle & Sentinel" accusing our armies of dissolving themselves into bands of marauders. I am surprised that any Southern paper should publish such a slander. Of course, it is not to be expected that under the circumstances, some disorders would not occur, but the wonder is there have been so few. I have witnessed the breaking up of three Confederate armies; Lee's and Johnston's have already passed through Washington, and Gen. Dick Taylor's is now in transit, but all these thousands upon thousands of disbanded, disorganized, disinherited Southerners have not committed one-twentieth part of the damage to private property that was committed by the first small squad of Yankee cavalry that passed through our county. We are beginning to hear from all quarters of the depredations committed by the regiments, with their negro followers, that came through town yesterday. Their conduct so exasperated the people that they were bushwhacked near Greensborough, and several of their men wounded. They then forced the planters to furnish horses and vehicles for their transportation.

Henry says that one of their own officers was heard to remark on the square, that after the way in which they had behaved he could not blame the people for attacking them. When they bring negro troops among us it is enough to make every man in the Confederacy turn bushwhacker.

May 20, *Saturday*.—Harry Day took his departure this morning. He seems to have enjoyed his visit greatly, though I am afraid any pleasure he may have got out of it was due more to the good company we have in the house than to the merits of our housekeeping; our larder is about down to a starvation basis. . . .

Capt. Hudson and Mrs. Alfred Cumming called after breakfast, and while we were in the parlor with them, a servant came in bringing a present of a pet lamb for Marsh from Mrs. Ben Jordan. Father laughed and said it was like sending a lamb among hungry wolves, to place it in this famished household, and Henry suggested that we make a general massacre of pets.

May 21, *Sunday*.—I went to church with Mary Day. Lot Abraham and some of his men were there. I couldn't help thinking what an accession Lot would have been if he had brought his wife and come among us in the days of the Confederacy, when salt was at such a premium. He is a big, tall fellow from Iowa, not a spindling little down-Easter. Two of the Yankees seated themselves in the pew with Charley Irvin,

who instantly rose and changed his seat. The others had sense enough to take the hint and confine themselves to vacant pews.

Mr. Adams preached, as usual. He prayed for all prisoners and fugitives, and against injustice and oppression, though in guarded language. He read the Twenty-seventh Psalm, laying marked emphasis on the words: "False witnesses have risen up against me."

Capt. Hudson and Gen. Elzey came over in the evening and took tea with us. We had a disgracefully poor supper, but it was impossible to do any better. Capt. Hudson is coming to-morrow to stay at our house, and will be Garnett's guest till he can get money to take him back to his home in Virginia.

While walking in the grove after dinner, I heard a fine band playing in the street. I turned away and tried not to listen, till little Marshall called to me that it was a Confederate band. In his eagerness to hear, he had climbed up on the fence and sat down in the midst of a group of Yankee soldiers that had planted themselves there, and told him it was Confederate music. I made him get down and go back to the house with me.

May 22, Monday.—No visitors all day, except two of father's country friends who came in to dinner. In the afternoon Mary and I took the carriage and made some calls that have been on our minds a long time. Conversation was mostly an exchange of experiences. We have suffered much less in town where

the soldiers are under some restraint, than the people have on the plantations. The garrison are insolent, and annoy housekeepers by their familiarity with the servants, and at the same time they are hard on the negroes that work for them, but we can submit to these things for the sake of the protection the Iowa hoosier tries to give us. On account of father's always having been such a strong Union man, he is supposed to have some influence with our new masters, and is frequently appealed to by the citizens to lay their grievances before the Yankee commandant, and so he has become pretty well acquainted with him in a business way. He says he is a dreadful vulgarian, but seems to have plenty of good sense, and a good heart. I suppose he is a Jew, but one can't always judge by names. Two of the most infamous wretches that have made themselves conspicuous here were named "Saint" and "Angel."*

May 23, Tuesday.—In bed nearly all day. Cousin Liza read aloud to entertain me, but I slept through

* Looking back through the glass of memory, I see no reason to dissent from my father's opinion as to the good intentions and general uprightness of this much-berated Federal officer, and I believe it would now be the general verdict of the people over whom he was called to exercise "a little brief authority," that he used it to the best of his ability in the interest of peace and justice. We were naturally in a state of irritation at the time, against all authority imposed upon us by force, and the fact that he was our first master under the hated rule of the conqueror made him a target for the "undying hate to Rome" that rankled in every Southern breast and converted each individual Yankee into a vicarious black sheep for the sins of the whole nation.

most of it. I went to walk in the afternoon and met John Garnett just from Albany, and he says the Yankees are behaving better in South-West Georgia than anybody expected. This makes us all feel very much relieved on sister's account.

Capt. Goldthwaite, of Mobile, spent the night at our house. He comes direct from Richmond and brings welcome news from our friends there. The Elzeys spent the evening.

May 24, *Wednesday*.—Capt. Abraham—the righteous Lot—and his garrison left town this morning, and no others have come as yet to take their place. They were much disgusted at their reception here, I am told, and some of them were heard to declare that there was not a pretty woman in the place. No wonder, when the only ones that associated with them were negroes. They had two negro balls while they were here, the white men dancing with the negro women. One night they held their orgy in Bolton's Range, and kept everybody on the square awake with their disgraceful noise. They strutted about the streets on Sundays with negro wenches on their arms, and yet their officers complain because they are not invited to sit at the tables of Southern gentlemen!

We took tea at the bank with the Elzeys. Maj. Hall is well enough to be out, and is a pleasant addition to our circle of friends.

May 25, *Thursday*.—But few callers during the day. Our gentlemen dined out. Gen. Elzey has been led

to change his plan of going to Charlotte in a wagon, by news of the robbery of the Richmond banks. Five hundred thousand dollars in specie had been secretly packed and shipped from this place back to Richmond, in wagons, but the train was waylaid by robbers and plundered between here and Abbeville, somewhere near the Savannah River. It is thought they mistook it for the remains of the Confederate treasury. A man came to see father this afternoon, in great haste about it, but there is small hope of recovering anything. The whole country is in disorder and filled with lawless bands that call themselves rebels or Yankees, as happens to suit their convenience. They say it is not safe for a person to go six miles from town except in company and fully armed, and I am not sure that we shall be safe in the village, the negroes are crowding in so. "Marse" Abraham did protect us against them, in a way, and if his men hadn't tampered with them so, I shouldn't be sorry to see him back till things settle down a little. At present nobody dares to make any plans for the future. We can only wait each day for what the morrow may bring forth. Oh, we are utterly and thoroughly wretched! One of the latest proposals of the conquerors is to make our Confederate uniform the dress of convicts. The wretches! As if it was in the power of man to disgrace the uniform worn by Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson! They couldn't disgrace it, even if they were to put their own army into it.

May 26, Friday.—Our gentlemen dined out again. I took a ride in the afternoon with Capt. Hudson. He rode father's horse, "Mr. Ben," and I took his pony, "Brickbat." We played whist after supper, but I don't like cards, and it was stupid. Some of the bank robbers have been caught, and $60,000 in money recovered, but the prisoners were rescued by people living in that part of the county. Gen. Porter Alexander took some of the old Irvin Artillery and went out to arrest such of the guilty ones as could be found. They caught several who were suspected, but while the soldiers were scattered around looking for others, the Danburg people armed themselves and made a rescue. All the money and plate that lives through these troublous times will have strange histories attached to it. One man had $1,000 in specie which he went out to conceal as soon as he heard that the Yankees were in his neighborhood. Before he could get it buried, he heard a squad of horsemen coming down the road, so he threw his bag of money over a hedge to get it out of sight, and lo! there it struck a skulking Yankee pat on the head! This is the tale the country people tell, but so many wild reports are flying from mouth to mouth that one never knows what to believe. Where so many strange things are happening every day, nothing seems incredible.

May 27, Saturday.—The Gordons and Paces are here on their way home from Virginia. Nora was in Richmond when it was evacuated, her nurse deserted

and went off to the Yankees, and she had an awful time coming out. The general [John B. Gordon] dropped in to see us; he is almost heartbroken over the fall of the Confederacy. His career in the army was so brilliant, no wonder he feels the bitter change for himself as well as for his country.

After sitting awhile with Nora I went to see Mrs. Elzey and found her cutting off the buttons from the general's coat. The tyrants have prohibited the wearing of Confederate uniforms. Those who have no other clothes can still wear the gray, but must rip off the buttons and decorations. The beautiful Hungarian knot, the stars, and bars, the cords, the sashes, and gold lace, are all disappearing. People everywhere are ransacking old chests, and the men are hauling out the old clothes they used to wear before the war, and they do look so funny and old-fashioned, after the beautiful uniforms we had all gotten used to! But the raggedest soldier of the Confederacy in his shabby old clothes is a more heroic figure in my eyes than any upstart Yankee officer in the finest uniform he can get into. Yet, it is pitiful, as well as comical, to see the poor fellows looking so dowdy. I feel like crying whenever I think of the change and all that it means. We are a poverty-stricken nation, and most of them are too poor to buy new clothes. I suppose we are just now at the very worst stage of our financial embarrassments, and if we can manage to struggle through the next five or six months, some sort of cur-

rency will begin to circulate again. I have clothes enough to bridge over the crisis, I think, but mother's house linen is hopelessly short, and our family larder brought down to the last gasp. Father has a little specie, saved from the sale of the cotton he shipped to Liverpool before the war, but the country has been so drained of provisions that even gold cannot buy them. We have so much company that it is necessary to keep up appearances and set a respectable table, which Mett and I do, after a fashion, by hard struggling behind the scenes. The table generally looks well enough when we first sit down, but when we get up it is as bare as Jack Sprat's. We have some good laughs at the makeshifts we resort to for making things hold out. We eat as little as we can do with ourselves, but we don't want father's guests to suspect that we are stinted, so Metta pretends to a loss of appetite, while I profess a great fondness for whatever happens to be most abundant, which is always sure to be cornfield peas, or some other coarse, rank thing that I detest. It would all be very funny, if it were not so mortifying, with all these charming people in the house that deserve to be entertained like princes, and are used to having everything nice. Metta's delicate appetite and my affection for cornfield peas are a standing joke between us. She has the best of it, though, for she simply starves, while I "nawsierate," as Charity says. I make a face at the bag of peas whenever I go near it in the pantry. I don't know what we should do if

it was not for Emily and Charity. They join in our consultations, moan over our difficulties, and carry out our plans with as much eagerness as old Caleb Balderstone, in keeping up the credit of the family. Who would ever have believed that we could come to this? I can hardly believe it is I, plotting with the servants in the pantry to get up a dinner out of nothing, like the poor people I read about in books. It requires a great deal of management to find time for both parlor and kitchen, and to keep my manners and my dress unruffled. However, Mett and I find so much to laugh at in the comedies mixed up with our country's tragedy that it keeps us in a good humor. Mother don't help us much. She always did hate the worry of housekeeping, and she never was used to such as this. . . . The servants, however, are treasures. With the exception of those who went to the Yankees, they all behave better and work harder than they did before. I really love them for the way they have stood by us.

May 28, Sunday.—Nora and Mr. Pace spent the evening with us, and Cousin Bolling and the Elzeys dropped in, making quite a full table. Cousin Bolling came up from Cuthbert to visit his father's family before going to join Cousin Bessie in Memphis, and will be obliged to stay indefinitely because he can't get money to pay his way. After everybody else had gone, he and Capt. Hudson staid and chatted with us a long time. They taught us some thunderous German words to say when we feel like swearing at the

Yankees, because Cora said she felt like doing it a dozen times a day, but couldn't because she was a woman. I remember this much: "Potts-tousand-schock-schwer an oat——" and my brain could carry no more. I don't know how my spelling would look in German; I would prefer a good, round, English "*damn*" anyway, if I dared use it. A fresh batch of Yankees have come to town under the command of a Capt. Schaeffer. I have not seen any of them, but I know they are frights in their horrid cavalry uniform of blue and yellow. It is the ugliest thing I ever saw; looks like the back of a snake. The business of these newcomers, it is said, is to cram their nauseous oath of allegiance down our throats.

May 29, Monday.—I went to the dépot to see Nora and the Gordons off. The general sent me his love and good-by yesterday, but that did not suffice. I wanted to touch again the brave hand that has struck so many blows for Southern liberty. He is a splendid-looking man, and the very pattern of chivalry. Fanny Haralson was not thought to have done much of a business when she married the poor young lawyer from the mountains, but now she is the envy of womankind. I wish old Mrs. Haralson could have lived to see her son-in-law a lieutenant-general in the bravest army the world ever saw; it would have brought joy unspeakable to her proud heart—as who would not be proud of such a son-in-law?

From the dépot I was going out to return calls with

Mary Day, but Garnett told me he had invited the Elzeys to dinner, so I came home to receive them. Capt. Hudson brought Cousin Bolling, and we had a pleasant little party. I have not seen people enjoy themselves so much since our country fell under the tyrant's heel. Gen. Elzey was really merry, and I was delighted to see him recovering his spirits, for he has been the picture of desolation ever since the crash came. I love him and Mrs. Elzey better than almost anybody else outside my own family. Father, too, is so fond of Mrs. Elzey that he laughs at her fiery rebel talk, no matter how hot she grows, and lets her say what he wouldn't tolerate in the rest of us. Our household is divided into factions—we out-and-out rebels being most numerous, but the Unionists (father and mother) most powerful; the "Trimmers" neither numerous nor powerful, but best adapted to scud between opposing elements and escape unhurt by either. I think mother is inclined to waver sometimes and join the rebels through sympathy with the boys, but she always sticks to father in the long run. However, we did not quarrel at all to-day; we Rebs had such strong reenforcements that the others had no showing at all.

We had a good dinner, too—mock turtle soup, barbecued lamb, and for dessert, sponge pudding with cream sauce, and boiled custard sweetened with sugar—no sorghum in anything. I have not seen such a feast on our table for a long time, and we all ate like ogres. The lamb, alas! was the pet Mrs. Jordan

had sent Marsh. It was mischievous, eating things in the garden, and we too near starvation to let go any good pretext for making way with it, so Marsh was persuaded to consent to the slaughter and Garnett took advantage of the occasion to feast his friends, and the wolf in the fable never fell upon his victim more ravenously than we upon poor little Mary Lizzie, as Mrs. Jordan had christened her pet. The pudding and boiled custard were due to an order father has sent to Augusta for groceries, and mother felt so triumphant over the prospect of having something in the pantry again, that she grew reckless and celebrated the event by using up all the sugar she had in the house. There was plenty of everything, so Mett recovered her appetite and I suddenly lost my fondness for cornfield peas.

May 30, *Tuesday*.—Rain all day, but we had a jolly time, nevertheless. After dinner we played euchre, with gingercakes for stakes, and when the bank broke on them, descended to a game of "Muggins." The captain gave us all mustaches, and we put on hats and coats and went to visit Aunt Sallie. Mett and Henry fought a duel with popguns, and when we saw Gen. Elzey coming up the avenue, we turned our popguns on him, till at last father said we were getting so boisterous he had to call us to order. Gen. Elzey stayed to tea, and Gardiner Foster dropped in. The general wore a gray coat from which all the decorations had been ripped off and the buttons covered with plain

gray cloth, but he would look like a soldier and a gentleman even in a Boston stove-pipe hat, or a suit of Yankee blue. Some of our boys put their discarded buttons in tobacco bags and jingle them whenever a Yank comes within earshot. Some will not replace them at all, but leave their coats flying open to tell the tale of spoliation. Others put ridiculous tin and horn buttons on their military coats. The majority, however, especially the older ones, submit in dignified silence to the humiliating decree. Old-fashioned citizen's suits that were thrown aside four years ago are now brought out of their hiding-places, and the dear old gray is rapidly disappearing from the streets. Men look upon our cause as hopelessly lost, and all talk of the Trans-Mississippi and another revolution has ceased. Within the last three weeks the aspect of affairs has changed more than three years in ordinary times could have changed it. It is impossible to write intelligibly even about what is passing under one's eyes, for what is true to-day may be false to-morrow. The mails are broken up so that we can send letters only as chance offers, by private hand, and the few papers we get are published under Yankee censorship, and reveal only what the tyrants choose that we shall know.

May 31, *Wednesday.*—Out nearly all day, returning calls with Mary Day. She is very delicate, and does not care much for general society, but we have so many pleasant people in the house that it is never dull here.

She plays divinely on the piano, and her music adds a great deal to the pleasure of the household.

The newcomers under Capt. Schaeffer seem to be as fond of our grove as were Capt. Abraham's men. Some of them are always strolling about there, and this morning two of them came to the house and asked to borrow 'Ginny Dick's fiddle! I suppose they are going to imitate their predecessors in giving negro balls. Abraham's men danced all night with the odorous belles, and it is said the "righteous Lot" himself was not above bestowing his attentions on them. I hope Dick will have more self-respect than to play for any such rabble. He always was a good negro, except that he can't let whisky alone whenever there is a chance to get it. Poor darkeys, they are the real victims of the war, after all. The Yankees have turned their poor ignorant heads and driven them wild with false notions of freedom. I have heard several well-authenticated instances of women throwing away their babies in their mad haste to run away from their homes and follow the Northern deliverers. One such case, Capt. Abraham himself told father he saw in Mississippi. Another occurred not a mile from this town, where a runaway, hotly pursued by her master, threw an infant down in the road and sped on to join the "saviors of her race," with a bundle of finery clasped tightly in her arms. Our new ruler is as little disposed to encourage them in running away as was "Marse Lot," but their heads have been so turned by

the idea of living without work that their owners are sometimes obliged to turn them off, and when they run away of their own accord, they are not permitted to come back and corrupt the rest. In this way they are thrown upon the Yankees in such numbers that they don't know what to do with them, and turn the helpless ones loose to shift for themselves. They are so bothered with them, that they will do almost anything to get rid of them. In South-West Georgia, where there are so many, they keep great straps to beat them with. Mrs. Stowe need not come South for the Legree of her next novel. Yankees always did make notoriously hard masters; I remember how negroes used to dread being hired to them, before the war, because they worked them so hard.

The great armies have about all passed through, and now are coming the sick from the hospitals and prisons, poor fellows, straggling towards their homes. They often stop to rest in the cool shade of our grove, and the sight of their gray coats, no matter how ragged and dirty, is refreshing to my eyes. Two Missourians came to the house yesterday morning for breakfast, and mother filled them up with everything good she could find, and packed them up a generous lunch besides. She is a better rebel than she thinks herself, after all. If anybody in the world does merit good usage from all Southerners, it is these brave Missourians, who sacrificed so much for our cause, in which they had so little at stake for themselves.

CHAPTER VI

FORESHADOWINGS OF THE RACE PROBLEM

June 1—*July* 16, 1865

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—I would gladly have left out the family dissensions about politics with which this and the preceding chapter abound, could it have been done consistently with faithfulness to the original narrative which I have sought to maintain in giving to the public this contemporary record of the war time. It is due to my father's memory, however, to say that his devotion to the Union was not owing to any want of sympathy with his own section, but to his belief that the interests of the South would be best served by remaining under the old flag. No man was ever in more hearty accord with our civilization and institutions than he. The question with him was not whether these ought to be preserved, but by what means their safety could best be assured. His judgment told him that secession must inevitably be a failure, in any case. Even could we have held our own in the face of the overwhelming odds against us, and established our independence, he believed that the disintegrating forces of inter-state jealousies and the intrigues of self-seeking politicians would soon have dissolved the bonds of a loosely-organized confederation, based on the right of secession, and left us in the end, broken and divided, at the mercy of our powerful centralized neighbor. I think, too, his common sense told him that slavery was bound to go, sooner or later, and if

emancipation must come, it would be better that it should take place peacefully and by carefully prearranged steps than with the violence and unreason which he foresaw were sure to follow in case of war. He was a large slaveholder himself, and honestly believed, like most of his class, that a condition of mild servitude secured by strict regulations against abuses, was the best solution of the "negro problem" bequeathed us by our ancestors. We were in the position of the man who had the bull by the horns and couldn't let loose if he wanted to, for fear of being gored. Yet, in spite of the dangers and difficulties that beset this course, his pride and faith in the future of the great republic his father had fought for, were so great, that if forced to choose, he would have preferred emancipation, under proper safeguards, rather than disruption of the Union.

But while he believed that peaceable and gradual emancipation would have been a lesser evil than disunion, he was bitterly and unalterably opposed to negro suffrage, and regarded it as the greatest of all the evils brought upon us by the war. He used to say in the early days, when the possibility of such a thing first began to be talked of among us, that it would be better to concede everything else, and accept any terms we could get, no matter how hard, provided this one thing could be averted, than risk the danger of provoking the North, by useless resistance, to employ this deadliest weapon in the armory of strife to crush us. Such advice was unpopular at the time, but it was a mere question of policy. He deplored the misfortunes of the South as much as anybody; we differed only in our opinion as to who was to blame for them, and how they were to be remedied. We laid all our sufferings at the door of the hated Yankees; he blamed the authors of the secession movement—"the fool

secessionists," he used to call them, when angry or heated by contradiction, but more commonly, "the poor fools," in a tone of half-pitying rebuke, just as he had spoken of them on that memorable night when the bells were ringing for the secession of his State.

It was probably his warmth in advocating this policy to "agree with the adversary quickly" lest a worse thing should befall us by delay, that led to his action at the public meeting referred to in the text. What was said and done on that occasion, and the substance of the resolutions that gave such offense, I know no more to this day than when the account in the journal was penned. The subject was never alluded to between us and our father. Whether the course of events would have been altered if counsels such as his had prevailed, no one can tell. The passion and fury of the time were not favorable to moderation, and the fatal mistake was made, that has petrified the fifteenth amendment in our national constitution, and injected a race problem into our national life. There it stands to-day, a solid wedge of alien material cleaving the heart wood of our nation's tree of life, and throwing the dead weight of its impenetrable mass on whatever side its own interest or passion, or the influence of designing politicians may direct it.

June 1, *Thursday*.—I dressed up in my best, intending to celebrate the Yankee fast by going out to pay some calls, but I had so many visitors at home that I did not get out till late in the afternoon. I am sorry enough that Lincoln was assassinated, Heaven knows, but this public fast is a political scheme gotten up to

throw reproach on the South, and I wouldn't keep it if I were ten times as sorry as I am.

The "righteous Lot" has come back to town. It is uncertain whether he or Capt. Schaeffer is to reign over us; we hope the latter. He is said to be a very gentlemanly-looking person, and above associating with negroes. His men look cleaner than the other garrison, but Garnett saw one of them with a lady's gold bracelet on his arm, which shows what they are capable of. I never look at them, but always turn away my head, or pull down my veil when I meet any of them. The streets are so full of negroes that I don't like to go out when I can help it, though they seem to be behaving better about Washington than in most other places. Capt. Schaeffer does not encourage them in leaving their masters, still, many of them try to play at freedom, and give themselves airs that are exasperating. The last time I went on the street, two great, strapping wenches forced me off the sidewalk. I could have raised a row by calling for protection from the first Confederate I met, or making complaint at Yankee headquarters, but would not stoop to quarrel with negroes. If the question had to be settled by these Yankees who are in the South, and see the working of things, I do not believe emancipation would be forced on us in such a hurry; but unfortunately, the government is in the hands of a set of crazy abolitionists, who will make a pretty mess, meddling with things they know nothing about. Some of the

Yankee generals have already been converted from their abolition sentiments, and it is said that Wilson is deviled all but out of his life by the negroes in South-West Georgia. In Atlanta, Judge Irvin says he saw the corpses of two dead negroes kicking about the streets unburied, waiting for the public ambulance to come and cart them away.

June 4, *Sunday*.—Still another batch of Yankees, and one of them proceeded to distinguish himself at once, by "capturing" a negro's watch. They carry out their principles by robbing impartially, without regard to "race, color, or previous condition." 'Ginny Dick has kept his watch and chain hid ever since the bluecoats put forth this act of philanthropy, and George Palmer's old Maum Betsy says that she has "knowed white folks all her life, an' some mighty mean ones, but Yankees is de fust ever she seed mean enough to steal fum niggers." Everybody suspected that mischief was afoot, as soon as the Yankees began coming in such force, and they soon fulfilled expectations by going to the bank and seizing $100,000 in specie belonging to one of the Virginia banks, which the Confederate cavalrymen had restored as soon as they found it was private property. They then arrested the Virginia bank officers, and went about town "pressing" people's horses to take them to Danburg, to get the "robbers" and the rest of the money, which they say is concealed there. One of the men came to our house after supper, while we were sitting out on

the piazza, and just beginning to cool off from a furious political quarrel we had had at the table. Father could not see very well without his glasses, and mistook him for a negro and ordered him off—an error which I took care not to correct. He then made his errand known, and produced an order from Capt. Abraham for father's carriage horses. Garnett and Capt. Hudson quickly moved towards him, ready to resist any insolence. He was mighty civil, however, and tried to enter into conversation by remarking upon the pleasantness of the weather, but people about to be robbed of their carriage horses are not in a mood for seeing the pleasant side of things and nobody took any notice of him, except old Toby, who is too sensible a dog and too good a Confederate to tolerate the enemies of his country. I don't know how father and Garnett managed it, but the fellow finally went off without the horses, followed by a parting growl from Toby.

After this interruption we resumed our conversation, and became so much interested that father, Garnett, Capt. Hudson, and I sat up till twelve o'clock, much to the disgust of Mett and Mary Day, who were trying to sleep, in rooms overlooking the piazza. It was not politics, this time, either, but the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, and I think it would be much better if we would stick to peaceful encounters of this sort instead of the furious political battles we have, which always end in fireworks, especially when

Henry and I cross swords with father—two hot-heads against one.

June 5, *Monday.*—Went to call on Mrs. Elzey with some of our gentlemen, and talk over plans for a moonlight picnic on Thursday or Friday night; then to see Mrs. Foreman, and from there to the Alexanders. On my return home, found Porter Alexander in the sitting-room, and Garnett came in soon after with Gen. Elzey, who staid to dinner. Mother was dining out, but fortunately I had a good dinner—mock turtle soup, mutton chops, roast lamb with mint sauce, besides ham and vegetables. After dinner, I had just stretched myself on the bed for a nap, when Jim Bryan was announced, and before I had finished dressing to go downstairs, Garnett sent word that he had invited a party of Confederate officers, on their way back to Virginia from various points where they had been stranded, to take supper with us. Only two of them came, however, Maj. Hallet, a very boyish-looking fellow for a major, and Capt. Selden, a very handsome man, and as charming as he was good-looking. The others wouldn't come because they said they were too ragged and disreputable to go where ladies were. Captain Selden said they hadn't twenty-five cents among them, and told some very funny stories of their pinching and scheming to make their way without money. "We have been flanking hotels ever since we left Macon," he said with a laugh, and I was so glad we had the remains of our good dinner to give

them. Maj. Hallet said he staid in Macon four weeks after he got his discharge trying to raise money enough to pay his fare home, but couldn't clear 50c., and Garnett consoled him by confessing that he had just had to beg father for a quarter to pay the barber. Then Mett and I related some of our house-keeping difficulties, including poor "Mary Lizzie's" tragic end, which raised shouts of laughter—and we didn't tell the worst, either. It seems strange to think how we laugh and jest now, over things that we would once have thought it impossible to live through. We are all poor together, and nobody is ashamed of it. We live from hand to mouth like beggars. Father has sent to Augusta for a supply of groceries, but it will probably be a week or more before they get here, and in the meantime, all the sugar and coffee we have is what Uncle Osborne brings in. He hires himself out by the day and takes his wages in whatever provisions we need most, and hands them to father when he comes home at night. He is such a good carpenter that he is always in demand, and the Yankees themselves sometimes hire him. Father says that except Big Henry and Long Dick and old Uncle Jacob, he is the most valuable negro he ever owned.*

* The end of this good old negro is a pathetic example of the unavoidable tragedies that have so often followed the severing of the old ties between master and servant throughout the South. For some years he prospered and became the owner of a comfortable home of his own. When sickness and old age overtook him, my father invited him to come and eat from his kitchen as long

Lieut. (afterwards Col.)
Garnett Andrews, 1863

Capt. Henry Irwin,
1863

Dr. Henry F. Andrews,
1864

Gen. Arnold Elzey,
1865

A GROUP OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS

A Yankee came this morning before breakfast and took one of father's mules out of the plow. He showed an order from "Marse" Abraham and said he would bring the mule back, but of course we never expect to see it again. I peeped through the blinds, and such a looking creature, I thought, would be quite capable of burning Columbia. Capt. Schaeffer seems to be a more respectable sort of a person than some of the other officers. He not only will not descend to associate with negroes himself, but tries to keep his men from doing it, and when runaways come to town, he either has them thrashed and sent back home, or put to work on the streets and made to earn their rations. The "righteous Lot" too, to do him justice, does try to restrain their insolence on the streets, but mammy, who hears all the negro news, says he went to their balls and danced with the black wenches! And yet,

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as he lived. It was not advisable to send him food at his home, because he had become weak-minded, and there could be no assurance that the charity intended for him would not be appropriated by idlers and hangers-on. He came to us regularly for a year or two, only missing a day now and then, on account of sickness or bad weather. At last he failed to appear for a longer time than usual, and on inquiring at his home, it was found that he had not been seen there since he started out, several days before, for his accustomed visit to "old marster's kitchen." Search was then made and his dead body found in a wood on the outskirts of the village. He had probably been seized with a sudden attack of some sort, and had wandered off and lost his way looking for the old home. It was a source of bitter regret to my father, and to us all, that his faithfulness and devotion should have met with no better reward.

these " conquering heroes " have the face to complain because they are not admitted to our homes—as if we would stoop to share their attentions with our negro maids, even if there was not a yawning gulf of blood between us and them! People are so outraged at the indecent behavior going on in our midst that many good Christians have absented themselves from the Communion Table because they say they don't feel fit to go there while such bitter hatred as they feel towards the Yankees has a place in their hearts. The Methodists have a revival meeting going on, and last night one of our soldier boys went up to be prayed for, and a Yankee went up right after and knelt at his side. The Reb was so overcome by his emotions that he didn't know a Yankee was kneeling beside him till Mr. Norman alluded to it in his prayer, when he spoke of the " lamb and the lion " lying down together. But the congregation don't seem to have been greatly edified by the spectacle. Some of the boys who were there told me they were only sorry to see a good Confederate going to heaven in such bad company. It is dreadful to hate anybody so, and I do try sometimes to get these wicked feelings out of my heart, but as soon as I begin to feel a little like a Christian, I hear of some new piece of rascality the Yankees have done that rouses me up to white heat again.

June 6, *Tuesday.*—Strange to say the Yankee brought back father's mule that was taken yesterday—which Garnett says is pretty good evidence that it

wasn't worth stealing. They caught five of the men accused of being implicated in the bank robbery, and brought them to Washington, but they have every one escaped, and I am glad of it. I would like to see the guilty ones punished, of course, but not by a military tribunal with no more regard for law and justice than these Yankee courts have, where negro evidence counts against white people just as much, if not more, than a white man's.

They did not find any of the treasure, and I am glad of that, too, for if the proper owners don't get it, I would rather Southern robbers should have it than Yankee ones. They are making a great ado in their Northern newspapers, about the "robbing of the Virginia banks by the Confederates" but not a word is said in their public prints about the $300,000 they stole from the bank at Greenville, S. C., nor the thousands they have taken in spoils from private houses, as well as from banks, since these angels of peace descended upon us. They have everything their own way now, and can tell what tales they please on us, but justice will come yet. Time brings its revenges, though it may move but slowly. Some future Motley or Macaulay will tell the truth about our cause, and some unborn Walter Scott will spread the halo of romance around it. In all the poems and romances that shall be written about this war, I prophesy that the heroes will all be rebels, or if Yankees, from some loyal Southern State. The bare idea of a full-blown

Yankee hero or heroine is preposterous. They made no sacrifices, they suffered no loss, and there is nothing on their side to call up scenes of pathos or heroism.

This afternoon our premises were visited by no less a person than the " righteous Lot " himself, who came to inspect Capt. Parker's boxes, which he pronounced to be Confederate property.

I had been out plum hunting with the children, and was up in my room, changing my dress when he came, and I couldn't help feeling " riled "—there is no other word that expresses it—when I peeped through the blinds and saw him breaking open and prying into these poor little relics of the Confederacy. It seemed like desecrating the memory of the dead.

Still another batch of Yankees, on this afternoon's train, and our men say their commander promises better than even Schaeffer. They say he looks like a born gentleman, while Schaeffer was nothing but a tailor when he went into the army. A precious lot of plebeians they are sending among us! It is thought this last comer will rule over us permanently, but they make so many changes that no one can tell who is to be the next lord paramount. There must surely be something in the wind, they are gathering here in such numbers. I feel uneasy about Gen. Toombs, who, not more than a week ago, was still in the county.

June 7, Wednesday.—I started out soon after breakfast and got rid of several duty visits to old ladies and invalids. There is certainly something in the air. The

town is fuller of bluecoats than I have seen it in a long time. I crossed the street to avoid meeting a squad of them, but as I heard some of them make remarks upon my action, and didn't wish to do anything that would attract their notice, I bulged right through the midst of the next crowd I met, keeping my veil down and my parasol raised, and it wouldn't have broken my heart if the point had punched some of their eyes out. While we were at dinner Gardiner Foster and Sallie May Ford came in from Augusta, and left immediately after for Elberton. They say that when the prayer for the President of the United States was read for the first time in St. Paul's Church, not a single response was heard, but when Mr. Clarke read the "Prayer for Prisoners and Captives," there was a perfect storm of "Amens."

While we were at dinner the faithful Abraham came with a wagon to carry off Capt. Parker's boxes, and father sent a servant out and invited him to a seat on the piazza till he could go to him. There is some talk of father's being made provisional Governor of Georgia; that is, his old political friends are anxious to have him appointed because they think, that while his well-known Union sentiments all through the war ought to make him satisfactory to the Yankees, they know he would have the interests of Georgia at heart and do everything he could to lighten the tyranny that must, in any case, be exercised over her. But I think, to hold an office under Andy Johnson, even for the

good of his country, would be a disgrace, and my dear father is too honorable a man to have his name mixed up with the miserable gang that are swooping down upon us, like buzzards on a battlefield.

I am afraid we shall have to part with Emily and her family. Mother never liked her, and has been wanting to get rid of her ever since "freedom struck the earth." She says she would enjoy emancipation from the negroes more than they will from their masters. Emily has a savage temper, and yesterday she gave mother some impudence, and mother said she couldn't stand her any longer, and she would have to pack up and go. Then Emily came crying to Mett and me and said that Mistis had turned her off, and we all cried over it together, and Mett went and shut herself up in the library and spent the whole afternoon there crying over Emily's troubles. Mother hasn't said anything more about it to-day, but the poor darkey is very miserable, and I don't know what would become of her with her five children, for Dick can't let whisky alone, and would never make a support for them. Besides, he is not fit for anything but a coachman, and people are not going to be able to keep carriages now. I felt so sorry for the poor little children that I went out and gave them all a big piece of cake, in commiseration for the emptiness their poor little stomachs will sooner or later be doomed to, and then I went and had a talk with father about them. He laughed and told me I needn't be troubled; he would never let any of

his negroes suffer as long as he had anything to share with them, and if mother couldn't stand Emily, he would find somebody else to hire her, or see that the family were cared for till they could do something for themselves. Of course, now that they are no longer his property, he can't afford to spend money bringing up families of little negro children like he used to, but humanity, and the natural affection that every right-minded man feels for his own people, will make him do all that he can to keep them from suffering. Our negroes have acted so well through all these troublous times that I feel more attached to them than ever. I had a long talk with mammy on the subject to-day, and she says none of our house servants ever had a thought of quitting us.* She takes a very sensible view of things, but mammy is a negro of more than usual intelligence. "There is going to be awful times among the black folks," she says. "Some of 'em 'll work, but most of 'em won't without whippin', and them what won't work will steal from them that does,

* I am sorry to say that my dear old mammy—Sophia by name—while so superior, and as genuine a "lady" as I ever knew, in other respects, shared the weakness of her race in regard to chastity. She was the mother of five children. Her two daughters, Jane and Charlotte, of nearly the same age as my sister Metta and myself, respectively, were assigned to us as our maids, and were the favorite playmates of our childhood. They were both handsome mulattoes, and Jane, particularly, I remember as one of the most amiable and affectionate characters I have ever known. Just before the outbreak of the war they were purchased, with mammy's consent and approval, by a wealthy

an' so nobody won't have nothin'." She will never leave us, unless to go to her children.

June 8, *Thursday.*—A letter came from sister while we were at table, giving an account of her experience with the Yankees. The only way she can manage to write to us is by keeping a letter always on hand with Mr. Hobbs, in Albany, to be forwarded by any opportunity he finds. We write to her by sending our letters to Gus Bacon, in Macon, and he has so much communication with Gum Pond that he can easily forward them there. The chief difficulty is in getting them from here to Macon. Nobody has money to travel much, so it is a mere chance if we find anybody to send them by. The express will carry letters, but it is expensive and uncertain.

Capt. Hudson has been amusing himself by teaching Marshall and some of his little friends to dance. They meet in our parlor at six o'clock every afternoon. Mary Day and I assist, she by playing the piano, and I by dancing with the children and making them keep time. At first only the Pope and Alexander children and Touch were invited, but so many others have

white man, reputed to be their father, who set them free, and sent them North to be educated. Jane, who had married in the meantime, came to visit us about a year after the close of the war, and took her mother back home with her. But the dear old lady —I use the word advisedly, for she *was* one in spite of inherited instincts which would make it unfair to judge her by the white woman's standard—could not be happy amid such changed surroundings, and finally drifted back South, to live with one of her sons, who had settled in Alabama.

dropped in that I call him "the village dancing master." Cousin Bolling came over this afternoon, and we had a pleasant little chat together till the buggy was brought round for Mary and me to drive. We went out the Abbeville road, and met four soldiers just released from the hospitals, marching cheerily on their crutches. I offered to take two of them in the buggy and drive them to town, and send back for the others, but they said they were going to camp there in the fields and would not put me to the trouble. I talked with them a long time and they seemed to enjoy telling of their adventures. Two of them had very bright, intelligent faces, and one smiled so pleasantly that Mary and I agreed it was worth driving five miles just to see him. I told them that the sight of their gray coats did my heart good, and was a relief to my eyes, so long accustomed to the ugly Federal blue.

June 9, *Friday.*—Mary Wynn has come to make us a little visit. None of our gentlemen were home to dinner; but came in just before supper, from a private barbecue at Capt. Steve Pettus's plantation. They tried to tease us by pretending to have forgotten our warnings, and indulged too freely in the captain's favorite form of hospitality—Henry clean done up, Capt. Hudson just far enough gone to be stupid, and Garnett not quite half-seas over. They acted their parts to perfection and gave us a good laugh, but fooled nobody, because we know them well enough to be always on the lookout for a joke, and besides, we

knew they would not really do such a thing. We danced awhile after supper, but it was too hot for exercise, so we went out on the lawn and sang Confederate songs. Some Yankee soldiers crept up behind the rose hedge and listened, but Toby's bark betrayed them, so we were careful not to say anything that would give them an excuse for arresting us. I love all the dear old Confederate songs, no matter what sort of doggerel they are—and some of them are dreadful. They remind me of the departed days of liberty and happiness.

June 10, *Saturday.*—Our pleasant evening had a sad termination. We went to our rooms at twelve o'clock, and I had just stretched myself out for a good night's rest when mother came to the door and said that father was very ill. I sprang to the floor and went to get a light and hunt for the laudanum bottle, while Metta flew to the cottage after Henry. He had gone to see a patient, so we sent for Dr. Hardesty. Father began to grow better before the doctor arrived, and when he went away, was pronounced out of danger, but I couldn't help feeling anxious, and slept very little during the night. A man of father's age and feeble health cannot well stand a severe attack of illness, and I felt cold with terror every time I thought of the possibility that he might die. Oh, how I reproached myself for being so often disrespectful about his politics, and I solemnly vow I will never say anything to vex him again. He is the dearest, best old father

that ever lived, and I have talked dreadfully to him sometimes, and now I am so sorry. He is much better to-day—entirely out of danger, the doctor says, but must not leave his bed. Mother stays in the room reading to him, so Mett and I have to take charge of the household. I feel like Atlas with the world on my shoulders.

June 12, *Monday*.—We had crowds of callers all the morning, and some in the afternoon, which was rather inconvenient, as Metta and I were busy preparing for a little *soirée dansante* in compliment to our two Marys. Some of the guests were invited to tea, the others at a later hour, and refreshed between the dances with cake, fruit, and lemon punch. I was in the parlor from six to seven, helping Capt. Hudson with his little dancing circle, and Gen. Elzey came in to look on, and we fooled away the time talking till I forgot how late it was, and Mary Semmes and the captain [her brother-in-law, Spenser Semmes, son of the famous Confederate sea-captain] came in before I was dressed. I ran upstairs and scuttled into my clothes as quick as I could. We had a delightful supper and everybody seemed to enjoy it. About 25 were invited in all, and though it rained, only two invitations were declined. We had a charming evening, and everybody was in the best of spirits. In fact, I don't think I ever saw people enjoy themselves more. We had a few sets of the Lancers and one or two old-fashioned quadrilles for the benefit of those who did

not dance the round dances, but the square dances seem very tame to me, in comparison with a good waltz or a galop. Capt. Semmes is delightful to dance with. He supports his partner so well, with barely the palm of his hand touching the bottom of your waist. Metta and I are both charmed with him. Instead of the quiet, reserved sort of person he seemed when I first met him at the time of his marriage, he is as jolly and full of fun as Capt. Irwin himself. When I spoke to him about it, he laughed and said: "How could you expect a man to be anything but solemn at his own wedding?" I turned the tables by saying it was the woman's time to look solemn afterwards. We kept up a sort of mock warfare the whole evening, and I don't know when I have ever laughed more. You can be so free and easy with a married man and let him say things you wouldn't take from a single one. He and Cousin Bolling nicknamed me "Zephyr" because they said my hair looked like a zephyr would if they could see it. I knew they were poking fun at me, for the damp had wilted my frizzes dreadfully, and I put my hand up involuntarily, to see if there was any curl left in them.

"You needn't be uneasy," the captain said, "they only need another good pinching. I have pinched Paul's hair for her too often not to know the signs."

Then I said, what was really true,—that I had never used curling irons in my life.

"Then you do worse," he answered; "you twist up

Flora Maxwell

Rosalie Beirne
(Mrs. Garnett Andrews, Jr.)

Elizabeth Cohron Morgan
(Mrs. Henry F. Andrews)

Eugenia Toombs
(Mrs. S. R. Palmer)

A GROUP OF CONFEDERATE BELLES

your hair in curl papers." I asked if he had ever played the part of Mr. Pickwick. He said no, but he had been married long enough not to be fooled with hot iron and yellow paper devices. "Oh, but it is worse even than that sometimes," I acknowledged, pulling out a little bunch of artificial frizzettes that I use in damp weather to fill in the gaps of my own, "they are 'false as fair.'"

He laughed at my frankness and proposed that we should have another dance, but I made some excuse, and slipped off upstairs to get a look at myself in the glass. Between the damp and the dancing, my frizzes were in a condition that made me look like a Medusa's head. I fastened them down the best I could with hairpins and hid the worst-looking under a little cluster of rosebuds and then went back to the parlor. I wish now that I had never cut off my front hair. It has grown too long to frizz, and is still too short to do anything else with, and as the false frizzettes I have are made of Metta's and my hair mixed, they won't stay curled in damp weather, and so are not much of a help. I am tired of frizzing, anyway, though it does become me greatly.

Mary Semmes has told the captain of my enthusiastic admiration for his father, and he has promised to give me his autograph. "I will give you a whole letter," he said, "that he wrote me when I was a youngster at school." I am delighted at the idea of possessing such a *souvenir* of the great Confederate

sea-captain, the most dashing and romantic hero of the war.

It was two o'clock before our *soirée* broke up, and everybody seemed loath to go, even then. I had trotted around so much all day and danced so much at night, that my feet ached when I went to bed, as if I were a rheumatic old woman.

June 13, *Tuesday.*—Mary Wynn has gone home and invited us to her house next Monday. Jule Toombs has gone out with her, and several others are invited to meet us there. The more I know of Mary, the better I like her; she is so thoroughly good-hearted. . . .

June 14, *Wednesday.*—We all spent the morning at Mrs. Paul Semmes's and had a charming time. The two Marys (Mary Semmes and Mary Day) both play divinely, and made music for us, while the captain made mirth. He showed me a beautiful collection of seaweeds, and some interesting *cartes de visite,* among them one of his father, the great Confederate admiral. He showed me a page in his photograph book, which he said he was saving for my picture, and I told him he should have it when I get to be a "celebrated female." He gave me two of his father's letters—one of them about the fitting up of his first ship, the Sumter.

June 15, *Thursday.*—This has been a day of jokes—as crazy almost as if it were the First of April. It all began by Capt. Hudson trying to get even with me for fooling him about those colored cigarette papers

the other night, and laughing at him for his misunderstanding of some complimentary remarks that Mary Day had made about Sidney Lanier. After we had each told everything we could think of to raise a laugh against the other, he put on a serious face, and began to hint, in a very mysterious way, that he thought this house was a dangerous place. "There are ghosts in it," he said, and then, to our utter amazement, went on to tell, as if he were relating a genuine ghost story, about Capt. Goldthwaite's encounter with Cousin Liza the other morning, as he was coming out of his room to take the early train. He evidently didn't know, when he started, who the real ghost was, but he saw at once, from our laughter, that it was neither Cora nor Metta nor me, so he said it must lie between Cousin Liza and Mary Day, and he would find out by telling the story at the dinner table, and watching their faces, which one it was. We thought this would be a good joke, and it turned out even better than we expected, when Cousin Liza walked right into the trap, before he had said a word, by making a mysterious allusion to her adventure which she thought nobody but herself and Mett and me would understand. Then, when she had betrayed herself as completely as she could, the captain gravely told his ghost story. But instead of laughing with the rest of us, she got on her high horse and gave him a piece of her mind that silenced him for that time as a story-teller. Everybody wanted to laugh, and everybody was afraid to

speak, so we all looked down at our plates and ate as hard as we could, in dead silence. I expected every minute to hear somebody break out in a tell-tale snicker, but we held in till dinner was over. Father never allows anybody to make fun of cousin, if he can help it, and he called Metta and me to him when we got up from the table and gave us such a raking over that we ran upstairs and buried our heads in the pillows so that we could laugh as much as we pleased without being heard. While we were lying there, cousin came in and entertained us with such a criticism of the captain and his ghost story that we didn't dare to uncover our faces. Later in the afternoon, when we came downstairs, Garnett proposed that we should all go out in the grove and laugh as loud as we chose. Henry and Cora joined us, and we went to the seat under the big poplar, and when he had arranged us all in a row, Capt. Hudson gave the word of command: "Attention! Make ready! Laugh!" threw up his cap and shouted like a schoolboy. I don't know what makes people so foolish, but I laughed as I don't believe I ever did before in my life, and all about nothing, too. We all whooped and shouted like crazy children. But the mystery remains; where *did* Capt. Hudson learn about that encounter? I am sure Capt. Goldthwaite couldn't have told him, because he was on his way to take the train when he ran upon her in the entry. Wouldn't it be a comedy, though, sure enough, if there should come an alarm of

fire in the night, and we would all have to run out in our homespun nightgowns!

June 21, Wednesday.—We staid only two days at the Wynns', because we wanted to get back home before Mary Day leaves. She decided not to go till Thursday, but couldn't stand the long drive into the country, and we didn't want to let her go without seeing her again.

We reached home just before dinner and found the town agog with a difficulty between Charley Irvin and the new commander, a New York counter-jumper named Cooley, who now reigns over the land. Charley had thrashed old Uncle Spenser for being impudent to his mother, and the Yankee fined him fifteen dollars for it. When Charley went to pay the money, he said to the captain, in the midst of a crowd of men on the square:

"Here is fifteen dollars you have made out of me. Put it in your pocket; it will pay your board bill for a month, and get you two or three drinks besides."

The captain turned to Mr. Barnett, who was standing by, and asked: "What is the law in this country? Is a man allowed to defend himself when he is insulted?"

"That depends on the nature of the insult," Mr. Barnett answered.

"Do you think this one sufficient to warrant me in knocking that man down?" inquired the Yankee.

"I do think so," said Mr. Barnett.

"Yes!" cried Charley, "if you have any spirit in you, you *ought* to knock me down. Just come and try it, if you want a fight; I am ready to accommodate you."

But it seems he wasn't "spoiling for a fight" after all, and concluded that it was beneath the dignity of a United States officer to engage in a street broil.*

Miss Kate Tupper is at her brother's, completely broken in health, spirit, and fortune. She was in Anderson (S. C.) during the horrors committed there, and Mr. Tupper thinks she will never recover from the shock. All her jewelry was taken except a gold thimble which happened to be overlooked by the robbers, and her youngest brother was beaten by the villains about the head and breast so severely that the poor boy has been spitting blood ever since. Old Mrs. Tupper, one of the handsomest and best-preserved old ladies of my acquaintance, turned perfectly gray in five days, on account of the anxieties and sufferings she underwent. The two daughters of the old gentleman with whom Cousin Liza boarded that summer she spent in Carolina before the war, were treated so brutally that

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* It is the mature judgment of "Philip sober" that this Federal officer was acting the part of a gentleman in avoiding a difficulty which, in the excited state of public feeling, must have led to a general *mêlée*. My recollection is that his whole conduct, while in command of our town, was characterized by a desire to make his unpopular office as little offensive as possible, and I take pleasure in stating that his efforts were afterwards more fully appreciated by the people.

Mr. Tupper would not repeat the circumstances even to his wife. Oh, how I do hate the wretches! No language can express it. Mr. Alexander tells me about a friend of his in Savannah who has taught her children never to use the word "Yankee" without putting some opprobrious epithet before it, as "a hateful Yankee," "an upstart of a Yankee," "a thieving Yankee," and the like; but even this is too mild for me. I feel sometimes as if I would just like to come out with a good round "Damn!"

Father, I am glad to say, has not been appointed provisional governor, so I can say what I please about our new rulers without any disrespect to him. I know he would have done everything in his power to protect our people if he had been appointed, but at the same time it would have been his duty to do many hard things, from the obolquy of which he is now spared, and his name will not be stained by being signed to any of their wicked orders. My dear old father, in spite of his love for the Union, is too honorable a man, and too true a gentleman to be mixed up in the dirty work that is to be done.

June 22, Thursday.—Mary Day and her brother left for Macon, which leaves us with nobody outside our own family, except Capt. Hudson. Our gentlemen were from home nearly all day, attending a political meeting at which father, Col. Weems, and Capt. Hudson were to be the principal speakers. We had a great deal of company after dinner, and a number of friends

to look on at the dancing lesson. Gen. Elzey, and Capt. and Mary Semmes seemed greatly amused, and I invited them to come and look on whenever they feel like it. Our house is a great resort for Confederate officers out of employment; when they are bored and don't know what else to do with themselves, they are sure of finding a welcome here, and I am only too glad to do all in my power to entertain the dear, brave fellows.

Henry came home to supper with his first greenback, which he exhibited with great glee. "It is both a pleasure and a profit," he said as he held up his dollar bill in triumph. "I earned it by pulling a Yankee's tooth, and I don't know which I enjoyed most, hurting the Yankee, or getting the money."

Capt. Cooley has established a camp in Cousin Will Pope's grove, and the white tents would look very picturesque there under the trees, if we didn't know they belonged to the Yankees. Our house is between their camp and the square, so that they are passing our street gate at all hours. We cannot walk in any direction without meeting them. They have established a negro brothel, or rather a colony of them, on the green right in front of our street gate and between Cousin Mary Cooper's and Mrs. Margaret Jones's homes. Whenever Mett and I walk out in company with any of our rebel soldier boys, we are liable to have our eyes greeted with the sight of our conquerors escorting their negro mistresses. They even have the

insolence to walk arm in arm with negro women in our grove, and at night, when we are sitting on the piazza, we can hear them singing and laughing at their detestable orgies. This establishment is the greatest insult to public decency I ever heard of. It is situated right under our noses, in the most respectable part of the village, on the fashionable promenade where our citizens have always been accustomed to walk and ride in the evenings. I took a little stroll with Capt. Hudson a few evenings ago, and my cheeks were made to tingle at the sight of two Yankee soldiers sporting on the lawn with their negro "companions." There is no way of avoiding these disgusting sights except by remaining close prisoners at home, and Cousin Mary and Mrs. Jones can't even look out of their windows without the risk of having indecent exhibitions thrust upon them.*

Charley says that Capt. Cooley went to him this morning and told him that he would have punished old Spenser for his insolence to Mrs. Irvin if Charley had complained to him, instead of taking the law into his own hands. Charley told him that the protection of his mother was a duty that he would delegate to no man living while he had the strength to perform it. "I'll knock down any man that dares to insult her,"

* It is possible that these associations may not have been, in all cases, open to the worst interpretation, since Northern sentiment is, theoretically, at least, so different from ours in regard to social intercourse between whites and negroes; but, from our point of view, any other interpretation was simply inconceivable.

he said, " whether he is a runaway-nigger or a Yankee major-general, without asking your permission or anybody else's. My life isn't worth much now, anyway, and I couldn't lose it in a better cause than defending my blind mother." Bravo, Charley!

I hope the Yankees will get their fill of the blessed nigger before they are done with him. They have placed our people in the most humiliating position it is possible to devise, where we are obliged either to submit to the insolence of our own servants or appeal to our Northern masters for protection, as if we were slaves ourselves—and that is just what they are trying to make of us. Oh, it is abominable!

June 23, Friday.—We are going to form a dancing club for grown people, to meet once or twice a week at our house, as soon as father is well enough. He is quite feeble still, and has been ever since that sudden attack the other night when Mary Wynn was here. I feel very anxious about him and wish there was not any such thing in the world as politics, for they are a never-ending source of warfare in the house, and I believe that has as much to do with his sickness as anything else. Poor, dear old father, he can't help loving the old Union any more than I can help loving the Confederacy. But even if he is a Union man, he is an honest and conscientious one, and was just as stanch and outspoken in the hottest days of secession —even more so than he is now. I will never forget that night when the bells were ringing and the town

illuminated for the secession of Georgia, how he darkened his windows and shut up the house, and while Mett and I were pouting in a corner because we were not allowed to take part in the jubilee, he walked up and down the room, and kept saying, as the sound of the bells reached us: "Poor fools, they may ring their bells now, but they will wring their hands—yes, and their hearts, too, before they are done with it!" It has all come out very much as he said, but somehow, I can't help wishing he was on the same side with the rest of us, so there wouldn't be all this quarreling and fretting. We are all stirred up now about that public meeting yesterday. The whole town is in a ferment about some resolutions that were passed. I can't learn much about them, but it seems father was active in pushing them through. One of them, thanking the Yankee officers for their "courteous and considerate conduct," was particularly odious. There was a hot discussion of them in the courthouse and Garnett was so angry that he left the room and wouldn't go back any more. The returned soldiers held an opposition meeting after dinner before the courthouse door, and declared that instead of repenting for what they had done, they were ready to fight again, if they had the chance, and they say that if these objectionable resolutions are published, they will pass a counter set. Henry came home furious that father should have been mixed up in any such business, but he didn't know much more about what happened than I do. He

wouldn't go to either meeting because he said he didn't approve the first one, and he didn't want to show disrespect to father by taking part in the second, or letting anybody talk to him about it. Henry is like me; he can't talk politics without losing his temper, and sometimes he gets so stirred up that he goes off to his room and won't come to the table for fear he might forget himself and say something to father that he would be sorry for. Serious as it all is, I can't help wanting to laugh a little sometimes, in spite of myself, when I see him begin to swell up and hurry out of the way, as if he had a bomb in his pocket and was afraid it would go off before he could get out of the house. But it is dreadful; I wonder what we are all coming to. There may have been some use in talking and wrangling about what to do, in the beginning, when the choice was open to us, but now, as Garnett says, right or wrong, we are all in the same boat, and the whole South has got to sink or swim together. We are like people that have left a great strong ship and put out to sea in a leaky little raft—some of us because we didn't trust the pilot, some, like father, because they had to choose between their friends on the raft, and comfort and safety aboard the big ship. Now, our poor little raft has gone to the bottom, run down by the big ship, that in the meantime, has become a pirate craft. But father can't see the change. He grew old on the big fine ship and longs to get back aboard on the best terms he can. And this seems to be about

all the choice that is left us; to make such terms as we can with the pirate crew and go into voluntary slavery, or resist and be thrown into chains. I don't suppose it will make much difference in the end which course we take, but it has always been my doctrine that if you have got to go to the devil anyway, it is better to go fighting, and so keep your self-respect.

June 25, Sunday.—I feel like Garnett looks—in a chronic state of *ennui.* Poor fellow, he is as unhappy as he can be over the wreck of our cause and the ruin of his career.

The latest act of tyranny is that handbills have been posted all over town forbidding the wearing of Confederate uniforms. We have seen the last of the beloved old gray, I fear. I can better endure the gloomy weather because it gives us gray skies instead of blue.

June 27, Tuesday.—I have been trying to take advantage of the few days we have been without company to look after my own affairs a little, but have not even found time to darn my stockings. We have a constant stream of visitors, even when there is nobody staying in the house, and so many calls to return that when not entertaining somebody at home, Metta and I are making calls and dropping cards at other people's houses.

I went to see Belle Nash after dinner, before going to the bank to dance with the children. She invited me to go driving with her, but I declined, and walked to the bank with Jim Bryan, who spied me as I was

leaving the Randolph house and bolted after me. He was full of news and told me more than I could have found out for myself in a year, from the boil on his finger to the full and complete history of the old striped rag that the Yankees have raised on the courthouse steeple, where my lone star once proudly floated. I consider that flag a personal insult to Cora and me, who made the first rebel one ever raised in Washington. And such a time as we had making it, too, for we had to work on it in secret and smuggle it out of sight every time we heard any one coming, for fear father might find out what we were at and put a stop to our work. But we got it done, and there it floated, while the bells were ringing for secession, just as that horrid old Yankee banner floats there now, the signal of our humiliation and defeat. Poor, dear, old father, my conscience hurts me to think how I have disobeyed him and gone against his wishes ever since the war began. We are all such determined Rebs that I sometimes wonder how he can put up with us as well as he does—though we do have awful family rows sometimes. We barely missed one this evening, when I came in and commenced to tell the news, but luckily the supper bell rang just in the nick of time, though father was so upset he wouldn't say grace. That old flag started it all. We children were so incensed we couldn't hold in, and father reproved us for talking so imprudently before the servants. I said I hated prudence—it was a self-seeking, Puritanical sort of

virtue, and the Southerners would never have made the gallant fight we did, if we had stopped to think of prudence. Mother turned this argument against me in a way that made me think of the scene in our house on the night when that first rebel flag was raised. We try to avoid politics at home, because it always brings on strife, but a subject of such vital and general interest *will* come up, in spite of all we can do. I am afraid all this political turmoil has something to do with father's illness, and my heart smites me. I don't want to be disrespectful to him, but Henry and I are born hot-heads, and never can hold our unruly tongues. In the beginning, I think a great many people, especially the old people, felt, way down in the bottom of their hearts, just as father did. Cora says that her grandpa was ready to crack anybody on the head with his walking stick that talked to him about dissolving the Union, and she never dared to open her mouth on the subject in his presence, or her father either, though he and all the rest of them believe in Toombs next to the Bible. I felt differently myself then. Before Georgia seceded, I used to square my opinions more by father. I could see his reasons for believing that secession would be a mistake, and wished that some honorable way might be found to prevent it. I loved the old Union, too—the Union of Washington and Jefferson —as much as I hate the new Union of compulsion and oppression, and I used to quarrel with Henry and Cora for being such red-hot secessionists. Even after the

fight began, though my heart and soul were always with the South, I could still see a certain tragic grandeur in the spectacle of the Great Republic struggling desperately for its very existence. On looking back over the pages of this diary, I cannot accuse myself of unreasonable prejudice against the other side.

Its pages are full of criticisms of our own people all through the war. I could see their faults, and I would have done justice to Yankee virtues, if they had had any, but since that infamous march of Sherman's, and their insolence in bringing negro soldiers among us, my feelings are so changed that the most rabid secession talkers, who used to disgust me, are the only ones that satisfy me now. And I am not the only moderate person they have driven to the other extreme. Not two hours ago I heard Garnett say that if they had shown one spark of magnanimity towards us since we gave up the fight, he would be ready to enter their service the first time they got into a foreign war. "But now," he says, "I would fight in the ranks of any army against them." *

The next war they get into, I think, will be against the negroes, who are already becoming discontented with freedom, so different from what they were taught

* In the face of this bitter animosity, it is curious to know that the son of this irreconcilable "rebel," with the full consent and approval of his father, raised and commanded a company of volunteers in the Spanish-American War—the very first conflict in which the United States was involved after the hostile declaration just recorded—a fact which shows how little fiery talk like

to expect. Instead of wealth and idleness it has brought them idleness, indeed, but starvation and misery with it. There is no employment for the thousands that are flocking from the plantations to the towns, and no support for those who cannot or will not work. The disappointed ones are as much incensed against their "deliverers" as against us, and when they rise, it will not be against either Yankee or Southerner, but against the white race. Unfortunately, many of them have been drilled and made into soldiers. They have arms in their hands, and when the time comes, will be prepared to act the part of the Sepoys in India, thanks to Northern teaching. At the beginning of the war I was frightened out of my senses, when I read the frightful story of Lucknow and Cawnpore, for fear something of the kind would happen here, but the negroes had not been corrupted by false teachings then, and we soon found that we had nothing to fear from them. Now, when I know that I am standing on a volcano that may burst forth any day, I somehow, do not feel frightened. It seems as if nothing worse could happen than the South has already been through, and I am ready for anything, no matter what comes. The strange part of the situation is that there was no danger when all our men were in the

this and the sophomorical thunder on page 254 counts for now. Were it not for the bitter wrongs of Reconstruction and the fatal legacy it has left us, the animosities engendered by the war would long ago have become what it is the author's wish that this record of them should now be regarded—a mere fossil curiosity.

army and only women left to manage the plantations. Sister never even locked her doors at night, though there was often not a white man within three miles of her; but as soon as the Yankees came and began to "elevate the negro" by putting into his ignorant, savage head notions it is impossible to gratify, then the trouble began, and Heaven only knows where it will end. A race war is sure to come, sooner or later, and we shall have only the Yankees to thank for it. They are sowing the wind, but they will leave us to reap the whirlwind. No power on earth can raise an inferior, savage race above their civilized masters and keep them there. No matter what laws they make in his favor, nor how high a prop they build under him, the negro is obliged, sooner or later, to find his level, but we shall be ruined in the process. Eventually the negro race will be either exterminated or reduced to some system of apprenticeship embodying the best features of slavery, but this generation will not live to see it. Nothing but experience, that "dear teacher" of fools, will ever bring the North to its senses on this point, and the fanatics who have caused the trouble will be slow to admit the falsity of their cherished theories and confess themselves in the wrong. The higher above his natural capacity they force the negro in their rash experiments to justify themselves for his emancipation, the greater must be his fall in the end, and the more bitter our sufferings in the meantime. If insurrections take place, the United States government is

powerful enough to prevent them from extending very far, but terrible damage might be done before they could or would send succor. Our conquerors can protect themselves, but would they protect us, "rebels and outlaws"? Think of calling on the destroyers of Columbia for protection! They have disarmed our men, so that we are at their mercy.

They have a miserable, crack-brained fanatic here now, named French, who has been sent out from somewhere in New England to "elevate" the negroes and stuff their poor woolly heads full of all sorts of impossible nonsense. Cousin Liza was telling us the other day what she had heard about him, how he lives among the negroes and eats at the same table with them, and she got so angry before she finished that she had to stop short because she said she didn't know any words bad enough to describe him. Mett told her that if she would go out and listen the next time Emily got into a quarrel with some of the other negroes, she wouldn't have to consult the dictionary, and Cora said if we would wait till Henry came home, she would call him up and let him say "damn" for us, and then we had to laugh in spite of our indignation.

But I am going to stop writing, or even thinking about politics and everything connected with them if I can. I wish I had a pen that would make nothing but blots every time I start the subject. It is an evil one that drags my thoughts down to low and mean objects. There is an atmosphere of greed and vulgar

shopkeeper prosperity about the whole Yankee nation that makes the very poverty and desolation of the South seem dignified in comparison. All the best people in the Border States—Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, and poor little Delaware—were on our side, while the other kind sided with the Yankees. This is why all the soldiers and refugees from these States are so nice; the other sort staid at home to make money, which people with vulgar souls seem to think will make them ladies and gentlemen. . . .

June 28, *Wednesday.*—Tom Cleveland and Jim Bryan spent the morning with us, and Jim says the young men of the village are trying to contrive some way of getting to the top of the courthouse steeple at night and tearing down the Yankee flag, but there is no possible way save through the building itself, where the garrison is quartered, and they keep such close watch that there is no chance to carry out the design.

Arch has "taken freedom" and left us, so we have no man-servant in the dining-room. Sidney, Garnett's boy, either ran away, or was captured in Virginia. To do Arch justice, he didn't go without asking father's permission, but it is a surprise that he, who was so devoted to "Marse Fred," should be the very first of the house servants to go. Father called up all his servants the other day and told the men that if they would go back to the plantation in Mississippi and work there the rest of the year, he would give them seven dollars a month, besides their food and clothing;

but if they chose to remain with him here, he would not be able to pay them wages till after Christmas. They were at liberty, he told them, either to stay with him for the present, on the old terms, or to take their freedom and hire out to somebody else if they preferred; he would give them a home and feed them till they could do better for themselves. In the altered state of his fortunes it will be impossible for him to keep up an establishment of twenty or thirty house servants and children, who are no longer his property. The poor ignorant creatures have such extravagant ideas as to the value of their services that they are sadly discontented with the wages they are able to get. There is going to be great suffering among them, for Southerners will not employ the faithless ones if they can help it, and the Yankees cannot take care of all the idle ones, though they may force us to do it in the end. I feel sorry for the poor negroes. They are not to blame for taking freedom when it is brought to their very doors and almost forced upon them. Anybody would do the same, still when they go I can't help feeling as if they are deserting us for the enemy, and it seems humiliating to be compelled to bargain and haggle with our own servants about wages. I am really attached to father's negroes, and even when they leave us, as Alfred, Arch, and Harrison have done, cannot help feeling interested in their welfare and hoping they will find good places. None of ours have ever shown a disposition to be insolent, like some of those I see

on the streets. Arch was perfectly respectful to the last, and did his work faithfully, but then he left us in a sneaky way, slipping off just before dinner-time, without telling us good-by, or saying a word to anybody but father, as if he was ashamed of himself. Mammy says that the real cause of his departure is the fear that his wife will come after him from the plantation, and as he is about to marry Mrs. Pettus's Betsy, that would be an inconvenience. I wonder if the Yankees will force them to observe the marriage tie any better than they have done in the past. I don't think it exactly consistent with the honor of freemen to have wives scattered about, all over the country. Isaac refuses to go back to the plantation because he has a new wife here and an old one there that he don't want. He says he "ain't a-goin' to leave a young 'oman and go back to an old one." Mammy tells me all this gossip about the other negroes. She is not going to leave us till she can hear from Jane and Charlotte, who are supposed to be in Philadelphia. She says she will stay with us if she can't go to them, and more could not be expected of her. It is not in human nature that fidelity to a master should outweigh maternal affection, though mammy has always been more like a member of the white family than a negro. Except Uncle Osborne, Big Henry is the most shining instance of fidelity that has come under my observation. He was hired at the salt works in Alabama, but made his escape with Frank and Abram and Isham, and all

of them worked their way back here to father. As soon as he found that father wanted him to go back to the plantation but had no money to pay his way, Henry packed his wallet and marched off, saying he could work his way. The other three went also, and father got some soldiers who were going in that direction to take them along as their servants. " Well done, good and faithful ones."

In black contrast to Big Henry's shining example, is the rascality of Aunty's fallen saint, old Uncle Lewis. He is an old gray-haired darkey who has done nothing for years but live at his ease, petted and coddled and believed in by the whole family. The children called him, not " Uncle Lewis," but simply " Uncle," as if he had really been kin to them. Uncle Alex had such faith in him that during his last illness he would often send for the old darkey to talk and pray with him, and as Uncle Lewis is a great Baptist, and his master was an equally stanch Methodist, they used to have some high old religious discussions together. A special place was always reserved for him at family prayer, which Uncle Alex was very particular that all the servants should attend, and " brother Lewis " was often called on to lead the devotions. I have often listened to his prayers when staying at Aunty's, and was brought up with as firm a belief in him as in the Bible itself. He was an honored institution of the town—scarcely less so than old Uncle Jarret, the old shouting sexton of the Methodist church. But now see the de-

basing effects of the new *régime* in destroying all that was most good and beautiful in these simple-hearted folk. Uncle Lewis, the pious, the honored, the venerated, gets his poor old head turned with false notions of freedom and independence, runs off to the Yankees with a pack of lies against his mistress, and sets up a claim to part of her land! Aunty found him out and turned him off in disgrace. She says that he shall never put his foot on her lot again. She knows, however, that he is in no danger of suffering for anything, because his sons have excellent trades and can take good care of him. One of them, our Uncle Osborne, is as fine a carpenter as there is in the county. He was one of the most valuable servants father owned. He, too, has taken freedom now, but he is not to blame for that. He stood by us when we most needed him, and now he has a right to look out for himself. Father says he shall never suffer for anything as long as he lives and has a roof over his own head.

I don't know what is to become of the free negroes. Every vacant house in town is packed full of them, and in the country they are living in brush arbors in the woods, stealing corn from the fields and killing the planters' stock to feed on. The mongrel population on the green in front of our street gate has increased until all the tents and hovels are teeming like a pile of maggots. They are very noisy, especially at night, when they disturb the whole neighborhood with their orgies. They are growing more discontented every

day, as freedom fails to bring them all the great things they expected, and are getting all manner of insolent notions into their heads. Last Sunday a Yankee soldier, with two black creatures on his arms, tried to push Mr. and Mrs.—(name illegible) off the sidewalk as they were coming home from church. Mr. E. raised his cane, but happily for him, a Yankee officer stepped up before he had time to use it and reproved the soldier for his insolence.

June 29, Thursday.—Cousin Jim Farley and Mr. Cullom arrived from Montgomery to look after the cotton father has been keeping stored for them here. They brought us all manner of nice things—candy, raisins and almonds, canned fruits, fish, sardines, cheese, and other foreign luxuries, including a basket of Champagne. I never had such a feast in my life before—at least, I never enjoyed one so much because I never was so starved out. It is the first time in four years that I have tasted any candy except home-made, and generally sorghum, at that. But the best of all are two beautiful new hats, in the very latest fashion, that Cousin Jim brought to Mett and me. We were so delighted that we danced all over the house when not standing before the glass to admire ourselves. We dressed up in our new finery and went to the bank, where Mrs. Elzey and the general and Capt. Semmes were sitting on the porch, and we dazzled them with our glory.

Will Ficklen and Charley Irvin called soon after

breakfast, to ask us to join in getting up a barbecue they want to have on the 6th of July, for the purpose of showing their contempt for the 4th, which the negroes and Yankees are going to celebrate. But while we sympathize with their intentions, we think it best to have nothing to do with the barbecue, as it is a public affair, and as father's Union sentiments are so well known, it might look like a want of respect for him. Garnett, Capt. Semmes, and the Elzeys all advise against it, too, and I agree with them, that simply to ignore the Yankees is more dignified than any positive action. The Irvin Artillery are at the head of the project and we didn't want to hurt the feelings of the boys by giving them a direct refusal, so we just told them that we couldn't promise to serve on their committee without first consulting our father and brothers.

July 1, *Saturday*.—Our gentlemen, with about 12 others in the village, gave a barbecue complimentary to Capt. Stephen Pettus, who has entertained them so often. Barbecues, both public and private, are raging with a fury that seems determined to make amends for the four years intermission caused by the war, but I think there ought to be another intermission, and a good long one, after the results of the carousal to-day. I never did believe in these entertainments for men only; they are so apt to forget themselves when there are no ladies about to keep them straight. The whole party came back to town with more liquor aboard than they could hold, except Eddie Morgan; he was the only

sober one in the whole crowd. . . . It really would have been comical if it hadn't turned out so seriously. Our Beau Brummel came blundering home just before supper, while I was talking with some visitors on the piazza, with just sense enough left to know that he couldn't trust himself. He tried very hard not to betray his condition, and spoke with such a precision and elaboration of utterance that I could hardly keep from laughing outright. When the visitors had gone he began to protest, in language worthy of Sir Piercy Shafton, that he was not *drunk*—he never did such an ungentlemanly thing as that—but only a little *tight,* and then asked in a tone of the most exaggerated courtesy, like a courtier addressing his sovereign, if I would not have a brush and comb brought out to him on the piazza, so that he could make himself presentable before mother saw him! It was all so absurd that I fairly roared, in spite of myself. I lit a candle and started him upstairs to his room, where he managed, somehow or other, to get himself in hand by supper-time. Garnett came straggling in just before we got up from the table and was so afraid of betraying himself that he never once opened his mouth to say a word to anybody. We can always tell when he has made a slip overboard by the rigid silence he maintains. It is as full of meaning as the "beau's" overstrained courtesy.

But the serious part of the business is Henry's exploit. The whole affair might have passed off as a

joke, but for that. He came home too far gone for anything except to be put to bed, but before making that proper disposition of himself, he went round to the hotel, where Capt. Cooley and the other officers of the garrison are boarding, and " cussed out " the whole lot. Garnett, and Anderson Reese, who had taken charge of him, did their best to hold him back, and apologized to the commandant, explaining that Henry was in liquor, and they hoped no notice would be taken of his irresponsible utterances. But the Yankee saw that they were pretty far gone on the same road themselves, and I suppose did not regard the apology any more than he ought to have regarded the insult, under the circumstances. To make matters worse, when they had at last gotten Henry quiet and were carrying him off home, as they were passing through the square, he happened to spy a party of Yankee soldiers on a corner, and stopped to pay his respects to them in language which made them furious. Garnett tried to appease them by explaining his brother's condition, which was sufficiently apparent of itself to anybody not looking for an excuse to annoy a " d——d " rebel.

Capt. Cooley is reported to have said that if the barbecue projected for the purpose of throwing contempt on the Fourth does take place, he will leave this post and send a garrison of negro troops here. If he carries out the threat I hope our citizens will resist, be the consequences what they

may. I would rather die than submit to such an indignity.

July 2, Sunday.—Henry's escapade threatens to turn out a very serious affair. Soon after breakfast there came an anonymous note to father saying that Capt. Cooley had started for Augusta on the morning train, but had left orders with one of his lieutenants to arrest Henry immediately and send him to jail. Father went to see the officer and prevailed on him to put off the arrest for one hour, till Henry could find friends to stand bail for him. This saved him from being sent to jail, but I fear it may go hard with him in the end. Any Southerner would have dropped the matter at once after finding that Henry was in his cups and not responsible; or if he chose to resent the insult, would have demanded satisfaction in the proper way, like a gentleman; but this Yankee shopkeeper prefers to defend his honor with the long arm of the law. Our returned soldier boys have bedeviled him in a thousand ways that he can't take up, just like we school children used to worry our Yankee teachers before the war, and he is no doubt glad to have an opportunity to make an example of somebody. I am afraid the weight of his wrath will fall heavy on poor Henry, unless father can have influence enough to save him. Henry did wrong, undoubtedly, and he knows it. He is so mortified at the thought of his indiscretion that he hadn't the face to show himself even to the family till late this evening, and then he looked so sheepish and guilty that we

all felt sorry for him and tried to make him feel more comfortable by acting as if we didn't know of what he had done. After all, such accidents are liable to happen when men get off by themselves, with no ladies present to act as a restraint on them. Anybody else might have done the same thing, and we can all sympathize with him anyway, in wanting to "cuss out" the Yankees. Garnett and Capt. Hudson pretend to be on the stool of repentance too, but every now and then they forget their *rôle* of *"bons garçons"* and begin to tell some of the funny things that were done by the "other fellows." *

July 3, *Monday.*—The boys came again to beg us to attend their barbecue on the 6th, but after the recent experiences in our family, I don't think anybody can blame us for preferring to keep quiet awhile.

Cousin Liza says people are talking dreadfully about that meeting at the courthouse the other day. None of us knows exactly what did happen. The boys (Henry and Garnett) wouldn't stay to hear, and we

* I have hesitated a long time about the propriety of publishing the story of this unlucky barbecue, but some of the incidents connected with it are so characteristic of the time that I have decided not to depart from my rule of using the utmost frankness possible in giving to the public this record of what may now be almost considered a bygone age. No entertainment was complete without "something to drink," and an occasional over-indulgence, if not carried too far, nor repeated too often, was regarded, at worst, as a pardonable accident.

The sequel to my brother Henry's adventure has been lost in

are all afraid to ask father, because some of us would be sure to say something that would start a family row. If it wasn't for Cousin Liza and her little black umbrella, that go poking into everything, we should never have known what a tempest was stirring outside. But I don't believe anybody in Washington would say anything bad about father; they all know him too well. I wish Mr. Cotting and Mr. Akerman were both a thousand miles away. They are his chief cronies, and I shouldn't be surprised if they were at the bottom of the whole thing.

July 4, Tuesday.—I was awakened at daybreak by the noisy salutes fired by the Yankees in honor of the day. They had a nigger barbecue out at our old picnic ground, the Cool Spring, where they no doubt found themselves in congenial society, with their black Dulcineas. They have strung up one of their flags across the sidewalk, where we have to pass on our way to the bank, so I shall be forced to walk all around the square, in future, to keep from going under it.

The decent people of the town celebrated this anni-

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the numerous mutilations which this part of the MS. has suffered. To the best of my recollection the "little Yankee shopkeeper" acted the part of a gentleman throughout. A small fine of some $25 or $30 was imposed, with a private explanation from the Federal captain that he would have been glad to overlook the matter altogether, but his men were so incensed by Henry's language to them that he was obliged to impose some penalty in order to satisfy them.

versary of our forefathers' folly by keeping themselves shut up at home—except those of us who celebrated it very appropriately by attending a funeral. Mary Wynn's mother died yesterday and was brought to town this afternoon for interment. Mrs. Ben Jordan and Mrs. Wilkerson came in with the *cortège* and dined at our house, and Mett and I couldn't do less than go with them to the funeral. It was three o'clock, and the heat and dust nearly killed me, but as the old lady had to die anyway, I am glad she furnished such a lugubrious celebration for the "glorious Fourth." The Yankees gained it no favor, waking people up before day with their vexatious salutes. Every good rebel, as he turned over in bed, gave them and their day a silent execration for disturbing his slumbers. I never heard such hideous noises as they made—but I suppose it was only proper that the reign of pandemonium should be celebrated with diabolical sounds.

Our negroes all went to the mongrel barbecue, so Mett and I had most of the housework to do, and were tired out when the day was over.

July 7, Friday.—The rebel "cue" came off yesterday, in spite of Capt. Cooley's threats to stop it, but Capt. Semmes tells me it was hot enough to roast a salamander, and nobody enjoyed it very much.

The Toombs girls spent the morning with us. John Ficklen dropped in and we kept tolerably cool in our

large, airy parlor, but I have been too ailing and languid all the week to take much interest in anything. After dinner I arranged my hair in a new style and crawled out to the dancing circle. The Elzeys called after tea, but I could not interest myself even in them. I am really ill—so weak that I can scarcely talk, and with all my fondness for company, it taxes my powers to entertain the visitors who call.

The Yankees have pulled down the shanties in front of our street gate at last, and turned the negroes out of doors. They are living as they can, under trees and hedges, and some of them have no shelter but an old blanket stretched over a pole, or a few boards propped against a fence. It is distressing to see the poor wretches in such a plight, but what is to be done? The Yankees have taken them out of our hands, and we Southerners are not to blame for what happens to them now. I hate to go into the street, because in doing so I have to pass that scene of wretchedness and vice. They live by stealing—and worse. Everybody in the neighborhood suffers from their depredations. The common soldiers associate with them, but the officers do not, under the present administration. They seem to have no scruples about beating and ill-using them if they trouble their sacred majesties. One of their favorite punishments is to hang offenders up by the thumbs, which I think is a horrible piece of barbarism. It would be much more merciful, and the

negroes would understand it better, if they would give them a good whipping and let them go. I am almost as sorry for these poor, deluded negroes as for their masters, but there is indignation mingled with my pity. There are sad changes in store for both races, who were once so happy together. I wonder the Yankees do not shudder to behold their work. My heart sickens when I see our once fat, lazy, well-fed servants reduced to a condition as miserable as the most wretched of their brethren in Africa, and the grand old planters, who used to live like lords, toiling for their daily bread. Maj. Dunwody is trying to raise a little money by driving an express wagon between Washington and Abbeville, and Fred writes from Yazoo City that he found one of his old neighbors, the owner of a big plantation in the Delta, working as a deck-hand on a dirty little river steamer, hardly fit to ship cotton on.

Capt. Cooley has returned from Augusta, and they say he is going to deal hardly with Henry. The young men of the county take so much interest in the affair, and express such sympathy with him, that there are threats of a general row. . . . Two ladies of our family have been insulted by Yankee soldiers. One of them met Cousin Liza alone in the street as she was coming home late this afternoon, and said, with an insolent laugh: "How do you do, my dear?" Another ran against Metta on the sidewalk and almost knocked her down. We don't dare to speak of these things where

the gentlemen of the family can hear us, for fear they might knock somebody down, and cause fresh trouble. It wouldn't do for any of this family to raise another row while Henry's case is hanging in the balance. We have to submit to everything put upon us, or humiliate ourselves still more by appealing . . .*

July 14, *Friday.*—Making calls all the morning with Mrs. Elzey, and came home to dinner very tired and hungry. The general and Mrs. Elzey are really going to leave on Monday with Capt. Hudson, if they can raise the money.

Col. Coulter Cabel, an army friend of Garnett's, *en route* from Richmond to Augusta, is stopping with us. He was a dashing cavalry officer in the dear old rebel army, but does not look very dashy now, in the suit of seedy black resurrected from heaven knows where, to which the proscription of the gray and the exigencies of a Confederate pocketbook have reduced him. It is a droll thing to see the queer costumes our Confederate officers have brought to light out of old chests and lumber rooms, since they have had to lay aside their uniforms, but I like them better in the meanest rags to which they can be reduced than I did even in the palmiest days of brass buttons and gold lace.

Gen. Elzey took tea with us and the Lawtons called afterwards to see Col. Cabel. Capt. and Mary

* Three pages are missing here. This part of the MS. is much torn and defaced.

Semmes, Ed Morgan, Will Ficklen, and a number of others, came round in the face of a big thunder cloud, to dance. We had a merry evening and kept it up till 12 o'clock. The general danced round dances for the first time in five years, and chose me for his partner every time, which I took as a great compliment. He said he liked my way of dancing. I was agreeably surprised that the evening should have been such a success, for the threatening weather kept away nearly half our club members, and I was so disappointed at not being able to get my new white dress from Mrs. Crenshaw that I didn't expect to enjoy myself at all.

July 16, *Sunday.*—The Elzeys' last day in Washington, and our last pleasant evening together. They took tea with us, and we tried hard to be cheerful, but the thought that we shall probably never all sit together again around that cheery old table, where so many friends have met, came like a wet blanket between us and mirth. The captain and Cousin Bolling are going to make their home in New Orleans. The Elzeys return to Baltimore.

. . . When Touchy's turn came to say good-by, he didn't seem to know exactly how far to go, but Metta told him that if he grew up to be as nice as he is now, she would want to kiss him and couldn't, if we ever met again, so she would take the opportunity now—and so we gave the handsome boy a smack all round, and sent him off laughing. The general took

leave earlier than usual, and with sad hearts we saw his soldierly figure in the well-known white army jacket, moving, for the last time, down the front walk. "General," I said, as we parted at the head of the steps, "I feel if I am shaking hands with the Confederacy; you are the last relic of it that is left us." . . . [MS. torn.]

CHAPTER VII

THE PROLOGUE TO RECONSTRUCTION

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—I have no apology to make for the indignation and resentment that fill the remaining pages of this record. The time has come, I believe, when the nation's returning sense of justice has outgrown the blind passions engendered by war sufficiently to admit that the circumstances narrated fully justified the feelings they awakened. These events mark the beginning of that deplorable succession of blunders and outrages that has bequeathed us the most terrible legacy of the war—the race problem; a problem which, unless the common sense of the nation shall awaken, and that right early, to the simple fact that a horse and an ox, or an elephant and an antelope, cannot pull together in the same harness, will settle itself before another generation has passed in a tragedy compared with which the tragedy of the Civil War was child's play.

July —, ...—The Toombs girls invited us to meet Mr. Van Houten, a blind musician from Eufaula, this afternoon. He played beautifully, but wanted you to be always going into raptures over him. He is so sensitive, that he can't bear to be reminded of his blindness in any way, and I couldn't help admiring one very tactful thing Jenny did to spare him.

He is accustomed to have people shake hands with him when they are introduced, as that is the only form of greeting he can perceive, and when Jenny introduced Mary Lane, he put out his hand as usual, for her to take. Mary wasn't noticing, and failed to respond, so Jenny quietly slipped her own hand into his, and he never knew the difference. I wonder, though, he didn't detect the subterfuge, for the touch of blind people is very sensitive, and Jenny's hand is so exquisitely soft and delicate that there are not many others in the world like it. I tried to imitate Jenny's considerateness by talking about subjects where blind people can feel at home, and when the rest of the company rushed to the windows to see the negroes pass on their way to hear the New England apostle, Dr. French, give his lecture, I tried to keep him from feeling that he was losing anything, by pretending that I would much rather stay inside and listen to the music. But all the time I was craning my neck, to see what was going on. The negroes looked very funny in their holiday attire, going to hear "the Frenchman," as they call this missionary from the Freedman's Bureau, expound to them the gospel according to Phillips, Garrison & Co. The meeting was held in Mr. Barnett's grove, much against his will, it is said, but he didn't think it wise to refuse, and the negroes flocked there by thousands. I could hardly have believed there were so many in the county. The Yankees tried to get father's grove for their precious conventicle, but to my

delight he refused, on the ground that he didn't want his grass trampled on, . . . [MS. mutilated; two pages missing.]

. . . We have great fears of a negro garrison being sent here, and then, Heaven have mercy on us! The white Yankees are getting so rude that ladies are afraid to walk on the streets alone. Corinne Lawton and Mrs. Matilda Dunwody have both been insolently ordered off the sidewalk by Yankee soldiers, to make way for their negro companions, and it is said some of them have expressed a determination to insult every Southern woman they meet. The only thing they allege against us is that we are such d——d rebels we take no more notice of them than if they were dogs, and will not even look toward them when they pass—as if we hadn't the right to turn away from sights that hurt our eyes!

July 21, Friday.—Garnett returned at two o'clock this morning from Abbeville, bringing a wounded soldier in the carriage with him, and parting messages from our friends. Father sent them as far as Abbeville in his carriage, and from there they expect to make their way somehow back to their homes. We had no callers till late in the afternoon, which was a great relief, for I feel used up, and the weather is too hot for anything but to sit undressed in my own room. I go in *déshabille* most of the time, now that the house is free of guests, keeping a dress and *coiffure* ready to fling on at a moment's notice, when visitors are seen

coming up the avenue. I think it is dreadfully vulgar to go dowdy about the house, but what is one to do when one has hardly clothes enough to be respectable when one goes out, and no money to buy any more? And we have to do so much hard work, too, now, that our clothes would not last a month if we were to wear them around all the time, when there is no one here. It is too hot to wear clothes, anyway. I sometimes wish that old Mother Eve had not set the fashion for fig leaves. An opportune thunder storm, the only one we have had since Monday, came up just in time to cool the air for us and catch Dr. French in the midst of his daily ceremonies with the negroes. I was sorry for the poor darkeys to get their Sunday clothes spoilt, but I hope "the Frenchman" will catch a cough that will stop that pestiferous windpipe of his and follow him to—his last resting place, wherever that may be. These hypocritical Puritans love to nurse and coddle themselves and enjoy the fat of the land, but they will find no worshiping Mrs. Wellers here to feed their "shepherd" on pineapple rum and toast. The negro sisters adore him, but they are too poor to feast him, except on what they can pilfer, and Southern cupboards are, as a rule, too empty just now to furnish fat pickings. The poor dupes say they believe he is Jesus Christ—"anyhow, he has done more for them than Jesus Christ ever did." They don't know what horrid blasphemy they are talking, and so are not to be held responsible. My feeling for them is one of unmixed

pity. Take it all in all, they have behaved remarkably well, considering the circumstances. The apostles of freedom are doing their best to make them insolent and discontented, and after awhile, I suppose, they will succeed in making them thoroughly unmanageable, but come what will, I don't think I can ever cherish any very hard feelings towards the poor, ignorant blacks. They are like grown up children turned adrift in the world. The negro is something like the Irishman in his blundering good nature, his impulsiveness and improvidence, and he is like a child in having always had some one to think and act for him. Poor creatures, I shudder to think of what they must suffer in the future, and of what they are going to make this whole country suffer before we are done with them. The streets of Washington are crowded all the time with idle men and women who have no means of support. They are loitering in the shade of every hedge and tree, and gossiping in every cabin doorway. Where they lodge, Heaven only knows, but how they are fed, the state of our orchards and cornfields can testify. Capt. Cooley hung up two by the thumbs the other day, for robbing father's orchard, but the discipline was of no avail, for we have not gathered a full-grown peach or pear this season. Roasting-ears are pleasant food, and to be had for the—taking; our early corn gave out before we had used it a week. Ben Jones shot a negro the other night, for stealing in Mr. Waddey's garden, and it is a miracle that he escaped being

put in jail. Fortunately the negro wasn't hurt. Negroes may kill white men whenever they please, provided the white man wears not a blue coat, but woe to the white man that touches a negro! . . .

That murder case into which Gen. Wild and Dr. French have been prying for the last week has wrought these apostles up to a state of boundless indignation, and father is afraid it will bring their vengeance upon the town. He is counsel for the defense, and I don't think he feels any too much respect for his clients, though it is his duty, as their lawyer, to make out the best case he can for them. He don't say much about the case because conversation on such subjects nearly always brings on a political row in the family, and we are all so afraid of starting a fracas that we are constrained and uneasy whenever anything touching on politics, no matter how remotely, is mentioned. However, from the little I have heard father tell, I am afraid this murder is a very ugly affair. It seems his clients are accused of having killed an old negro woman because she left her master's plantation to go off and try the blessings of freedom. She certainly was an old fool, but I have never yet heard that folly was a capital offense. One of the men is said to have shot her, while the other broke her ribs and beat her on the head with a stone till she died. They left her unburied in a lonely place, and the body was not discovered till ten days after. In spite of the stench, father says Gen. Wild examined the body with ghoulish curiosity,

even pulling out the broken ribs and staring at them. And all the while the old woman's son stood looking on with stolid indifference, less moved than I would be over the carcass of a dead animal. Gen. Wild was bred a doctor and didn't seem to mind the most sickening details. Father says he would rather have the sharpest lawyer in Georgia as his opposing counsel than these shrewd, painstaking Yankees. Capt. Cooley was sent out to collect evidence, and even brought back the stone which was said to be the one with which the poor old creature was beaten on the head. There is only negro evidence for all these horrors, and nobody can tell how much of it is false, but that makes no difference with a Yankee court. Father thinks one of the men is sure to hang, and he has very little hope of saving the other. The latter is a man of family, and his poor wife is at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's hotel, almost starving herself to death from grief. She has left her little children at home by themselves, and they say that when the Yankees went there to arrest their father, they were so frightened that two of them went into convulsions; they had heard such dreadful things about what the Yankees had done during the war. The younger of the two accused men is only twenty years old, and his poor old father hangs around the court-room, putting his head in every time the door is opened, trying to catch something of what is going on. He is less privileged than our dog Toby, who follows father to the courthouse every day, and walks about

the room as if it belonged to him, smelling at the Yankees, and pricking up his ears as if to ask what business they had there. Father says he would not, for millions, have had such a case as this come under the eyes of the Yankees just at this time, for they will believe everything the negroes say and put the very worst construction on it. Brutal crimes happen in all countries now and then, especially in times of disorder and upheaval such as the South is undergoing, but the North, fed on Mrs. Stowe's lurid pictures, likes to believe that such things are habitual among us, and this horrible occurrence will confirm them in their opinion.

Another unfortunate affair took place the other night, in Lincoln County. The negroes were holding a secret meeting, which was suspected of boding no good to the whites, so a party of young men went out to break it up. One of the boys, to frighten them, shot off his gun and accidentally killed a woman. He didn't mean to hurt anybody, but the Yankees vow they will hang the whole batch if they can find them. Fortunately he has made his escape, and they don't know the names of the others. Corrie Calhoun says that where she lives, about thirty miles from here, over in Carolina, the men have a recipe for putting troublesome negroes out of the way that the Yankees can't get the key to. No two go out together, no one lets another know what he is going to do, and so, when mischievous negroes are found dead in the woods, nobody knows who killed them. All this is horrible, I

think. If they want to bushwhack anybody, why don't they shoot Yankees? The poor negroes don't do us any harm except when they are put up to it. Even when they murdered that white man and quartered him, I believe pernicious teachings were responsible. Such things happen only in places where the negroes have been corrupted by the teachings of such wretches as this French and Wild.

I shall never feel anything but friendship towards father's "freedmen," though most of the males have left us. I do not blame them for trying to make something for themselves. They will have no "ole marster" now to look out for them when they are sick and old, so they must learn to take care of themselves. They have lost the advantages of slaves, they must gain those of freemen. It is the Yankees, the accursed Yankees, who have done all the mischief and tried to set them against us. There has been more insolence and crime among them since that rascal French came here with his pernicious teachings, than in all the 200 years since they were brought into the country. His escort of negro troops flirt around with the negro women—a ridiculous travesty of what used to take place among ourselves when Washington was filled with Confederate officers and their brave men. Our Cinthy has two admirers among them who call on her every night, and she generally makes her appearance to wait on the tea-table with her face whitened with flour—contributions being levied on our biscuit allow-

ance, for the purpose of beautifying her complexion. My bedroom windows overlook the back yard, and when Emily's house is open, as it always is in summer, every word spoken there is distinctly audible in my room. It is as good as an evening at the Negro Minstrels. I am often regaled with scraps of conversation and pert witticisms that are such absurd parodies upon what takes place in our own drawing-room that they seem almost like a deliberate attempt to burlesque Metta and me. After all, there is a great deal that is farcical mixed up with all this tragedy we are living through. Dr. French has begun his reforms by giving out that he will remarry all negro couples who have not been lawfully married already by a Christian minister. He worded his notice in the most sensational style, like the news columns in the New York "Herald," and ordered the white ministers of Washington to read it out from their pulpits. Mr. Tupper refused, but the other two complied. No private property could be obtained for the accommodation of the apostle and his followers—not that anybody objected to the harmless farce of remarrying the negroes, but nobody wanted their grounds polluted by the spoutings of such a creature. His very presence in a town where his first footfall would once have been his death warrant, is a sufficient disgrace.

After fruitless efforts to secure father's, Cousin Will Pope's, and Mr. Barnett's groves, he had to take the negro cemetery for the scene of his performances. Ac-

cordingly, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the candidates for double matrimonial honors went trooping out to their cemetery on the Tan Yard Branch to be married over again. If there is anything in omens, never were nuptials more inauspicious. The ceremonies were interrupted by a thunder storm that drenched the composite bridal party and all the spectators—the "shepherd" taking care to shelter himself under a big umbrella that one of his worshipers held over him. Mammy, who tells me all the negro news, says that thirty-three couples were married. Among them was our Charity, who six years ago was lawfully married in the Methodist church here, to Mr. Waddy's Peter. I remember how father joked Peter, when he came to ask for Charity, about having him for a "nigger-in-law," but now, Charity has taken to herself Hamp, one of father's plantation hands—a big, thick-lipped fellow, not half as respectable looking as Peter—but there is no accounting for taste. Several other marriages of the same "double" kind took place, which would bring the saintly doctor under the laws against bigamy, if anybody cared enough about the matter to prosecute him. I was amused at Charity when she came home in the evening. She went about her work as usual, but when I stepped into the back porch to get some water, she stopped in the midst of it to tell me that she now had two names, like white folks.

"Oh," said I, laughing, "what is your new name?"

"Tatom; I'se Mrs. Tatom now, and Hamp is Mr. Sam Ampey Tatom."

It sounded so like "amputation" that I could hardly keep a straight face.

"And how did Hamp get all that name?" I asked.

"His grandfather used to belong to a Mr. Tatom," she answered, "so he took his name for his *entitles*. Dr. French tole us we mus' all have surnames now, an' call our childern by 'em, an' drop nicknames."

I notice that the negroes seldom or never take the names of their present owners in adopting their "entitles," as they call their surnames, but always that of some former master, and they go as far back as possible. It was the name of the actual owner that distinguished them in slavery, and I suppose they wish to throw off that badge of servitude. Then, too, they have their notions of family pride. All these changes are very sad to me, in spite of their comic side. There will soon be no more old mammies and daddies, no more old uncles and aunties. Instead of "maum Judy" and "uncle Jacob," we shall have our "Mrs. Ampey Tatoms," and our "Mr. Lewis Williamses." The sweet ties that bound our old family servants to us will be broken and replaced with envy and ill-will. I am determined it shall not be so with ours, unless they do something to forfeit my respect. Father befriends his men in every possible way. When they fail to get work elsewhere, he tells them they can always come to him and he will give them food and

shelter till they can do better. He tries to find situations for them, and they in return seem as fond of us all as ever. Father's negroes always were devoted to him, and well they might be, for he was a good, kind master to them. Emily's brother, Arch, comes to see us often, and takes Emily's children in hand and gives any of them a switching that need it. He is hired to Dr. Hardesty, but says that if "Marse Fred" can afford to keep him, he will stay with him when he comes back to Georgia. This state of things is about the best we can expect under the new *régime,* but there is no telling how long the Yankees will let well enough alone. The servants who are still with us are lazy, but not insolent, though the teachings of French and Wild will no doubt soon make them so. Mammy says that Dr. French told them in one of his speeches that some of them would be called upon to rule over the land hereafter—a pretty strong hint at negro suffrage. Capt. Cooley is reported as saying: "Damn French! I had trouble enough with the negroes before he came, and now they are as mad as he is." Bravo! little Yank; I really begin to respect you.

July 24, Monday.—We had a dancing party at Dr. Robertson's in the evening. Most of the young men go to parties fully armed. The parlor mantelpiece at the bank was covered with pistols brought there by our escorts, and one of our amusements, between dances, was to examine them and learn to cock them. Some of them were very pretty, with silver and ivory mount-

'Ginny Dick Sarah Aunt Winny Isham
Emily Arch Grace

SURVIVORS OF JUDGE ANDREWS'S HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS, PHOTOGRAPHED 1903

ings. Garnett made us go and return by back streets in order to avoid, as much as possible, meeting with negroes and Yankees. A man of honor can hardly be expected not to shoot on the spot any wretch who should dare to insult a lady under his charge, and the consequences of reckless firing have been made so apparent that prudent people think it best to avoid difficulties by keeping out of their way as much as we can. The negroes are frequently out very late at night, attending the meetings of a society they have formed, called the "Sons of Benevolence," for the protection of female virtue (!) and Heaven—or rather the other place—only knows what else. But every housekeeper knows that the gardens and henroosts in the neighborhood suffer on the nights when they hold their meetings. Only two of their acts have become known to me, and these are not very creditable to the morals of a *religious* society conducted by *religious* people. They arraigned Mrs. Gabe Toombs's Chloe for "keeping company with a Yankee," but when she declared that she "hadn't never kep' company with nobody but Joe Barnett" (who has another wife, if not two or three of them) they let her off. They also reported Mrs. Margaret Jones to the commandant, as suffering a sick man (in her employ) to lie dying of neglect, and subjected her to the annoyance of a visit from one of the army surgeons, while to my certain knowledge she has had a physician to see him every day, and nurses him as faithfully as if he

were her own servant. Dr. French has attended some of their meetings, and if any mischief is afoot, no doubt he is at the bottom of it.

July 25, Tuesday.—The Dunwodys had a conversation party in the evening, and I enjoyed it only tolerably. There were not gentlemen enough to go round, and that is always awkward. Capt. Semmes was not there, either, but Anderson Reese, who is almost as nice, supplied his place. As Jenny wasn't there, he took me as second best, and we spent half the evening *tête-à-tête.* He is delightful, in spite of being in love with another girl, and still wears a gray coat with brass buttons. I felt as if carried back to the old Confederate days whenever I looked at him. I came home at 1 o'clock, dissatisfied with myself, as I always am after a *conversazione,* because I say so many foolish things when I talk too much. I couldn't sleep, either, after going to bed, because Mett went off to her own room next to father's and left me alone in the end room, with that awful garret door between me and everybody else in the house. I am like the little boy that said he wasn't *afraid* to go through the graveyard alone at night, he was just *ashamed.* I don't believe in ghosts, but they make me just as nervous as if I did—and that big garret is such a horrible, gloomy place.

July 27, Thursday.—Seabrook Hull and Brewer Pope called at 5 o'clock this afternoon, which put me out of temper because I am never up so early this hot

weather. Took tea at the Lawtons, where we had a delightful evening.

I am always so frightened and uneasy in the streets after dark that it greatly detracts from the pleasure of going out. We can generally avoid the Yankees by taking the back streets, but the negroes swarm in every by-way and rarely condescend to give up the sidewalk, so we have to submit to the indignity of being crowded off by them. There was a time when such conduct would have been rewarded with a thrashing—or rather, when such conduct was unheard of, for the negroes generally had good manners till the Yankees corrupted them by their "evil communications." It is sad to think how things are changing. In another generation or two, this beautiful country of ours will have lost its distinctive civilization and become no better than a nation of Yankee shopkeepers.

July 28, *Friday.*—One continued stream of notes and messengers and visitors all day long. I hardly had time to eat my breakfast. I spent most of the morning nursing John Moore's family, who are all sick with the measles.

We had a dance at Mrs. Margaret Jones's in the evening, and I don't think I ever enjoyed anything more in my life. I nearly danced my feet off, in spite of the hot weather. Between dances, I enjoyed a long *tête-à-tête* with my old Montgomery friend, Dr. Calhoun, who looks so much like Henry. He is a Cousin of Corrie and Gene, who are visiting the Robertsons.

He came over from Carolina yesterday, and called to see me as soon as he got here, but I was out. It was really a pleasure to see him again. . . .

Gen. Wild has left off his murder cases for the present, and turned his attention to more lucrative business—that everlasting bank robbery. Some ten thousand dollars have been recovered from negroes in whose hands it was found, and about a dozen of the most respectable citizens of the county are imprisoned in the courthouse under accusation of being implicated. Among them is the wife of our old camp-meeting friend, Mr. Nish (Dionysius) Chenault, who entertained Mrs. Davis and her party at his house out on the Danburg road as she was on her way here from Abbeville. She (Mrs. Chenault) has a little young baby with her, and they have imprisoned Mr. Chenault's sister, too, and Sallie, his oldest daughter.* The people of Washington wanted to entertain the ladies in their homes and give bail for their appearance to stand trial, but that bloodhound, Wild, would not permit them to leave the courthouse. He tied up Mr. Chenault by the thumbs and kept him hanging for an hour, trying to extort from him treasure that he did

* The accusation against them was that they had shared in the plunder of a box of jewels that the women of the South had contributed for building a Confederate gunboat, and their own personal ornaments were "confiscated" under this pretext. The box of jewels was among the assets of the Confederate treasury that had been plundered near the village. The fate of these ornaments, contributed with such loyal devotion, will probably never be known.

not possess. He is a large, fat man, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, so the torture must have been excruciating. His son and brother were tied up, too, the latter with his hands behind him, and he was suffered to hang till they were stretched above his head, and he fainted from the pain. And all this on the lying accusation of a negro! They even hung up a negro man, Tom, because he would not swear to a pack of lies inculpating his master. And the Yankees pretend to be a civilized people! And these precious missionaries of the gospel of abolitionism have come out from philanthropic Boston to enlighten us benighted Southerners on our duty to the negroes, while they take a sterling old Wilkes county planter and treat him worse than we would do a runaway negro! Such diabolical proceedings have not been heard of since the days of King James and his thumbscrews.

Father has suggested that I might make some money by writing an account of this robbery business for some sensational Northern newspaper, and I mean to try it. I don't suppose any of them would publish the real truth, even if I could get at it, which seems almost impossible, but I will do my best, and it will be worth while, if I can only get a chance to let the Yankees know how mean they are, even though I do have to soften it down. Father is one of Mr. Chenault's counsel, and can tell me all about that part of the business. I will make a sensational article, with big headlines, and if the thing succeeds, I can make a

good many other salable pieces out of what I see going on around me every day, especially about the "freedmen" and their doings. I will write as if I were a Yankee myself, and in this way get a better chance to hit the wretches a few good hard raps over the head that they would not take from a Southerner.

July 29, Saturday.—I invited Emma Reed and Miss Ann Simpson to tea, and a terrible thunder storm came up that kept them here all night. Marsh went to a children's party in the afternoon, and came home sick. Garnett spent the day at a barbecue, with the usual result, so between them and the thunder, which always frightens me out of my wits, I was not in a very lively mood. I spent the morning making tomato catsup. My eyes are getting so bad that I can hardly write half a page without stopping to rest them. Well might St. Paul pray to be delivered from this "Thorn in the flesh."

July 30, Sunday.—The latest sensation is the confiscation of the Toombs residence. Gen. Wild went up there to-day and turned Mrs. Toombs out in the most brutal manner. He only allowed her to take her clothing and a few other personal effects, peering into the trunks after they had been packed, and even unrolling Mrs. Toombs's nightgowns to see if anything "contraband" was concealed in them. A little pincushion from her workstand which she had given to Cora as a keepsake, he jerked out of Ed Morgan's hand and cut open with his penknife to see if jewels

were not concealed in it. He searched the baggage of Bishop Pierce, who was at that moment in the Methodist church, preaching one of the best sermons I ever listened to, and made all kinds of sarcastic remarks about what he found there. He suffered Ed Morgan's trunk and a basket of fine peaches that Mrs. Toombs had gathered for Cora, to come to our house unmolested, as a special favor to Judge Andrews. I don't know what the old brute would think of Judge Andrews if he knew that in his house were stored at this moment Mrs. Toombs's family portraits and a good part of her silver plate. He has so little magnanimity himself that he will never suspect such a thing as the existence of personal esteem between political opponents, as father and Gen. Toombs have nearly always been. Cora, who was at Mrs. Toombs's with a number of other friends while all this was going on, says that his manner was as hard and unfeeling as a rock; his negro sergeant actually seemed ashamed of him. Neither tears, hatred, nor contempt could move him; he actually seemed to glory in his odious work. He is a little mean-souled edition of that champion persecutor, the Duke of Alva, and so we call him, for he would make an *auto da fé* of the last one of us poor rebels if he could. It is necessary to have some nickname to use when we talk before the servants, and to speak very carefully, even then, for every black man is a possible spy. Father says we must not even trust mammy too far. Never were people subjected to a

more thorough and complete system of espionage, and by such irresponsible agents. The least bit of careless speaking is liable to get one into trouble. John Ficklen was arrested and fined merely for saying that he wished the bullet that hit Wild's arm had taken off his confounded head. Father says he is rather a handsome man, but I would sooner face the devil in his worst shape. He is one of those close, secret, cold-blooded villains who keeps his own counsel, just like Alva of old, when he had a new piece of cruelty to perpetrate against the poor Hollanders. Father thinks he has something behind, of a still more astounding nature than anything he has yet done, and tried to sound him, but it was "no go." Old French, like the vain fool of a fanatic that he is, blabs everything he knows; father says he saw to the bottom of him in two hours. We have not quarreled much about politics in the last few days, for when it comes to a situation like this, father is too true at the core not to take part with his own people. He may love the Union as much as he will, but he is too much of a gentleman to have any part or parcel in the transactions of men like these. Such Pharisaical hypocrites as Wild and French make Capt. Cooley seem almost an angel of light. We are actually beginning to regard this Yankee officer as a friend and protector. He undoubtedly has behaved like a gentleman in every respect. While Gen. Wild and Dr. French make a business of dining two or three times a week with a party of negroes at

old Uncle Spenser's, Capt. Cooley never associates with either of them any more than he can help, and does his best to make the negroes behave themselves. He says that the two newcomers have given him more trouble than all the rebels he ever had to deal with, and has been heard to "damn" them soundly. Garnett says he is a real good fellow, and my heart has softened so that I am not ashamed to think well even of a Yankee, like him. The young men of the town invited him to their barbecue yesterday, and I am glad of it.

Since the Toombses have been turned out of their house, Ed. Morgan has come to stay with us. Mrs. DuBose is very near her confinement, but fortunately she has friends enough with whom she can find shelter, and Gen. DuBose is on his way home. His body-servant, who was severely wounded in one of our last battles while trying to carry his master some breakfast, is at the confiscated house, very ill, and the family are reduced to such straits that they can make no provision for him. This seems to distress Mrs. Toombs more than her own situation. Dr. Lane promised her to render the negro medical service, and if Gen. Wild was really as fond of the negroes as he pretends to be, he would provide the poor fellow with everything else he needs—but he leaves that to their rebel masters—those cruel slaveholders whose chief delight was to torture and murder their negroes.

July 31, *Monday.*—The best thing that has ever happened since the world began! Old Wild arrested!

He had just established himself comfortably in Mrs. Toombs's house, where he announced his intention of opening a negro school in the basement, reserving the first floor for himself and his gang. One of the teachers had come, and Dr. French was in high feather. The general himself was reveling in power and wickedness. He had removed his female prisoners from the courthouse to an upper room on the square, where they were confined on a diet of army rations. Two men were arrested for looking at them as they stood at a window, under suspicion of making signals, and Dick Walton was also arrested as "guilty of being suspected." A Reign of Terror was upon us, and things were looking very squally indeed, with this agent of a tribunal as tyrannical as Robespierre's Jacobins, riding over us rough-shod. Men dared not speak without looking over their shoulder to see if a spy was in hearing. Wild, cold and hard as adamant, seemed fairly to glory in making himself hated—but thank Heaven, his day is over. In the midst of these arbitrary proceedings, just as Dr. Walton had been placed under arrest, the afternoon train came in with a fresh squad of Yankee soldiers, under the command of splendidly caparisoned officers. Our hearts failed at the sight, for thus far, in all our experience, a fresh arrival of Yankees has meant a fresh train of woes. Capt. Semmes was spending his last evening with us, before leaving Georgia, and the whole family assembled on the piazza, as the cavalcade passed our

street gate, speculating as to what new calamity was about to befall us. But when father came in a little later and told us the real object of their visit, we clapped our hands and shouted for joy. Cora danced a pirouette, Marsh turned a series of somersaults the whole length of the piazza, and father himself laughed with a right good will. Henry came home in the midst of it all and told us that when he first heard the news down town, he went into the back room of Burwell Ficklen's office, shut the windows, locked the door, and threw his hat up to the ceiling three times. When our first burst of joy had subsided, we, too, began to look round to see if the negroes were all out of the way, and then proceeded to vent our feelings. The downfall of these precious apostles of Abolitionism will have a good effect upon the negroes, whom they have all but excited to insurrection. Dr. French has been cheating and imposing upon them all the time, but the poor, ignorant creatures can see nothing wrong in him whom they call their "white Jesus,"—little knowing what horrid blasphemy they are uttering. It has become a fashion among them to be married by him, though he takes the last cent they have, as a fee. I thought something of that kind must be at the bottom of his anxiety to "settle the marriage relations" of the negroes. One woman left her husband and married another man, like Charity did Peter. Husband No. 1 went to Dr. French while he was performing the ceremony, and objected to the proceeding, but No. 2 had the

woman and the fee on his side, so he carried the day. I believe this whang-nosed fanatic is a more despicable creature than even Gen. Wild; he is one of the sleek, unctuous kind that tries to cover his rascality under the cloak of religion, but his—(word illegible) comes out too strong for that much patched garment to hide.

Father fears that our rejoicing over the downfall of Wild is vain. He says that such a wily rascal would hardly commit himself as he has done, without good authority. He may have orders from a higher power than Gen. Steadman, of which that officer is ignorant, and if this be the case, he may not remain long under arrest. Those people at Washington are capable of anything, and if he should be turned loose upon us again, his desire for vengeance will make him worse than ever, and then, woe to the Toombses and Chenaults, whose complaints to Gen. Steadman caused his arrest.

While we were at supper there was heard a noise precisely like the firing of a cannon, but a rumbling sound that followed immediately after, convinced us it was only a peal of thunder. After we got up from the table, Henry took me aside and told me that it really was the old cannon, which some young hare-brains among the boys had determined to fire off for joy at "Alva's" arrest. The rumbling of thunder which accompanied it seems almost like an interposition of Providence to save our young rebels from the possible consequences of their imprudence. Anyway,

the old blunderbuss never opened its mouth in a better cause.

After supper, Capt. Semmes, the last of our war friends, took his leave. He sets out for New Orleans on Wednesday, but will return in a month or two for his family. "I expect Gen. Wild will have you up by the thumbs next," he said to me laughing, as he moved away. "You and Miss Metta and Mary would make a pretty trio, with your three red heads."

"I hope," I answered, "that my new shoes will come before I am strung up, for I believe the operation is very exposing to the feet."

It seems unfeeling to jest about such things, and yet, we all do it. I suppose the very desperateness of our situation makes us reckless. Even father's face was one broad sunbeam when he told us of "Alva's" arrest, and he never shuts us up for abusing him—only looks round to see if the doors are closed and none of the servants within hearing. For all he is such a strong Union man, I am sure that he detests the brute. It does my heart good to hear him tell how he took advantage of the only legal mistake the old sleuth hound made in that murder case, and thus will probably save the neck of his client. I am like everybody else; I want these men to be punished if they are guilty, but not by an illegal, secret military tribunal, nor convicted on negro evidence. Capt. Cooley says they give more weight to negro evidence than to that of white people.

Aug. 1, *Tuesday.*—Gen. Wild's negro bodyguard left this morning, and it is said we are to be rid of the tyrant himself to-morrow. Col. Drayton is reported as saying that he would not like to be in Wild's place when he gets back to Augusta, and bitterly censures his conduct. There seems to be some sense of decency left among the Yankee army officers, even yet. This Col. Drayton is evidently a gentleman. Bless his heart, I feel as if I should really like to shake hands with him. Our town is full of Yanks, and new ones coming in every day. The last to arrive is a staff officer * from the War Department. Something of importance must be on foot, but of course we, who are most nearly concerned, know not what. We see the splendidly-equipped officers dashing about the streets, and think bitterly of the days when our own ragged rebels were there instead, but we never have time to think long before the storm bursts over our heads, somebody is plunged into the abyss, and present misery leaves no time for vain regrets.

I sincerely pray that no more negro troops may be sent here. Those of Wild were exceedingly insolent, and came near raising a riot at the dépot just before they boarded the cars. They cursed the white citizens who happened to be there, threatened to shoot them, and were with difficulty restrained by the Yankee officers themselves from making good their threat. Our

* There is obviously some error here as to the official title of the person referred

white men were compelled to submit to this insolence, while hundreds of idle negroes stood around, laughing and applauding it. Father came home in a state of indignation to which I have rarely seen him wrought up. He says it was the most alarming and exasperating scene he has yet witnessed. Contrary to everybody's expectation, the negro troops are less disposed to submit to discipline than the white ones. One would think that after the plantation discipline to which they have been accustomed, there would be no difficulty with them in the army, but the Yankee officers say they are the most turbulent and insubordinate troops in the service. With Southern men to command them they would soon be made to know their place, but the Yankees have spoiled them by making a hobby of them. They never did know how to treat negroes, anyway, and if they don't mind, they will raise a spirit which it will be out of their power to lay. The negro troops are said to be better fed, better clothed, and better paid, than any others in the army, and there is a good deal of jealousy already between them and their white comrades. Serves them right. I wish every wretch of them had a strapping, loud-smelling African tied to him like a Siamese twin, and that Wild had one on both sides. Oh, how I hate them! I will have to say "Damn!" yet, before I am done with them.

Aug. 2, Wednesday.—Wild and French have gone their way; the Reign of Terror in our town is over

for the present. If the Yankees cashier Wild, it will give me more respect for them than I ever thought it possible to feel. He is the most atrocious villain extant. Before bringing the Chenaults to town, he went into the country to their home, and tortured all the men till Mr. Nish Chenault fainted three times under the operation. Then he shut up the two ladies, Mrs. Chenault and Sallie, in a room, to be searched by a negro woman, with a Yankee officer standing outside the door to make sure that it was thoroughly done. When the ladies had stripped to their last garment, they stopped and objected to undressing any further, but were compelled to drop it to the waist. . . . Disappointed at not finding any other plunder, the Yankees took their watches and family jewelry, and $150 in gold that Mr. Chenault had saved through the war. I have this from Mrs. Reese, who got it from Sallie Chenault herself, after they were released. After searching the ladies, they kept them in the woods all day, while they searched and plundered the house. Miss Chenault says she doesn't suppose there was much left in the house worth having, when the Yankees and negroes had gone through it. I believe all the ladies have now been released by Col. Drayton, except Mrs. Nish Chenault, who is detained on a charge of assault and battery for slapping one of her own negro women who was insolent to her! How are the tables turned! This robbery business furnishes a good exposition of Yankee character. Each one that

meddles with it goes off with some of the gold sticking to his fingers, and then gets into trouble with the others, who are afraid there will be none of it left for them. Let a Yankee alone for scenting out plunder.

Aug. 4, Friday.—Capt. Cooley went out of town on some business or other, and it seemed as if the negroes and common soldiers would drive the rest of us out after him. I went to walk with Mary Semmes in the afternoon, and every lady we met on the street had had some unpleasant adventure. A negro called to Cora, in the most insulting manner, from an upper window on the square, and two drunken Yankees ran across the street at Mary and me and almost knocked us down, whooping and yelling with all their might. We were glad to hurry back home, as fast as our feet would carry us. Things are coming to such a pass that it is unsafe for ladies to walk on the street. The town is becoming more crowded with "freedmen" every day, and their insolence increases with their numbers. Every available house is running over with them, and there are some quarters of the village where white people can hardly pass without being insulted. The negroes are nearly all idle, and most of them live by stealing. I don't know what is to become of them in winter, when fruits and vegetables are gone. Sometimes my sympathies are very much excited by the poor creatures, notwithstanding their outrageous conduct—for which the Yankees are more to blame, after all, than they. The other day I met a half-grown boy with

all his worldly goods in a little wallet slung over his shoulder. He was a poor, ignorant, country darkey, and seemed utterly lost in the big world of little Washington. He stopped at our street gate as I passed out, and asked in a timid voice, almost breaking into sobs: "Does you know anybody what wants to hire a boy, mistis?" I was so sorry for him that I felt like crying myself, but I could do nothing. The Yankees have taken all that out of our hands, and deprived us of the means of caring for even our own negroes. There is nothing for it but to harden our hearts against sufferings we never caused and have no power to prevent. Our enemies have done it all; let them glory in their work.

Aug. 5, *Saturday.*—It rained like fury all the afternoon, and I finished my account of the bank robbery which I intend trying to sell to one of the New York papers. I did my best to get at the exact truth, and father did all he could to help me, so I think it is, in the main, about as clear a statement of the facts as can be got at. Gardiner Foster came over from Elberton and spent the evening with us. Somebody is always sure to come when I neglect to change my dress in the evening.

Mary Semmes and I took a long walk together before breakfast, and met neither Yankees nor negroes. The "freedmen" are living up to their privileges now, and leave the early morning hours to us "white trash." Willie Robertson told me about an adventure of his

that might have strayed out of a "New York Ledger" story. Returning home late the other night, from an evening call, he found a note under the front door, addressed to himself, in blood. Opening it, he found inside only a drop of blood! His sisters are frightened out of their wits about it, but Willie thinks that it is only a trick of some darkey he has offended, trying to "cunjur" him. Negroes are given to such modes of vengeance, and one could easily have gotten some Yankee, or other low person, to write the address for him. Willie says it is in the cramped hand of an illiterate person, such as people of this sort might be expected to write.

Aug. 7, Monday.—Dr. Hardesty left for Baltimore and we sent off a big mail to be posted by him there—letters to the Elzeys and other friends.

Garnett brought Taz Anderson and Dr. McMillan home to dinner. It seemed just like the quiet ante-bellum days, before Washington had become such a thoroughfare, and our house a sort of headquarters for the officers of two Confederate armies. It was almost as if the last four years had been blotted out, and all of us transported back for a day, to the time when Garnett was a rising young lawyer just beginning his career, and used to fill the house with his clients and friends. A sense of grinding oppression, a deep humiliation, bitter disappointment for the past, and hopelessness for the future, and the absence of many well known faces that used to meet us, is all that

marks the change betwixt the now and the then, so far as our social life is concerned. The pleasant strangers the war brought here have nearly all gone their ways, and Washington is becoming nothing but a small, dull country village again. Everything relating to the dear old Confederate times is already so completely dead and buried that they seem to have existed only in imagination. I feel like one awaking from some bright dream, to face the bitter realities of a hard, sordid world. The frightful results of its downfall are all that remain to tell us that there ever was a Southern Confederacy. Oh, for the glorious old days back again, with all their hardships and heroism, with all their "pomp and circumstance of glorious war!"—for war, with all its cruelty and destruction, is better than such a degrading peace as this.

Aug. 9, *Wednesday.*—I took a horseback ride before breakfast, and learned the "catch trot," which is a great help in riding a rough-going horse. We had a dance in the evening, which I did not enjoy much. . . . I have sent my account of the bank robbery to try its fate with the "New York World." In a private letter to the editor, I explained that I wrote as if I were a Yankee sojourning at the South, in order to make some of the hard things it was necessary to say in telling the truth, as little unpalatable as possible to a Northern public. What a humiliation! But it gave me the satisfaction of hitting a few hard knocks that I could not have ventured in any other way. I

could say: "*We* have been guilty of" so and so, where it would not do to say: "*You* have been guilty." *

Aug. 11, *Friday.*—A charming dance at Mrs. Ben Bowdre's. Jim Bryan and Mr. Berry went with Mett and me. Garnett took Mary. She had her head dressed with a huge pile of evergreens that made her look like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. She never did have any taste in arranging her hair.

Aug. 18, *Friday.*—Just returned from a visit to Woodstock, where I had a perfectly charming time. Ella Daniel wrote for Minnie Evans to bring out a party of us to spend a few days at her house, and fortunately left the selection of the guests to Minnie. Nine of us went out Thursday morning and came back this afternoon. We left Washington immediately after breakfast, and reached Woodstock just in time for dinner, after a jolly ride of eighteen miles, with plenty of good fruit and melons to eat on the way. Ella and her brother, Cicero, were our entertainers. They have a large, elegant house, with two beautiful front parlors and a wide hall that can be thrown together by means of sliding doors—a glorious place for dancing. Mamma and Papa Daniel have both departed this life, there were no maiden aunts or married sisters to interfere, and we young people had everything our own way. It rained all the first afternoon, so there could

* The article here alluded to was published a few weeks later in the New York "World," under the heading: "A Romance of Robbery."

be no riding, but we had no reason to regret that, with those nice rooms for dancing. We danced half the night and then went to our rooms and talked away the rest of it. We danced again before breakfast, played cards, ate fruit, and idled about the house till dinner-time, after which we started back home, though Ella and her brother did their best to keep us another day, but we thought it would be an imposition, as there were so many of us, though their hospitality was equal to anything, and they entertained us delightfully. The dinners, especially, were charming—none of the awkwardness and constraint one so often finds where people have come together to make a business of enjoying themselves. Ed Morgan and his cousin, Tom Daniel, joined us at Woodstock and helped on the fun. The Daniels are as thick as peas there,—and as nice. But pleasant as it all was, the best part of our trip was the journey home. Willie Robertson put Buck, our driver, on his horse, and he and I mounted the box and drove home that way. It was a delightfully cool seat—so high and airy; I felt as if I were flying—and Willie did make the horses fly. We laughed and sang rebel songs, and the whole party were as jolly and as noisy as if we had been half-tight. We stopped at several country houses on the road to get water, or peaches and melons, and sometimes to have a chat with the people.

On reaching home, I found that sister had arrived, with the children. There was a big mail, too, with

letters from our friends in Richmond and Baltimore, and a quantity of Northern papers they sent us. I hate the Yankees more and more, every time I look at one of their horrid newspapers and read the lies they tell about us, while we have our mouths closed and padlocked. The world will not hear our story, and we must figure just as our enemies choose to paint us. The pictures in "Harper's Weekly" and "Frank Leslie's" tell more lies than Satan himself was ever the father of. I get in such a rage when I look at them that I sometimes take off my slipper and beat the senseless paper with it. No words can express the wrath of a Southerner on beholding pictures of President Davis in woman's dress; and Lee, that star of light before which even Washington's glory pales, crouching on his knees before a beetle-browed image of "Columbia," suing for pardon! And these in the same sheet with disgusting representations of the execution of the so-called "conspirators" in Lincoln's assassination. Nothing is sacred from their disgusting love of the sensational. Even poor Harold's sisters, in their last interview with him, are pictured for the public delectation, in "Frank Leslie's." Andersonville, one would think, was bad enough as it was, to satisfy them, but no; they must lie even about that, and make it out ten times worse than the reality—never realizing that they themselves are the only ones to blame for the horrors of that "prison pen," as they call it. They were the ones that refused to exchange prisoners. Our

government could not defend its own cities nor feed its own soldiers; how could it help crowding its prisoners and giving them hard fare? I have seen both Northern and Southern prisoners, and the traces of more bitter suffering were shown in the pinched features and half-naked bodies of the latter than appeared to me even in the faces of the Andersonville prisoners I used to pass last winter, on the cars. The world is filled with tales of the horrors of Andersonville, but never a word does it hear about Elmira and Fort Delaware. The "Augusta Transcript" was suppressed, and its editor imprisoned merely for publishing the obituary of a Southern soldier, in which it was stated that he died of disease "contracted in the icy prisons of the North." Splendid monuments are being reared to the Yankee dead, and the whole world resounds with pæans because they overwhelmed us with their big, plundering armies, while our Southern dead lie unheeded on the fields where they fought so bravely, and our real heroes, our noblest and best, the glory of human nature, the grandest of God's works, are defamed, vilified, spit upon. Oh! you brave unfortunates! history will yet do you justice. Your monuments are raised in the hearts of a people whose love is stronger than fate, and they will see that your memory does not perish. Let the enemy triumph; they will only disgrace themselves in the eyes of all decent people. They are so blind that they boast of their own shame. They make pictures of the ruin of

our cities and exult in their work. They picture the destitution of Southern homes and gloat over the desolation they have made. "Harper's" goes so far as to publish a picture of Kilpatrick's "foragers" in South-West Georgia, displaying the plate and jewels they have stolen from our homes! "Out of their own mouths they are condemned," and they are so base they do not even know that they are publishing their own shame.

Aug. 22, Tuesday.—Charity and Mammy both sick, and Emily preparing to leave. I don't think the poor darkey wants to go, but mother never liked to have her about the house, and father can't afford to keep such a big family on his hands when he has no use for them, though he says he will do all in his power to keep them from suffering. Our circumstances are so reduced that it is necessary to reduce our establishment and retrench our expensive manner of living. We have not even an errand boy now, for George, the only child left on the place, besides Emily's gang, is going to school! Sister and I do most of the housework while Mammy and Charity are laid up. Sister attended to the bedrooms this morning, while Mett and I cleaned up downstairs and mother washed the dishes. It is very different from having a servant always at hand to attend to your smallest need, but I can't say that I altogether regret the change; in fact, I had a very merry time over my work. Jim Bryan came in while I was sweeping the parlor, to invite

Garnett, Mett, and me to a party at his house. Then came John Ficklen with Ella Daniel, now on a visit to Minnie Evans, and Anna Robertson and Dr. Calhoun dropped in later. I had my head tied up in a veil to keep the dust off, and a linen apron round my waist. They called me "Bridget" and laughed a great deal at my blunders and ignorance, such as dusting the top shelves first and flirting the trash behind me as I swept. However, I will soon learn better, and the rooms really did look very nice when I got through with them. I never saw the parlor and library so tidy. I was in high good humor at the result of my labors, and the gentlemen complimented me on them. I don't think I shall mind working at all when I get used to it. Everybody else is doing housework, and it is so funny to compare our experiences. Father says this is what has made the Anglo-Saxon race great; they are not afraid of work, and when put to the test, never shirk anything that they know has got to be done, no matter how disagreeable. But it does seem to me a waste of time for people who are capable of doing something better to spend their time sweeping and dusting while scores of lazy negroes that are fit for nothing else are lying around idle. Dr. Calhoun suggested that it would be a good idea to import some of those man-apes from Africa and teach them to take the place of the negroes, but Henry said that just as soon as we had got them tamed, and taught them to be of some use, those crazy fanatics at the North would

insist on coming down here to emancipate them and give them universal suffrage. A good many people seem to think that the Yankees are never going to be satisfied till they get the negroes to voting. Father says it is the worst thing we have to fear now.

Mrs. Bryan's party was charming, though I was too tired to enjoy the dancing as much as usual. Mrs. Bryan gave us a splendid little supper—the second one we have had this summer, besides the few given at our house. Most of our entertainments are starvation parties. We are too poor to have suppers often, but when we do get one we enjoy it famously. Jim Bryan and John Ficklen walked home with Metta and me. It was nearly three o'clock before we got to bed, and then we were both too tired to sleep. My legs ached as if they had been in the stocks, but when I become more accustomed to hard work, I hope it won't be so bad. I think it is an advantage to clean up the house ourselves, sometimes, for we do it so much better than the negroes.

The children are having a great time. Cousin Mary gave them a little party this evening, and they have two or three every week. Julia is a famous belle among the little boys.

Aug. 23, Wednesday.—Up very early, sweeping and cleaning the house. Our establishment has been reduced from 25 servants to 5, and two of these are sick. Uncle Watson and Buck do the outdoor

work, or rather the small part of it that can be done by two men. The yard, grove, orchards, vineyards, and garden, already show sad evidences of neglect. Grace does the washing and milks the cows, mammy cooks, and Charity does part of the housework, when well. Cora has hired Maum Rose, a nice old darkey that used to belong to the Dunwodys, to wait on her, and she is a great help to us. I worked very hard in the morning because I had a great deal to do. I got through by ten o'clock and was preparing for a nap when Cousin Liza came in with some of our country kin, and immediately after, Mrs. Jordan, with her sister, two children and three servants, came to spend the night. Other people came in to dinner—I counted twenty at table. Charity was well enough to wait in the dining-room, mammy and Emily did the cooking, but Mett and I had the other work to do, besides looking after all the company. I never was so tired in my life; every bone in my body felt as if it were ready to drop out, and my eyes were so heavy that I could hardly keep them open. I don't find doing housework quite so much of a joke as I imagined it was going to be, especially when we have company to entertain at the same time, and want to make them enjoy themselves. By the way, Mrs. Jordan says I was right in dusting the top shelves first, so the laugh is on the other side. After dinner Mrs. Jordan and Mary Anderson wanted to do some shopping, and then we went to make some visits. On our return home we met

HAYWOOD, THE OLD HOME OF JUDGE GARNETT ANDREWS, ERECTED IN 1794-1795

From a photograph taken in 1802, after 20 years of neglect and decay, just before the old house was torn down to make way for a street

Dick and Emily, with their children, at the front gate, going out to begin life for themselves. All their worldly possessions, considerably increased by gifts of poultry, meal, bacon, and other provisions—enough to last them till they can make a start for themselves, besides crockery and kitchen utensils that mother gave them, had gone before in a wagon. Dick's voice trembled as he bade me good-by, Emily could not speak at all, and Cinthy cried as if her heart would break. I felt very much like crying myself—it was so pitiful. Poor little Sumter, who has been fed every day of his life from father's own hand, as regularly as old Toby from mine, was laughing in great glee, little dreaming what is in store for him, I fear. Little Charlotte, too, the baby, who always came to me for a lump of sugar or a bit of cake whenever she saw me in the kitchen, sat crowing in her mother's arms, and laughed when she held out her little fat hand to tell me good-by. Poor little creature, I wonder how long it will be before her little shiny black face will be pinched and ashy from want! If it hadn't been for the presence of all those strangers, I should have broken down and cried outright. Father took some silver change out of his purse and placed it in the child's hand, and I saw a tear trickle down his cheek as he did so.

Dick has hired himself out to do stable work, and has taken his family to live in a house out at Thompson's, that den of iniquity. I am distressed about

Cinthy, exposed to such temptations, for they say it is disgraceful the way those Yankee soldiers carry on with the negro women.*

Altogether it has been a sad, trying day, and as soon as I could go to my room and be alone for awhile, I sat on the edge of the bed and relieved myself by taking a good cry, while Metta, like Rachael—refused to be comforted. But we had not long to indulge our feelings, for we had promised Minnie Evans to go to a dance she was giving for Ella Daniel, and we always stand by Minnie, though we would both a great deal rather have stayed at home. I was so tired that I made Jim Bryan tell the boys not to ask me to dance. Mett and Kate Robertson were in the same plight, so we hid off in a corner and called ourselves "the

*The history of Emily and her family is pathetically typical of the fate of so many of their class. They multiplied like rats, and have dragged out a precarious existence, saved from utter submergence through the charity of the young girl whose sympathies were always so active in their behalf—Emily having been her nurse. Cinthy, whom I was so troubled about, and her next sister, Sarah, happily disappointed my fears by marrying respectable negro men and leading decent lives. The baby, Charlotte, grew up a degenerate of the most irresponsible type, and became the mother of five or six illegitimate children, all by different fathers. One of her sons was hanged for the "usual crime," committed against a little white girl—a very aggravated case—and the record of the others would rival that of the Jukes family. The old people, Dick and Emily, superannuated and helpless, are still living (1908), sheltered and provided for by their old master's daughter (Metta), who still lives on a part of the Haywood estate and has been a protecting providence to all of our poor old black people that are still living in the village.

broom-stick brigade." Kate is a splendid girl; she takes to hard work as unmurmuringly as if she had been used to it all her life, and always looks stylish and pretty, in the face of broom-sticks and dish-rags.

Aug. 24, Thursday.—I had to be up early and clean up my room, though half-dead with fatigue. After breakfast I went out again with Mrs. Jordan, and we were almost suffocated by the dust. While we were crossing the square I received a piece of politeness from a Yankee, which astonished me so that I almost lost my breath. He had a gang of negro vagrants with balls and chains, sweeping the street in front of their quarters. The dust flew frightfully, but we were obliged to pass, and the Yankee ordered the sweeping stopped till we were out of the way. I also saw Capt. Cooley for the first time. His head was turned away, so I took a good look at him, and his appearance was not bad at all—that is, he would be a very good-looking man in any other dress than that odious Yankee blue. He is very anxious to visit some of the girls in Washington, I hear, but says that he knows he would not be received. He saw the Robertson girls pass his quarters one day, and said to some men standing near: "Oh, I wish I wasn't a Yankee!"

Our friends left soon after dinner. Mrs. Jordan wanted Mett and me to go home with her and attend a big country dance at old Mrs. Huling's. We would like to go, but have no driver, and could not leave our

work at home—to say nothing of the state of our wardrobes. I had no time to rest after dinner, being obliged to take a long walk on business and having neither carriage-driver nor errand-boy. I was so tired at night that I went to bed as soon as I had eaten my supper.

Aug. 25, *Friday.*—The Ficklens sent us some books of fashion brought by Mr. Boyce from New York. The styles are very pretty, but too expensive for us broken-down Southerners. I intend always to dress as well as my means will allow, but shall attempt nothing in the way of finery so long as I have to sweep floors and make up beds. It is more graceful and more sensible to accept poverty as it comes than to try to hide it under a flimsy covering of false appearances. Nothing is more contemptible than broken-down gentility trying to ape rich vulgarity—not even rich vulgarity trying to ape its betters. For my part, I am prouder of my poverty than I ever was of my former prosperity, when I remember in what a noble cause all was lost. We Southerners are the Faubourg St. Germain of American society, and I feel, with perfect sincerity, that my faded calico dress has a right to look with scorn at the rich toilettes of our plunderers. Notwithstanding all our trouble and wretchedness, I thank Heaven that I was born a Southerner,—that I belong to the noblest race on earth—for this is a heritage that nothing can ever take from me. The greatness of the Southern character is showing itself

beyond the mere accidents of time and fortune; though reduced to the lowest state of poverty and subjection, we can still feel that we are superior to those whom brute force has placed above us in worldly state. Solomon says: "Better is a living dog than a dead lion," but I don't believe it, even if it is in the Bible.*

Aug. 27, Sunday.—The bolt has fallen. Mr. Adams, the Methodist minister, launched the thunders of the church against dancing, in his morning discourse. Mr. Montgomery wanted to turn his guns on us, too, but his elders spiked them. I could not help being amused when Mr. Adams placed dancing in the same category with bribery, gambling, drunkenness, and murder. He fell hard upon wicked Achan, who caused Israel to sin, and I saw some of the good brethren on the "amen" benches turn their eyes upon me. I was sitting near the pulpit, under full fire, and half-expected to hear him call me "Jezabel," but I suppose he is reserving his heavy ammunition for the grand attack he is going to make next Sunday. The country preachers have been attacking us, too, from all

*Some idea of the poverty and distress to which our people were reduced as a result of the war may be gathered from the fact that the aggregate wealth of Georgia, estimated at the last census before the war, was in round numbers $672,000,000, and at the next census after the war this valuation had fallen to $160,000,000. At present (1907), after forty-five years of struggle and effort, the estimated wealth of the "Empire State of the South" still falls short by some $30,000,000 of what it was in 1860.

quarters. I understand that some of them have given Washington over to destruction, and the country people call it "Sodom." I thought I should die laughing when I first heard of this name being applied to our quiet, innocent little village—though it might not have been such a misnomer when the "righteous Lot" was in our midst. It is a pity that good, pious people, as some of these preachers undoubtedly are, should be so blinded by prejudice. I wish we had an Episcopal Church established here to serve as a refuge for the many worthy people who are not gamblers and murderers, but who like to indulge in a little dancing now and then.

Aug. 29, Tuesday.— . . . Capt. Cooley is to be removed and Washington is to have a new commander. Everybody regrets it deeply, and the gentlemen proposed getting up a petition to have him retained, but finally concluded that any such proceeding would only render his removal the more certain. I do not know the name of our new master, but they say he is drunk most of the time, and his men are the ones that acted so badly in the case of Mr. Rhodes, near Greensborough. One of Mr. Rhodes's "freedmen" lurked in the woods around his plantation, committing such depredations that finally he appealed to the garrison at Greensborough for protection. The commandant ordered him to arrest the negro and bring him to Greensborough for trial. With the assistance of some neighboring planters, Mr. Rhodes succeeded in making

the arrest, late one evening. He kept the culprit at his house that night, intending to take him to town next day, but in the meantime, a body of negroes marched to the village and informed the officer that Mr. Rhodes and his friends were making ready to kill their prisoner at midnight. A party of bluecoats was at once dispatched to the Rhodes plantation, where they arrived after the family had gone to bed. Without waiting for admission, they fired two shots into the house, one of which killed Mrs. Rhodes's brother. They left her alone with the dead man, on a plantation full of insolent negroes, taking the rest of the men to Greensborough, where the Yankees and negroes united in swearing that the Rhodes party had fired upon them. Mr. Rhodes was carried to Augusta, and on the point of being hanged, when a hitch in the evidence saved his life. The Yankees themselves confessed to having fired two shots, of which the dead man, and a bullet lodged in the wall, were proof positive. But the negroes, not knowing the importance of their admission (for want of being properly coached, no doubt) gave evidence that only two shots in all had been fired. When they found that it went against them, the Yankees tried to throw out the negro evidence altogether, but here Miss Columbia's passion for her black paramour balked them. Mr. Rhodes's life was saved, but his property was confiscated—when did a Yankee ever lose sight of the plunder?—while the wretch who shot his brother-in-law was merely

removed from Greensborough to another garrison. This and the Chenault case are samples of the peace they are offering us. Heaven grant me rather the horrors of war! . . .

[NOTE.—The rest of the MS. is missing, the last pages being torn from the book.]

CONCLUSION

HERE the record ends, amid the gloom and desolation of defeat—a gloom that was to be followed ere long by the still blacker darkness of Reconstruction. Yet, I would not have the reader draw from its pages a message of despair, but of hope and courage under difficulties; for disaster cheerfully borne and honorably overcome, is not a tragedy, but a triumph. And this, the most glorious of all conquests, belongs to the South. Never in all history, has any people recovered itself so completely from calamity so overwhelming. By the abolition of slavery alone four thousand millions worth of property were wiped out of existence. As many millions more went up in the smoke and ruin of war; while to count in money the cost of the precious lives that were sacrificed, would be, I will not say an impossibility, but a desecration.

I do not recall these things in a spirit of bitterness or repining, but with a feeling of just pride that I belong to a race which has shown itself capable of rising superior to such conditions. We, on this side of the line, have long since forgiven the war and its inevitable hardships. We challenged the fight, and if we got more of it in the end than we liked, there was nothing for it but to stand up like men and take our

medicine without whimpering. It was the hand that struck us after we were down that bore hardest; yet even its iron weight was not enough to break the spirit of a people in whom the Anglo-Saxon blood of our fathers still flows uncontaminated; and when the insatiable crew of the carpet-baggers fell upon us to devour the last meager remnants left us by the spoliation of war, they were met by the ghostly bands of "The Invisible Empire," who through secret vigilance and masterful strategy saved the civilization they were forbidden to defend by open force.

To conquer fate is a greater victory than to conquer in battle, and to conquer under such handicaps as were imposed on the South is more than a victory; it is a triumph. Forced against our will, and against the simplest biological and ethnological laws, into an unnatural political marriage that has brought forth as its monstrous offspring a race problem in comparison with which the Cretan Minotaur was a suckling calf; robbed of the last pitiful resource the destitution of war had left us, by a prohibitory tax on cotton, our sole commercial product; discriminated against for half a century by a predatory tariff that mulcts us at every turn, from the cradle to the grave; giving millions out of our poverty to educate the negro, and contributing millions more to reward the patriotism of our conquerors, whose imperishable multitudes as revealed by the pension rolls, make the four-year resistance of our thin gray bands one of the miracles of history; yet, in spite

of all this, and in spite of the fact that the path of our progress has been a thorny one, marked by many an unwritten tragedy of those who went down in the struggle, too old, or too deeply rooted in the past to adapt themselves to new conditions, we have, as a people, come up out of the depths stronger and wiser for our battle with adversity, and the land we love has lifted herself from the Valley of Humiliation to a pinnacle of prosperity that is the wonder of more favored sections.

And so, after all, our tale of disaster is but the prelude to a triumph in which one may justly glory without being accused of vainglory. It is good to feel that you belong to a people that you have a right to be proud of; it is good to feel coursing in your veins the blood of a race that has left its impress on the civilization of the world wherever the Anglo-Saxon has set his foot. And to us, who bore the storm and stress and the tragedy of those dark days, it is good to remember that if the sun which set in blood and ashes over the hills of Appomattox has risen again in splendor on the smiling prospect of a New South, it is because the foundations of its success were laid in the courage and steadfastness and hopefulness of a generation who in the darkest days of disaster, did not despair of their country.

THE END (1)

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